Collier's

MAY 10, 1947

TEN CENTS

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THE VETERAN SAYS: "AW, NUTS!"

By Robert C. Ruark

●

DITHERS AT THE DARDANELLES

By Edward P. Morgan

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A Story of Circus Magic—
FRIEND OF THE GREAT ZACCHETTI

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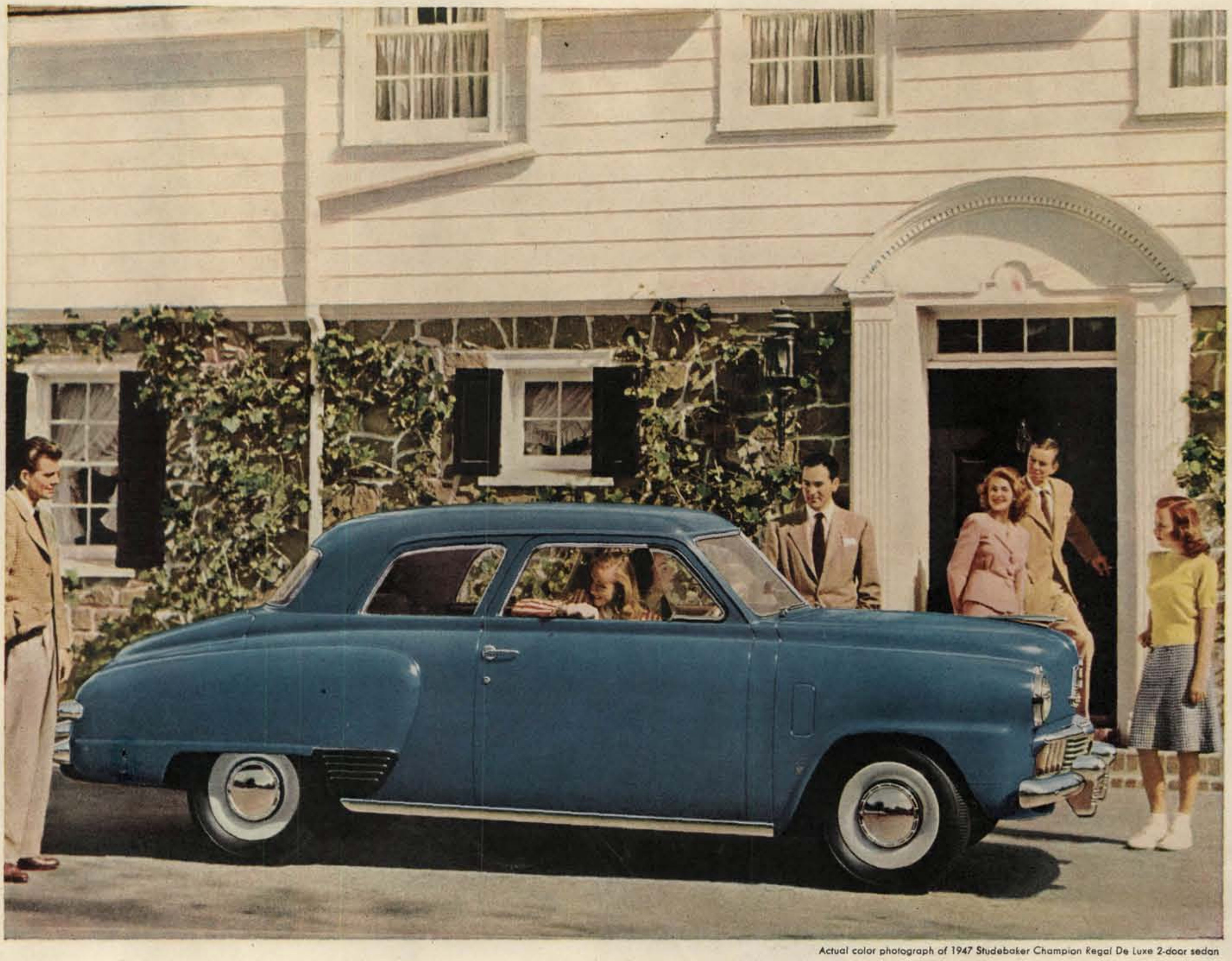

Actual color photograph of 1947 Studebaker Champion Regal De Luxe 2-door sedan

A thrilling eyeful at anyone's doorway... this excitingly different postwar Studebaker

Studebaker's master craftsmen build to quality standards that save you many a repair dollar—For generations, unique father-and-son teams, like Brian and Earl E. Williamson, shown at their work in this color photo, have made fine craftsmanship a Studebaker distinction. The result is quality that adds many miles to every Studebaker's life.

GO CALLING in a distinctive new 1947 Studebaker and you certainly bring along a timely subject for conversation.

For months now, just the mention of this strikingly original postwar automobile has been sparking plenty of friendly talk.

Script writers for the big-time radio shows—and cartoonists, too—have been quick to capitalize on the public's interest in the far-advanced Studebaker contours.

All this attention quite naturally thrills the envied motorists who are proudly driving new postwar Studebakers. They are delighted that Studebaker designed these revolutionary cars so daringly.

Yet, they frankly say that this breathtaking Studebaker styling only begins to suggest the completely gratifying new kind of motoring they enjoy.

You realize this more and more, with every mile you click off traveling in a new 1947 Studebaker. You never dreamed a car could ride as comfortably, handle as easily, perform as brilliantly as this.

You're sensibly forehanded, that's sure, if you've decided on a completely new, thoroughly postwar 1947 Studebaker as your next car. A little waiting will certainly prove very much worth while.

STUDEBAKER

First by far with a postwar car

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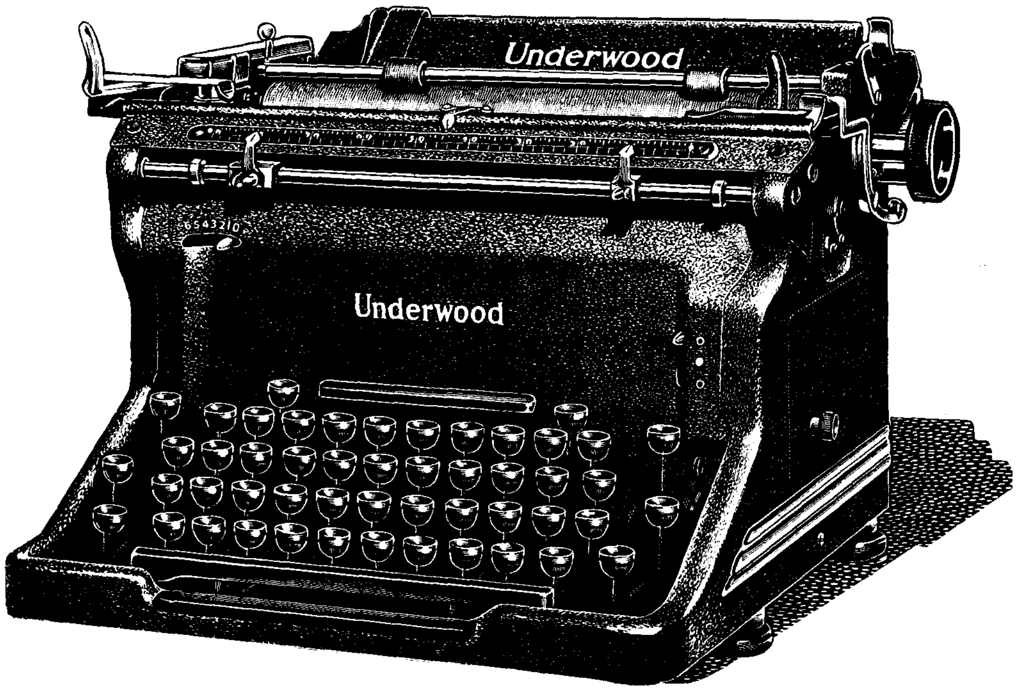
What makes a Leader?

In a Golfer...

It's personal skill . . . rhythm in action, coordination . . . relaxation. *It's experience* . . . know-how, practice, constant improvement . . . attention to details. *And it's determination* . . . to win . . . to be a leader.



In a Typewriter...

It's manufacturing skill . . . that gives you rhythm in action, coordinated key stroke, perfectly balanced for accurate, speedy performance.

It's manufacturing experience . . . seasoned know-how gained during more than fifty years in making more than six million Underwood Typewriters . . . and understanding the typewriting problems of business in general, and secretaries in particular.

It's manufacturing determination to excel . . . to give you the best typewriter that engineering science can conceive and produce . . . the Underwood.

Underwood has them all . . . the qualifications that make today's Underwood Typewriters masterpieces of typewriter engineering . . . a treasure to own and a pleasure to use. The things that make today's Underwood "Typewriter Leader of the World."

Choose the New Post-War Underwood

"It's got rhythm" . . . Rhythm Touch! An important Underwood feature, made possible by a brand-new typing mechanism. Fast, feather-light delightful . . . your fingers swing naturally into effortless typing rhythm on this perfectly balanced, smooth-running post-war Underwood. Now available . . . as well as the popular Underwood Noiseless and treasured Underwood Portable.

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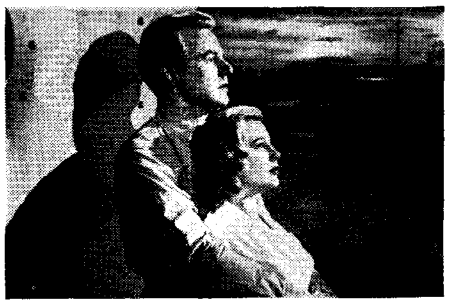
Picture
OF THE MONTH

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer presents
VAN JUNE
JOHNSON · ALLYSON
in
"HIGH BARBAREE"
Thomas MITCHELL · Marilyn MAXWELL
HENRY HULL · CLAUDE JARMAN, Jr.
Original Screen Play by
ANNE MORRISON CHAPIN, WHITFIELD COOK, and CYRIL HUME
Based on the Novel by
CHARLES NORDHOFF and JAMES NORMAN HALL
Produced by........EVERETT RISKIN
Directed by...........JACK CONWAY



There are many writers of adventure stories, but few whose works bear the stamp of greatness. In our day, the crown of Alexandre Dumas and the mantle of Joseph Conrad fall to Charles Nordhoff and James Norman Hall. Famed for "Mutiny on the Bounty", they now give to the screen "High Barbaree", a story taut and tense, packed with adventure, woven through with a tender and memorable love story.

To capture all the mood, all the romance, all the adventure, there is Van Johnson in a role quite different from any he has played. At times tough and dramatic, at times suave and civilized, his is a characterization you'll like. June Allyson, more attractive than ever, proves once again that she can strike all the dramatic notes on the scale.

High Barbaree . . . High Barbaree . . . even the beauty of its name summons up visions of a tropical isle lapped by the dappling blue of the Pacific, languorous, lovely, peaceful beyond belief. And this dream of "High Barbaree" is brought enchantingly to the screen.

Its characters are people you might know — the people next door, their sons and daughters. If there is wild danger to threaten their lives, there is also magnificent hope—and it finds its realization on that most wonderful of all islands, "High Barbaree".

Heading a genuinely fine supporting cast are Thomas Mitchell, even saltier than the sea he loves . . . glamourous Marilyn Maxwell as the "other" girl in Van's life . . . Claude Jarman, Jr., young star of "The Yearling", and Henry Hull. We also bow toward Producer Everett Riskin and Director Jack Conway.

We heap high praise upon "High Barbaree" for its excitement, its beauty, its tenderness, its suspense. To miss it would be to turn down an invitation to Romance!

COLLIER'S
May 10, 1947

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THE WEEK'S MAIL

PALESTINE

DEAR SIR: Bartley C. Crum (Crossroad in Palestine, Mar. 22d) has failed to take into consideration the fact that Palestine is only a small country of 10,000 square miles. California would make almost seventeen countries that size and to send 100,000 refugees to Palestine would be about equivalent to bringing 1,700,000 refugees to our own state. Should that happen, I fear we would feel much overburdened.

While living in Palestine for three years shortly before World War I, I found the Jewish people to be devoted, peace-loving people not like the troublemakers of today.

Even if more Jews were allowed in Palestine, we would still need to find some other way of helping Jewish refugees.

GEORGIA G. BROUGHAM, Richmond, Cal.

. . . I should like to express my appreciation to Mr. Bartley Crum and to Collier's for the stirring and forthright article Crossroad in Palestine. If only more periodicals and more men were as honest and courageous, there would be no "Jewish Problem."

ALFRED D. ROSENBLATT, Concord, N. H.

WE GET THE BIRD

DEAR SIRS: Last week I read A Robin Is a Thrush (Mar. 29th), on our misnamed birds and animals, and was inspired (?) to meter and arf (?) as below:

Oh, the robin ain't a robin any more,
He's just a little thrush that's red before
And the bluebird's just another
All dressed up to fool his mother
While that yellow blackbird hails from Baltimore.

For the pioneers were careless with their words,
Named the new for well-known animals and birds.
The results may make us dizzy
But perhaps they were too busy
With their plows and guns to study books and words.

MARGARET S. BRANNON, Commerce, Tex.

WARNING FROM THE NORTH

DEAR SIR: Re Our Pink and Red Rivals (Mar. 22d): When you compare the production of goods in the U.S.A. with countries in Europe that are either socialistic or communistic, you have forgotten that in two world wars the U.S.A. did not suffer (more's the pity) destruction to its industries. Some of you people over there do an awful lot of boasting but it's about time you realized that it it hadn't been for Great

(*Continued on page* 70)

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Publishers of Collier's, The American Magazine, Woman's Home Companion

More Telephone Service for more people

FROM THE 1946 ANNUAL REPORT OF THE AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY

1 IN NO YEAR since the telephone was invented was there such a remarkable increase in the amount of telephone service furnished to the American people as in 1946. The net gain in the number of Bell telephones was 3,264,000, or more than twice the gain for any previous year. Additional telephones were installed at a rate averaging more than 25 a minute every working day.

2 Achievement of this kind reflects the skill, energy and determination of the 617,000 people working together on the Bell System team. What has been done has not been done easily. Many thousands of new employees have been trained in telephone work. It has been necessary to overcome serious difficulties caused by the persistent scarcity of certain essential raw materials needed in large quantities.

3 Most of those who were waiting for Bell telephone service at the start of 1946 had been cared for by the year's end. In addition, the System was able to take care of more than 70 per cent of all new applications received. Yet the total number of new requests for service was so great (there were more than five million) that at the beginning of 1947 there were still about two million people waiting for service.

4 We are working hard to remedy this situation and also to reach the point where all calls can be handled with pre-war speed or better — in short, to give every customer the kind of service he wants when and as he wants it. With experience at hand in abundance, and with new tools and techniques, the Bell System looks forward to steadily increasing achievement in service to the American people.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

Voted Queen of the May
by the "men"
in the second grade . . .
because of her smile!

LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE HELPS CLEAN MANY OF THE DANGER SPOTS

WHERE 3 OUT OF 4 CASES OF DECAY START!

Just as sure as April showers bring May flowers, so does good care in childhood make for better teeth later in life! For years now, preventive dentistry has been discovering important facts about tooth decay. For example . . . according to some authorities more than 3 out of 4 cases of decay begin in tiny little flaws or imperfections in the enamel.

Because it's only good Oral Hygiene to clean these places, Listerine Tooth Paste contains a special ingredient for this special purpose! Scientists, working for a company with 60 years experience in the field of Oral Hygiene, created the Listerine Tooth Paste formula. It is really a cleansing "Prescription for Your Teeth" that helps clean many of the danger spots which might be missed by a less efficient dentifrice! So don't be misled by the claim that "all dentifrices are alike." Listerine Tooth Paste *specializes* in helping to clean many of the very places where decay most often starts! To get Listerine Tooth Paste's important cleansing action, be sure to get . . . *Listerine Tooth Paste* . . . today!

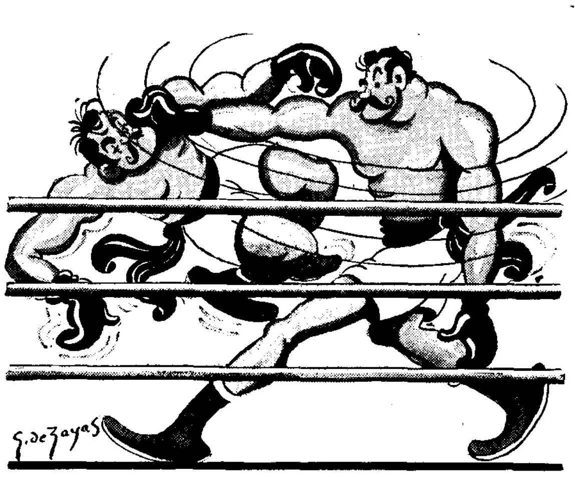
LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., *St. Louis, Mo.*

PRESCRIPTION FOR YOUR TEETH!
Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping
REPLACEMENT OR REFUND OF MONEY IF NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN
LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE
LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY
DOUBLE SIZE

If you prefer Powder, ask for Listerine Tooth Powder—on sale at all drug counters.

KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

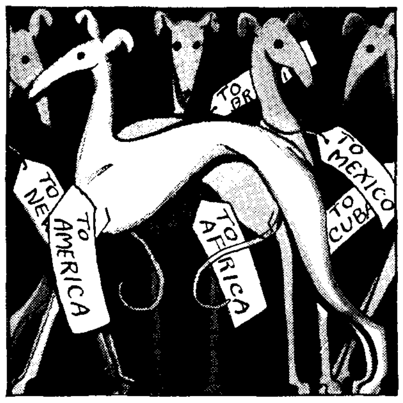
BY FRELING FOSTER



GEORGE DE ZAYAS

A punch never used before nor since by a professional pugilist was employed by George Le Blanche in a bout with the first Jack Dempsey in San Francisco in 1889. With his right arm held out rigidly from the shoulder, Le Blanche whirled completely around and knocked out Dempsey with such force that the brutal punch was thereafter barred for all time.

Among the Syrians and Armenians, the color of mourning is sky blue because it is symbolic of heaven which they hope is the destination of the deceased.



The fastest-growing business in the history of Ireland is the breeding of racing greyhounds for foreign trade. The value of the shipments increased from $38,000 in 1933 to $4,060,000 in 1946, the total exports for the period comprising 48,175 dogs valued at $11,988,000.

In the U.S. ice show now on tour, a man does a new stunt with an electric "egg beater." On a small box are two hoops four feet in diameter that rotate horizontally in opposite directions as an outside pair rotates vertically in opposite directions. After they are set aflame and started, the skater swiftly approaches and leaps through the hoops during the split second when all four of them meet and form one circle.

The India-rubber worm is so called because a 15-foot specimen, for example, can extend itself or be pulled to a length of 90 feet.

Some 30 years ago, the most amazing mind-reading act in vaudeville was that presented by Mr. and Mrs. Julius Zancig in which she, on the stage, described objects and read cards handed to him by the audience as he walked in the aisles. They had developed a signal code of about 500 innocent phrases and natural gestures with which he could instantly convey to her a description that might include several factors, such as a personal name, a date, city and occupation.

The Army's Congressional Medal of Honor was awarded to 2,634 persons between 1862, when it was originated, and 1917. But in that year, the Board of Medal Awards revoked 911 of these decorations, the majority of which had been presented indiscriminately during the Civil War.—*By Stan W. Carlson, Minneapolis, Minn.*

The only American to have received Russia's greatest posthumous honor—burial in the Kremlin wall—was John Reed, who died in Moscow in 1920. He was the author of Ten Days That Shook the World which the Russians considered the outstanding eyewitness report of their 1917 revolution.

New York's Wall Street district will soon have a new church, called the Church of Our Lady of Victory, at Pine and William streets. Owing to the high land values there, only one other church has been built in this 135-square-block section in over a century.

Until 25 years of age, the royal princesses of England cannot marry without the consent of the king. After this age, they may marry without it, provided that Parliament, within a year after notification, does not disapprove of the proposed consort.

One of the biggest pocketknives on record, made in England about 1848, contained 75 blades and tools, including a fork, scissors and a buttonhook.

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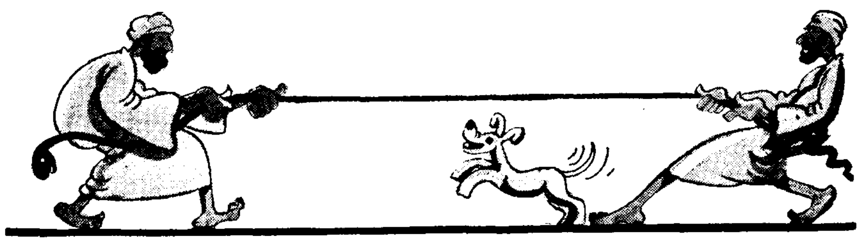

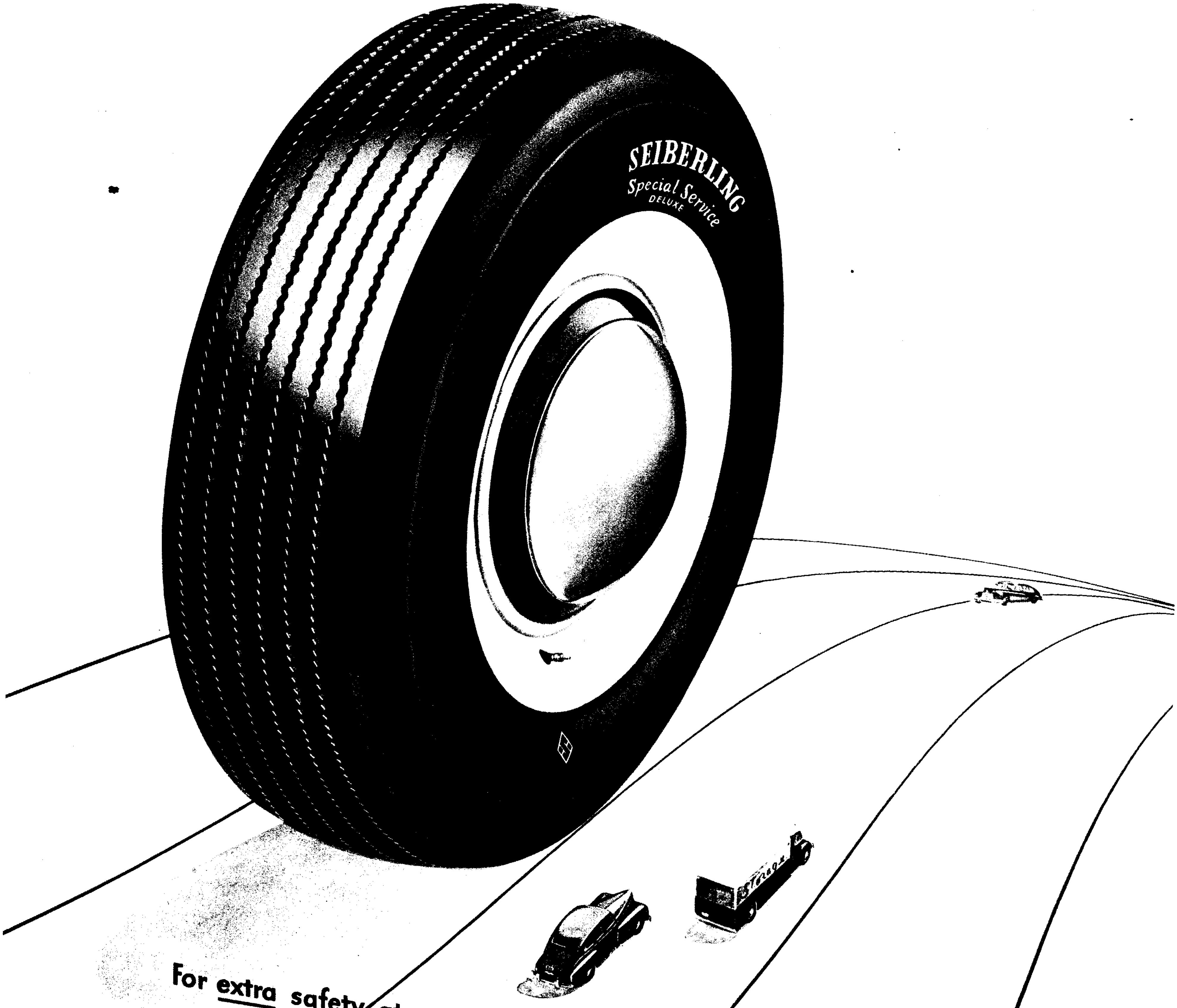
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remember—It has to be better to be a Seiberling

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TORONTO, ONT., CANADA

SEIBERLING TIRES

Here's all it takes
to keep your
Brakes Safe

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It's necessary, of course, to keep the hydraulic system filled with the proper type and amount of fluid. Brake linings should be checked at least every 10,000 miles for signs of excessive wear. Your brakes must be kept in adjustment and wheels in alignment to insure maximum braking efficiency and longer tire life.

To brake service and to every job, the United Motors man brings the unbeatable combination of *up-to-the-minute service methods, fine workmanship and original-equipment parts.* That's why so many careful motorists look for that orange and blue United Motors sign when they need automotive service of any kind.

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HYATT Roller Bearings
DELCO Auto Radios
DUREX Gasoline Filters
HARRISON Heaters
DELCO Home Radios
NEW DEPARTURE Ball Bearings
HARRISON Thermostats
DELCO Shock Absorbers
GUIDE Lamps
DELCO-REMY Starting, Lighting and Ignition
KLAXON Horns
HARRISON Radiators
DELCO Hydraulic Brakes

THE WEEK'S WORK

IKE VERN

Mr. Toombs and offspring, the morning after

BORN in 1912, in Dallas, Texas, where he says no plaques commemorate the event, and raised, before he could protest, in Washington, D. C., Alfred Toombs describes himself as a "fugitive from the newspaper business." He was doing all right as a free-lance when the war deposited him in the O.S.S. He worked with the French labor underground, distributing "black" propaganda. Then, after the war, switched to the State Department in Germany.

According to the communiqués, we have received from Oklawaha, Florida, where he and his family wintered, and where he wrote Housewives Have No Whiskers (p. 22), peace has presented its problems to our hero. At work for several months on a novel about postwar Germany, all he has to show is a bad case of housemaid's knee, an aching back, a head full of child psychology, normal and abnormal. "And," he adds, "a few thousand words of novel, the pages of which are stained with bacon, grease and soup."

Mr. Toombs' housekeeping saga seems to have been confected with considerable help from the Toombs offspring. These postwar menaces sat at their dad's shoulder making suggestions about the punctuation, how to spell "recieve," meanwhile dropping hints that Daddy was writing things that never happened and which made them look silly.

The appearance of Ike Vern, Collier's photographer, in Oklawaha didn't help much. "It was a rough day when we made the pictures," moans Toombs. "Vern encouraged the little lens-lice to run through all the harrowing antics which have made my life a custard-pie comedy since the end of the war. Now, they want Vern as a permanent house guest because he laughs when they put two dogs and a cat under my covers at 6 A.M."

SIX years ago Hal H. Harrison, advertising man on the Valley Daily News, Tarentum, Pennsylvania, was lecturing on his hobby: birds. He wished he had colored slides with which to illustrate his ornithological adventures. Next day he tried to take his first bird portrait . . . a cardinal. It came out looking like a tiny red plant louse, lost in the middle of a 35-mm. slide.

A few thousand patient hours followed in which Harrison lay in sweltering hot bird blinds; shared vacations with swamp mosquitoes (B-29s) and forest gnats (B-24s); spent week ends in treetops or brier tangles. Today, jungle-scarred and drained of blood by insects, Mr. Harrison (Architects in Feathers, p. 14) lectures on birds and bird-watching with Technicolored slides.

When we asked Mr. Harrison if the average Collier's reader could take bird pictures like his, he replied yes, provided he has patience. "Not long ago I waited eighteen hours to photograph the Florida gallinule—and didn't get the picture. But," he pointed out, "I'll get it next time."

BACK in 1924, Milton S. Eisenhower, brother of You-Know-Who, got fired by his boss, President William M. Jardine of Kansas State College, where he was trying to teach journalism. He wound up in the State Department. Two years later he was Assistant Secretary of Agriculture under the same Dr. Bill Jardine. Today he is back at Kansas State—as president. It proves something or other.

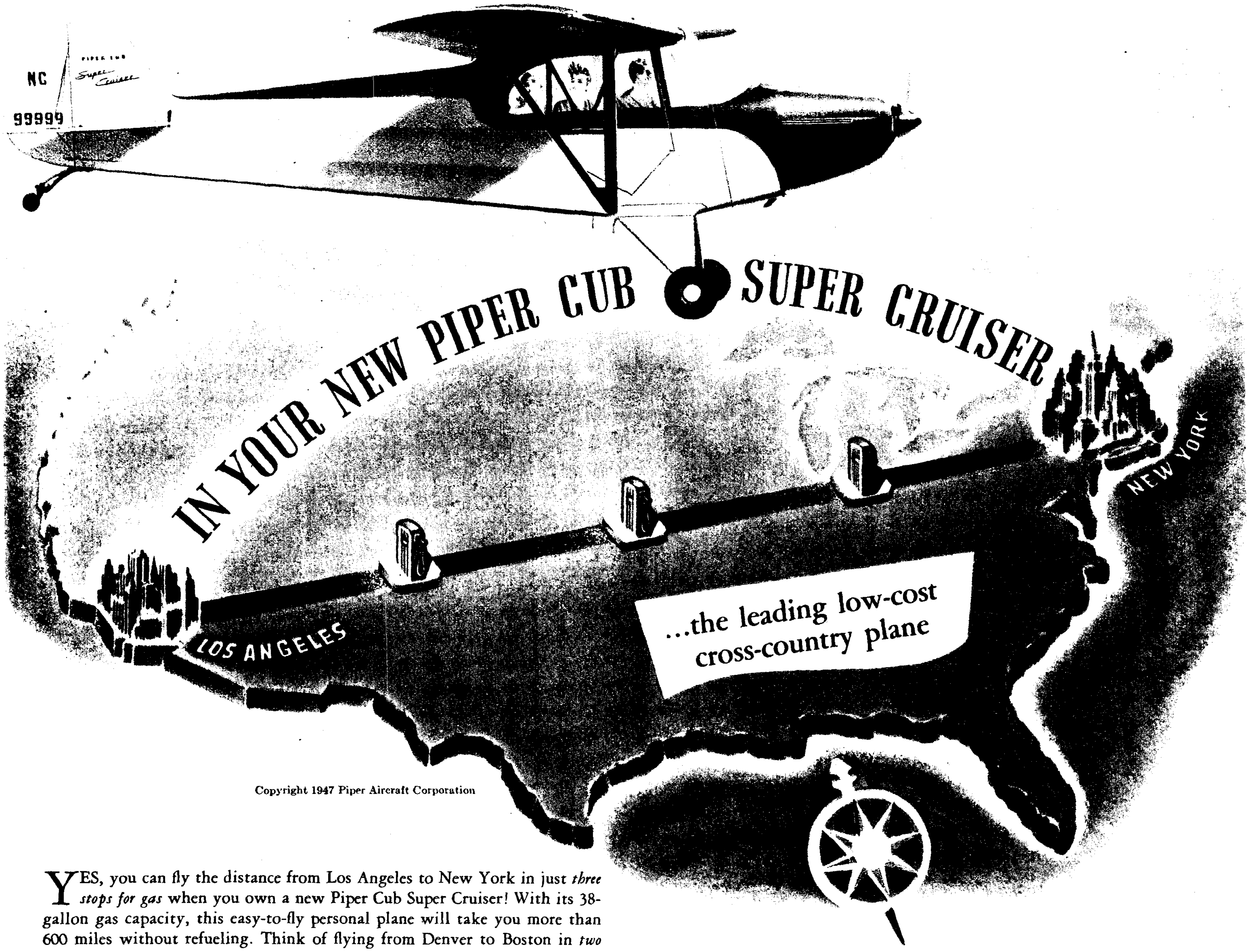
In 1942, President Roosevelt sent Mr. Eisenhower to North Africa to study food, refugee and related problems. Possibly the first civilian to enter Africa following the invasion, Mr. Eisenhower was also the first to report back on the famine to come: warning that food would be the key to winning the peace as well as the war.

Two Acres for Your Life (p. 86) is a result of Mr. Eisenhower's vast war and peace experiences and observations.

Mr. Eisenhower has invited me to fish with him and his four brothers in northern Wisconsin this summer. He wants the trip to remain secret—if possible. Last year so many photographers ferreted out the quiet Eisenhower pools, and so many pictures of so many Eisenhowers and their catches appeared, folks still ask, "Who really caught those fish?" What bothers me is how can I, who took five years to complete a four-year course at college, and was a buck private in an inferior war, expect to catch anything?

This week's cover: Derby Day stars Sabina, the model who wears Philip Mangone's newest black and white suit made with the longer jacket—possibly to hold more winnings in larger pockets. . . . TED SHANE

COAST-TO-COAST *in Only 3 Stops*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Super Cruiser
IN YOUR NEW PIPER CUB SUPER CRUISER
...the leading low-cost cross-country plane
LOS ANGELES
NEW YORK

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YES, you can fly the distance from Los Angeles to New York in just *three stops for gas* when you own a new Piper Cub Super Cruiser! With its 38-gallon gas capacity, this easy-to-fly personal plane will take you more than 600 miles without refueling. Think of flying from Denver to Boston in *two* stops . . . New York to Miami in *one* stop . . . Minneapolis to New Orleans in *one* stop. Or from your home to any place within 600 miles—non-stop! And if you fly at the economy cruising speed you can enjoy a maximum range of 700 miles!

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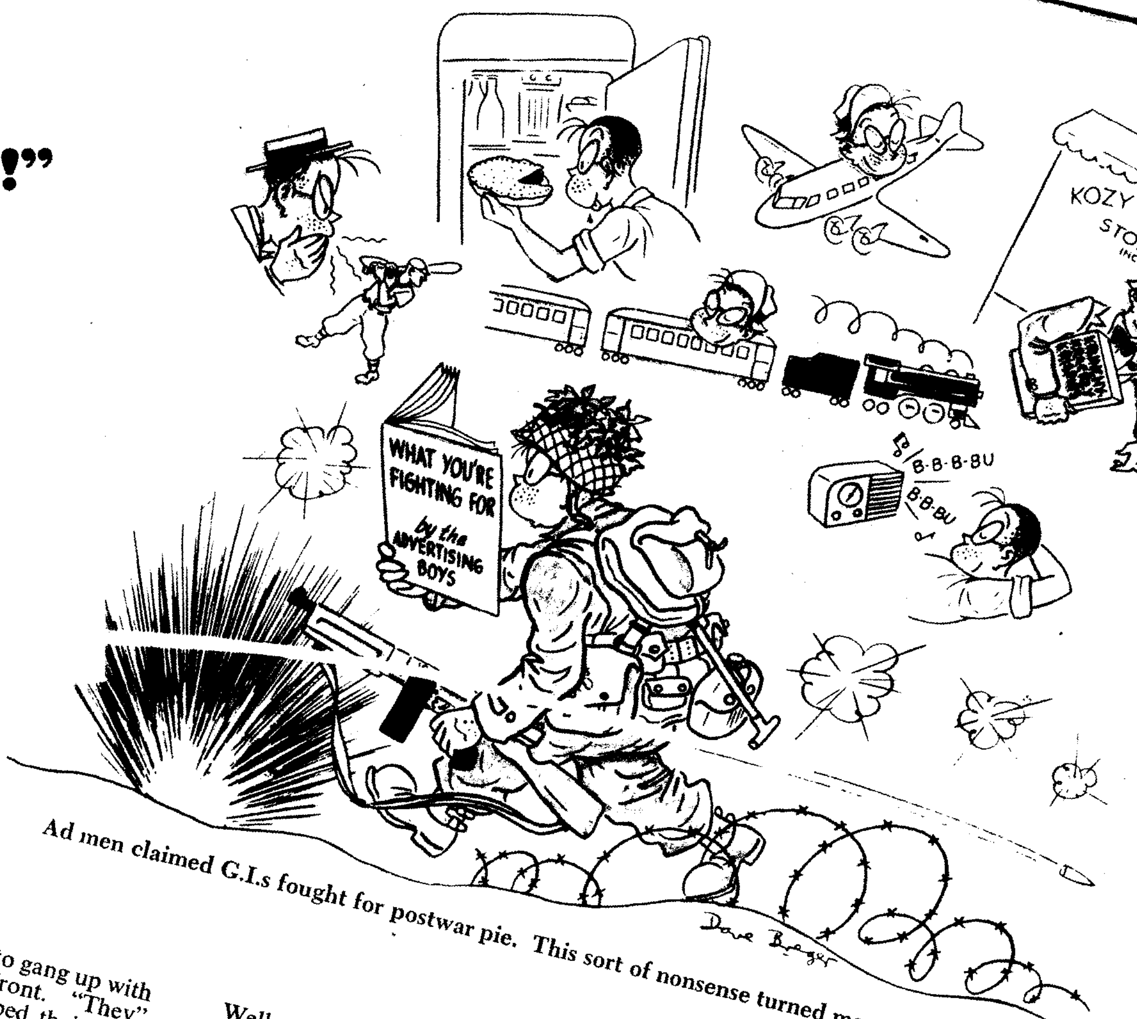
THE VETERAN SAYS: "AW, NUTS!"

BY ROBERT C. RUARK

Here is the G.I. answer to all the warnings the psychiatrists gave us. While we worried, Joe got busy trying to adapt himself to civilian life. This is a checkup and appraisal of how well he's succeeded

ILLUSTRATED BY DAVE BREGER



Ad men claimed G.I.s fought for postwar pie. This sort of nonsense turned many a Joe's stomach

HE WAS so funny when he came home. Fly off the handle if you looked at him crossways. Sort of impatient with everything, and acted like nothing was important very much—the job or me or the kids or anything. Seems like nothing suited him. Seems like he was different from everybody else . . .

They made some sort of monster out of him, really, in the eagerness to "understand" him, when he wasn't very strange at all. They smothered him with clumsy kindnesses, and worried over him and picked at him. They wondered aloud if he would come back with a bent toward crime, loose living and general shiftlessness. They asked themselves anxiously if he'd ever be fit for "everyday" living again. They fretted about his political potential if he decided to gang up with his fellows in a solid front. "They" were the people who sped their men off to war. The boy has been back quite a while now and it is about time to look him over as a civilian.

It has been nearly two years since V-J Day. Selective Service, which fathered well over 15,000,000 heirs, curled up its toes and died peacefully March 31st. With the exception of professional military men and voluntary re-enlisters, most of the active participants in the war have been out of uniform more than long enough to shake down into an indicative mold.

What, then, is the cut of Civilian Joe's jib? How did the lad turn out, in face of dire predictions by the politicians and psychologists and eager lady lecturers?

Well, the ruptured duck, a fowl of former great social significance, is nearly as dead as the great auk. The ruptured duck, that delightful little winged button you got with your discharge, used to sparkle on the streets like fireflies in the dusk. You see it seldom, now, and then mostly on the breasts of very young ex-warriors, on the neat serge of salesmen, on the lapels of professional joiners, and the kind of folks who would wear the top of a milk can if it denoted brotherhood with others.

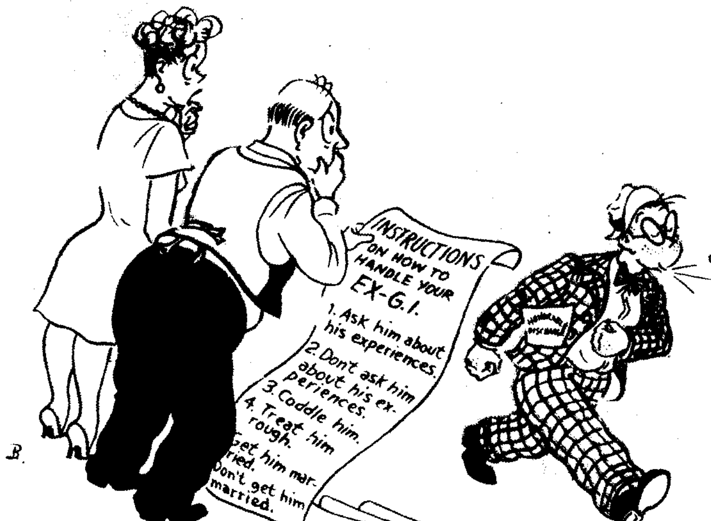
This, according to General Omar Bradley, head of the Veterans Administration, is a healthy sort of signpost on the readjustment road. General Bradley feels that when the average young vet first mislaid his ruptured duck, and didn't bother to replace it, he was once again in good standing as Mr. Doe.

A composite picture of the average veteran is impossible to trace, because there is no "average" veteran. But there were certain experiences which were shared by a majority of the freshly released soldiers, and the ability to cope with them has sharply determined the man's position in a technically peaceful world.

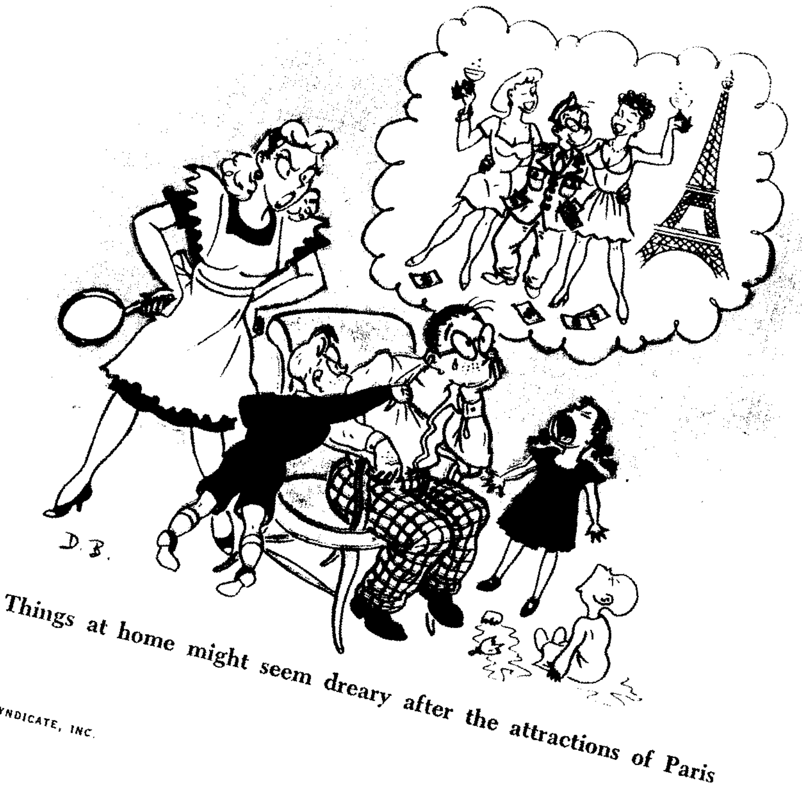
General Bradley says that the chief problems—for lack of a better word—were employment, hospitalization, education, housing, matrimony, and adjustment to civilian frustrations, responsibilities and restrictions, after the ordered routine of the services.

"And I think," the general says, "that the men have reconverted much

(Continued on page 64)


INSTRUCTIONS ON HOW TO HANDLE YOUR EX-G.I.
1. Ask him about his experiences.
2. Don't ask him about his experiences.
3. Coddle him.
4. Treat him rough.
Get him married.
Don't get him married.
D. B.

Families got contradictory orders but vets somehow survived them



Things at home might seem dreary after the attractions of Paris

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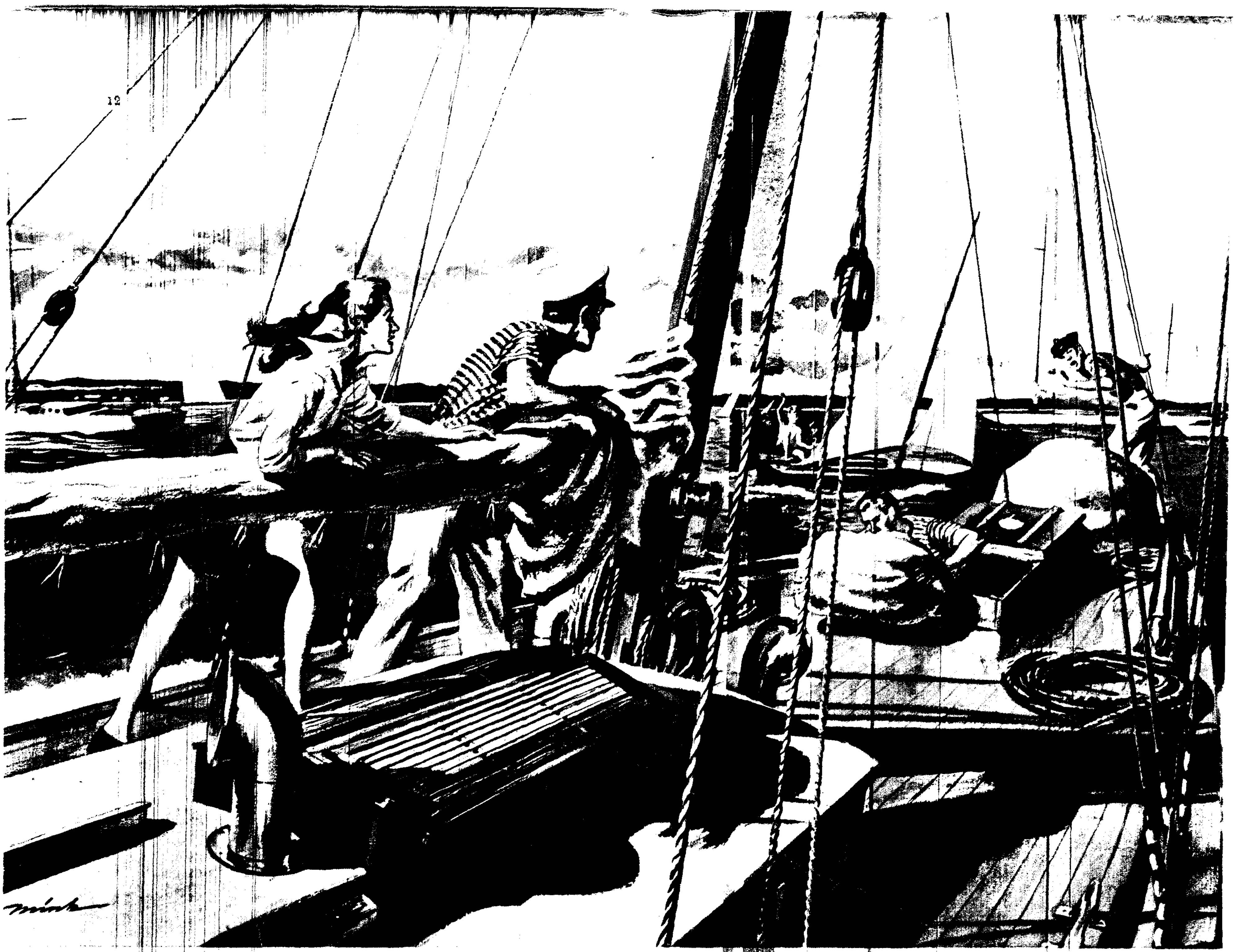


PROUD LADY

BY RICHARD STERN

ILLUSTRATED BY DAVE MINK

WICK headed for the sounds coming from the yacht-club bar, as a pigeon heads for its loft. He passed the open door of the trophy room and glanced briefly inside wondering what changes four years had brought. He looked at the big cabinet that stood against the wall, the cabinet that was filled almost exclusively with trophies that he, Wick Gardiner, had brought back. From Norway they came, from England, France, Italy, Long Island Sound, Cape Cod, Seattle, San Francisco, Honolulu, from almost every place where yachtsmen raced sailing craft. Then he went on, conscious of a sense of disappointment. There wasn't even the feeling of pride that there once had been. Four years is a long time and a man could become badly soured. Walter would be in the bar, he hoped, and that would be good: Walter was what he needed.

The bar was crowded. People stood at the slot machines, people lined the bar, people filled the tables and benches in front of the big fire. Strangers, mostly, although perhaps half a dozen faces were familiar. And Walter was there, over against the wall, at a table with a paunchy man in a double-breasted blue coat and a girl in a tweed suit, with black hair and a smooth young face and grave eyes. Walter was deep in talk with the paunchy man, selling Encino Shipbuilding, probably, as he usually was, pushing his arguments at the man with sudden movements of his hands.

The man was listening carefully; the girl was looking idly around the room.

Wick walked over to the table. The girl, he saw, watched him approach and there was a curious expression on her face and in her eyes. Wick ignored her. He looked down at Walter. "Hi," he said.

Walter looked up. He stopped his selling, with a word half spoken on his lips, and his hands extended in their gesture. His eyes widened incredulously. "Wick!" he roared. "Wick Gardiner!" He jumped up and grabbed Wick's hand and shook it magnificently. "You're out! You're back!" He shook his head. "Boy, am I glad to see you!" He ignored the sudden quiet in the room and the stares. Wick noticed them and knew that they came, not from the noise of Walter's shouting, but from the sound of his own name, and, strangely, he resented it.

"I'm out," he said inanely, "and I'm back."

The paunchy man was on his feet, tugging at the double-breasted blue coat.

"Mr. Peterson," Walter said, "and his daughter, Drue. This is Wick Gardiner, the greatest amateur sailor in this part of the country. Or any other part."

"You're too modest," said Wick. He shook Mr. Peterson's hand. It was soft and moist. He nodded, smiling, to the girl. There was no smile on her face, or in her eyes.

"Amateur?" she asked softly, contemptuously.

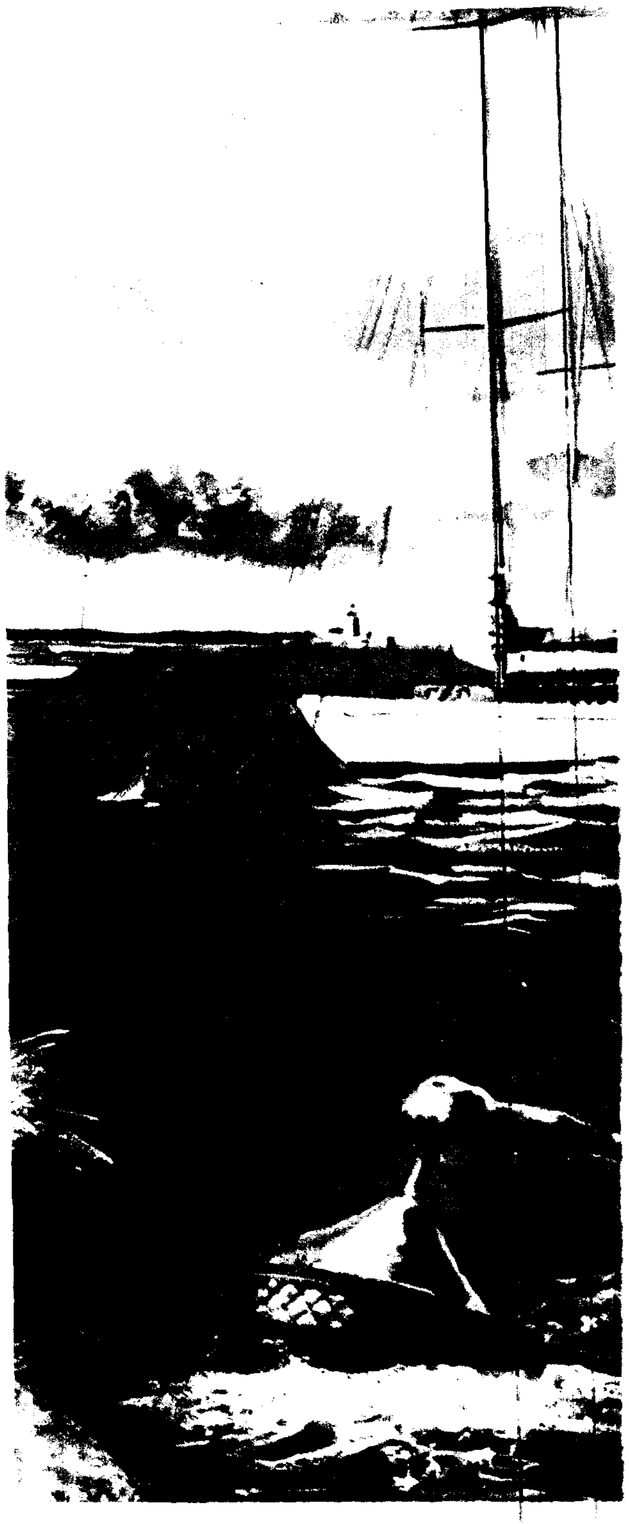
Wick let it go, he had heard it many times before.

"Sit down," said Walter. He grabbed a near-by chair. "Sit down and have a drink and tell us all about it." He roared for the waiter and ordered and then he leaned back against the wall cushion and looked at Wick and began to laugh. "I heard," he said, "mind you, I only heard, that the Navy put you at construction work." He gave a great shout of laughter. "That right? No sea duty?"

"No sea duty," said Wick. He was grinning. "The Navy wasn't impressed. They were fresh out of sailing craft, anyway."

"You dug ditches!" Walter roared.

"Something like that," said Wick. It really wasn't as funny as Walter made it out to be. Wick thought of the installations he had built, of the miracles his



One of the crew stood in the bow, waving the Scamper away. He turned and shouted furiously, "Why are we turning out of that kid's way? Why doesn't he move? That's no way to sail a boat"

"I used to know a girl named Drue," he said, "a long time ago." But now he didn't know her; now he didn't know himself

men had accomplished. And then he grinned again. "I dug a mighty fine ditch," he said.

The girl was not smiling. She said quietly, "You're really a civil engineer, aren't you?"

Wick looked at her in astonishment. Slowly, he nodded. "That's what my degree reads," he said.

Walter said, "Well, I'll be damned! I always thought you spent all your time sailing when you were at college. When did you ever get a degree?"

"Once," said Wick. "Between regattas."

"A ditchdigger," said Walter. "Oh, well, you're still a good sailor." He turned suddenly to Mr. Peterson. "Here's the man to take out the Windward with you. Tomorrow. He'll sail her the way she ought to be sailed, and you'll see what she can do."

Mr. Peterson looked pleased. "That'll be fine," he said.

"How about it, Wick?" said Walter.

Wick was looking at the girl. "Drue," he said slowly. "I used to know a girl named Drue. A long time ago."

The girl nodded. A smile appeared, deep in her eyes. "You used to build roads in the sand. Roads and mountains and dams. And you used to let me watch as long as I didn't destroy your work, and when I did, you'd get mad and chase me because your work was important."

"I remember," said Wick. He was grinning again. "We were—"

"Wick," said Walter. "Hey, how about it?"

"About what?" Wick asked.

Walter looked annoyed. "Mr. Peterson's interested in the Windward. You take her out with him tomorrow."

"I—" Wick began.

"You want a sail, don't you?" Walter demanded. "Get the ditches out of your soul." He was smiling, and Mr. Peterson, watching him, also began to smile. Only Wick saw that there was no smile in Walter's eyes.

"Sure, I want a sail," said Wick. It would mean a split commission. It was as easy as that. It had always been as easy at that. A split commission, paid in cash by Walter. No annoying questions, then, about amateur status. "Sure," he repeated. He was smiling at Mr. Peterson. "I'll go."

"She's moored out here," said Walter. There was no word of thanks, no indication that Wick's agreement was anything but usual. "The breeze usually comes up about ten-thirty."

"I remember," said Wick. "I'll be here." He turned to the girl again. "You'll be aboard?"

"Yes," said Drue. "I'll be aboard." The friendliness was gone from her eyes and from her face again.

"The Midsummer series is coming up," said Walter. "We just finished a new six-meter for Henderson, and the Westerly is ready for the water again. You can take your pick."

It was as if the last four years had not happened. "I—" Wick began.

Drue said to her father, "I think we'd better go. It's getting late." She stood up and the three men rose with her. She looked at Wick. "You reconvert quickly," she said, "and easily."

MR. PETERSON extended his soft, moist hand. "We'll see you in the morning, Gardiner. At ten-thirty."

"At ten-thirty," said Wick, automatically. He smiled at the girl, but there was no reaction. He watched her turn away.

"Sit down," said Walter. "We've got a lot of talking to do. There's a rumor of a starboat regatta at San Francisco late this summer and there's a Honolulu race next year, and all the series and individual races in between. You're going to be a busy kid."

"Sailing," said Wick. He was watching Drue cross the room, tall and proud and with a sort of contemptuous stiffness in her shoulders.

"Sailing," said Walter, "and winning. I want all the publicity for our boats that you can get."

"For the glory of Encino Shipbuilding," said Wick.

Walter looked at him strangely. Then he bent forward into his selling attitude and his hands began to push home his points. "For the glory of Wick Gardiner," he said, "and for the enlargement of Wick Gardiner's bank account. The more races we win and the more publicity we get, the more boats we sell and the more commissions you make. We did well together before the war; we'll do better together now. There's a lot of money rolling around and there are a lot of people getting into yachting now who never thought of owning a boat before. You'll—"

"I'll sail as an amateur, of course," said Wick. It was strange how the girl's words came popping into his mind.

Walter looked his disgust. "Oh, hell," he said. "Not mawkish, don't go mawkish on me."

"Look," said Wick, "this is my first night home. Let's relax and forget your damn' boats for a while." He was a little astonished at the tone of his own voice.

Walter leaned back against the wall cushion. "Can do," he said. "There's plenty of time." He waved at the waiter. "We'll drink and yarn a bit and give you a chance to get acquainted again."

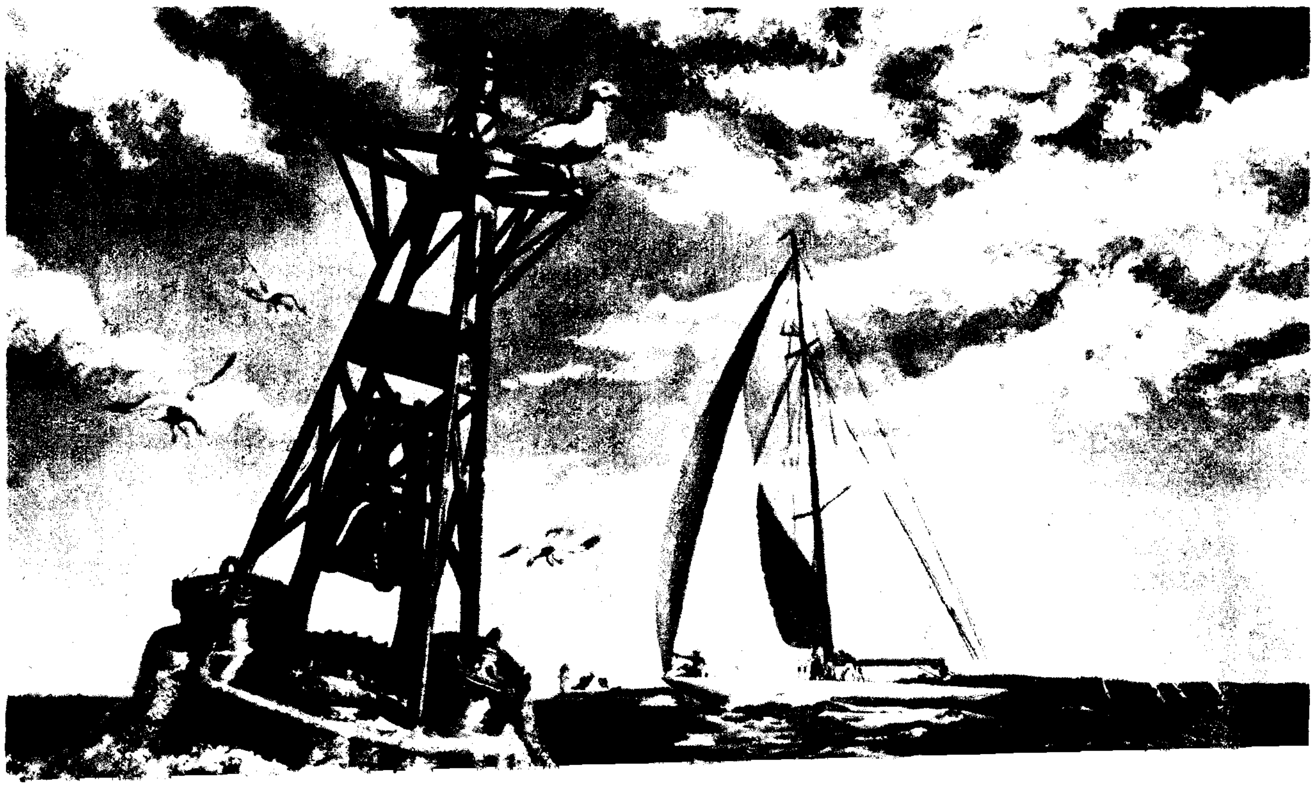
"Yes," said Wick. He was thinking of Drue.

IT WAS six o'clock when Wick, from habit, awakened. There was an ache in his head and a soreness in his tongue. He lay quietly for a time, staring up at the ceiling and piecing together the shank of the evening. The Petersons had gone; he started from there. There had been drinks, many of them, and talk and more talk. And then people had come to sit at the table. Strangers, new to the club, but well known to Walter. "There's a lot of money rolling around," Walter had said, "and there are a lot of people getting into yachting today who never thought of owning a boat before." Wick could believe it now. He shook his head slowly as he thought about it.

And then somebody, Walter perhaps, had called for the dice cup and had explained a game that took only one die. Wick rubbed his chin reflectively. Whatever the game was, it was not his game. He had dropped a hundred dollars. Somebody else had dropped two hundred. The difference was that the somebody else, from the look of him, could afford it; Wick couldn't. Unless the split commission on the Windward turned out, that was.

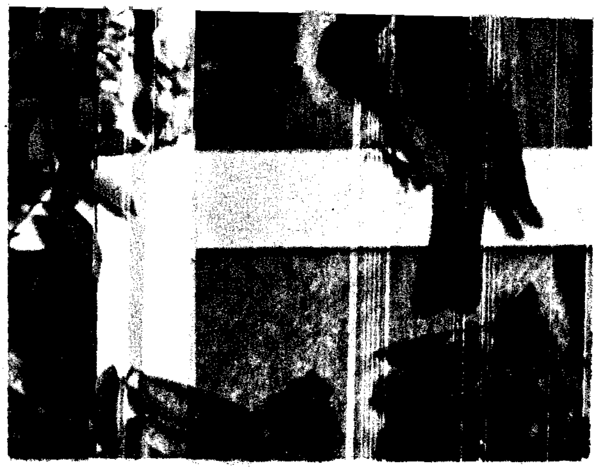
He got out of bed and showered and dressed and tidied up the apartment. He brewed himself a cup of coffee and drank it slowly with his first cigarette. His head felt better, but the remorse hung on. At quarter of eight he left the apartment and went over to the club for breakfast.

It was nine o'clock when he finished his fourth cup of coffee and his sixth cigarette. He strolled out onto the porch and looked out over the harbor, over the club mooring and the yachts of all shapes and sizes that swung lazily at their cans. His eye picked out the sloop Windward and admired her sixty-odd feet of sleekness, the rake *(Continued on page 58)*



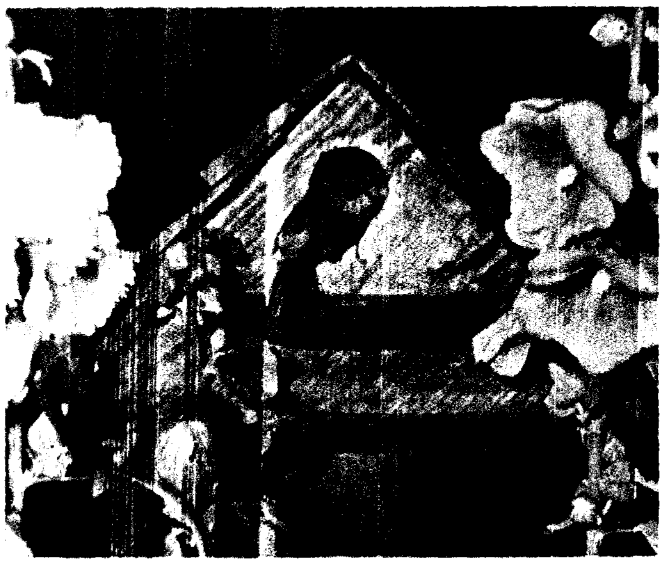
All birds' eggs were once white. Those laid in exposed places, like the catbird's, took on coloration

Flickers and other woodpeckers are like carpenters, carving their homes in tree cavities with their strong bills



Though the bluebird lives in cavities, it builds a nest inside. This one has a rose-covered cottage

The yellow-billed cuckoo, unlike its European cousin, usually hatches its own eggs. Nest is of twigs

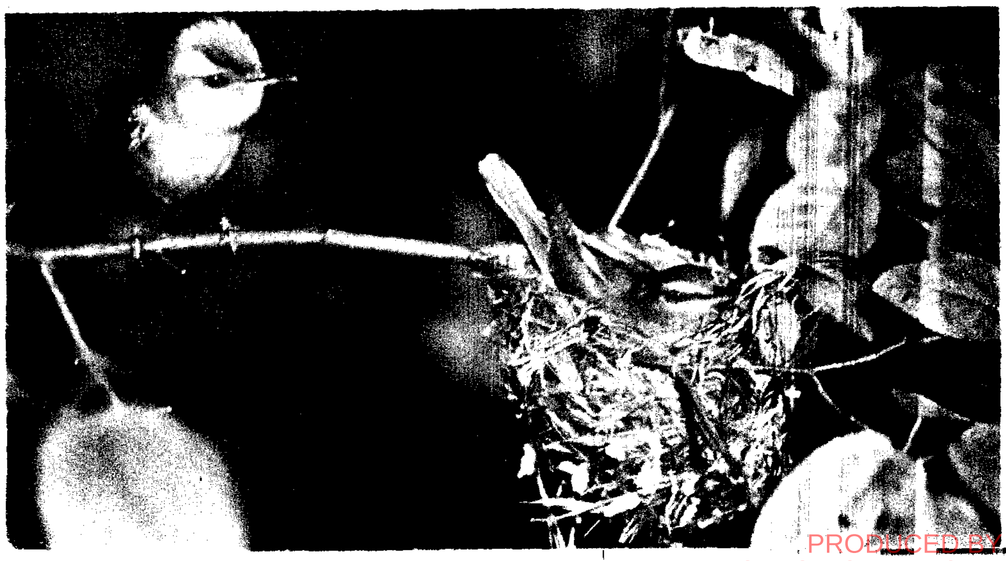


Among those which prefer man-made structures is the house wren. It sometimes takes over abandoned woodpecker homes

No great builder is the cedar waxwing, so called for the red spot, like sealing wax, on its wings

The goldfinch insists on thistledown to line its nest. Here a male bird stands guard

Puffing out its throat and raising its crest, a red-eyed vireo intimidates intruders



ARCHITECTS IN FEATHERS

BY HAL H. HARRISON

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

Birds, like people, prefer variety in their living quarters

THE homes that birds build are, in many respects, just as interesting as the homes that men build, and there are just as many different types of architecture employed in building homes in the bird world as there are in man's world.

Humans have their own reasons for preferring the type of dwellings they build. Birds are like that too. The orioles that build those lovely hanging nests high in the trees certainly would have nothing to do with the grassy nest of a spotted sandpiper hidden on the ground. And the yellow warblers that build those dainty cottonlike nests wouldn't live on the platform of twigs that a pair of mourning doves call home.

Preference for certain definite locations is just as strong (if not stronger) in birds as in humans. Indeed, the evolution of bird homes is not entirely unlike the development of human dwelling places. Going back through the ages, one arrives at the time when birds did not build homes at all, but like their reptilian relatives, they laid their eggs in holes dug in sand or soft earth or in heaps of rubbish or rotting wood. Incubation occurred through the natural warmth of these hiding places or the heat of the sun.

The brush turkeys of Australia still lay their eggs in a communal nest of decaying vegetation.

A bird's need for a nest is a result of its evolution from a cold-blooded animal. While reptiles and amphibians can withstand great changes of temperature, warm-blooded creatures cannot. What is true of the adult is also true of the embryo in the egg. Thus, in order to insure a constant incubation heat, birds were forced to sit on their eggs. But to escape the elements and other enemies, and to insure the survival of their species, birds began to lay their eggs off the ground, and so bird homes came into being.

While some birds have taken their homes high into the treetops, far from their enemies, others elevate them only slightly. The Maryland yellowthroat, the veery and a number of marsh birds lift their homes only a foot or so. Many sea birds nesting on oceanic islands still build no nests, and the whippoorwill, a familiar bird to every child in America, is another that has failed to get its eggs off the ground or to build a nest around them. The grebe covers her eggs with wet vegetation when she leaves the nest for food. Most ducks and geese cover their eggs with down plucked from their breasts when they leave their nests for any length of time.

As the eggs of reptiles are white today, so were the eggs of all birds at one time. Buried eggs needed no protective coloration, but those laid in exposed places began to take on shades and combinations of colors that helped to conceal them. Some birds' eggs never have been exposed and have never received pigmentation. Members of the woodpecker family lay white eggs in dark tree cavities. The kingfisher lays white eggs at the end of a tunnel in a clay bank along a stream. These birds needed no nests inside their chosen homes, so they built none.

But not all hole-nesting birds lay white eggs. The house wren, chickadee, titmouse, nuthatch and bluebird are examples. All of these birds build nests inside their tree cavities, evidence of the fact that they once laid their protectively colored eggs in the open. The eggs of the bluebird are the palest blue of all the eggs of the thrushes, the family to which the bluebird belongs. It may be that nature gradually is discarding the color pigment in these eggs.

The behavior of birds is largely instinctive. Thus, each individual of a certain species of bird builds a nest remarkably like that of all other individuals of that species. Variations may occur, due to the availability of certain materials, but the size, shape and general structure are amazingly uniform.

It is the male who stakes out the family claim to a certain territory, and once the boundaries are fixed it is his job alone to defend it against all birds that may try to encroach. In accepting a male as her mate, a female must accept his territory. Among common songbirds, the male attracts his mate largely through his song or what passes as his song, but he also utilizes that song to declare to all other males that this is his territory . . . keep out! Males establish special singing perches within their territories for this purpose.

When a pair of birds are mated, it is the female's job to select the spot where the home shall be built. It is then her job to build it. While the male may make some pretense at helping her, and may accompany her while she gathers nesting material, the female does the greater share of the construction.

In selecting the exact site for her home, a female bird is guided by several instinctive considerations. She must be sure first that it is going to be well concealed from enemies and protected from bad weather. The nest must also be placed with an eye to the availability of food in the immediate vicinity.

Birds have many enemies. Nests are destroyed by cats, squirrels, skunks, weasels, snakes, rats, and by other birds such as crows, jays and hawks. Some ornithologists believe only one of every ten pairs of birds succeeds in raising young to maturity.

A brown thrasher with its young. Birds' nests are often destroyed by enemies. Chick mortality is high

Nest-Building Is an Instinctive Art

Birds need no instructions on how to build their first nest. A one-year-old female Baltimore oriole, confronted with the task of weaving her intricate basket, sets about her job with the confidence of one who has graduated from a basket-weaving school. Nature endows the female with the proper instincts to build her first nest without any previous instruction or experience.

So with rare exceptions, each female bird will build the typical home of her kind. Here bird architecture reaches all stages of development. It is a far cry from the bundle of sticks thrown together by the blackbilled cuckoo to the marvelous masonry of the robin, with its neatly constructed cup of mud lined with soft grasses. And there is little to compare in the dainty hanging cradle of the red-eyed vireo and the mass of debris piled in a marsh as a home for young black terns.

Sensations in bird homes are the tiny cups constructed by hummingbirds. In the Eastern states, the only species of this family is the ruby-throated hummingbird, and the finding of its nest is considered quite an accomplishment. The nest is saddled to a horizontal limb and is constructed to look like a knot.

The oven bird, a dainty little warbler that walks through the forests on pink legs, gets its common name from the type of nest it builds . . . a grassy structure domed over the top. The opening is at the side like an old-fashioned Dutch oven. The domed top is camouflaged with dead leaves, making it look for all the world like the floor of the woods.

The robin's skill as a mud mason cannot compare with the artistry of the barn swallow. Pellets of mud are gathered in the mouths of these swift-flying birds, and each pellet is carefully added to the homes they build on the inside or on the outside of barns. The cliff swallow builds an entire jug of mud, with a spoutlike tube as the only entrance.

Carpenters in feathers are the woodpeckers, that use their stout, chisel-like bills to carve homes in tree cavities. Into many of these abandoned woodpecker cavities go other birds unfitted by Nature to their own carpentry; birds like the nuthatches, titmice, house wrens, bluebirds, screech owls, tree swallows and sparrow hawks.

Rough-winged swallows appropriate old nests of kingfishers in clay banks, but their brothers, the bank swallows, dig their own tunnels. A colony of bank swallows may dig hundreds of burrows in a bank chosen as their "village."

Unusual habits in home building are characteristic of certain species of birds. For instance, the crested flycatcher invariably places a castoff snake skin in its nest; the prairie horned lark often builds a platform of pebbles in front of its nest on the ground; the male marsh wren builds one dummy nest after another which his mate never uses; the chimney swift uses its own saliva to glue its nest of twigs to the side of a brick chimney; the blue-gray gnatcatcher, like the hummingbird, uses cobwebs and lichens for camouflage; a thick lining of horsehair characterizes the tiny home of the chipping sparrow; and thistledown is a prerequisite in the construction of the goldfinch's dwelling.

Domestically, most birds are monogamous to the extent that they have but one mate during the nesting period each year. Exceptions are wrens and red-winged blackbirds. The nesting period is over when the young are able to care for themselves—a month or more.

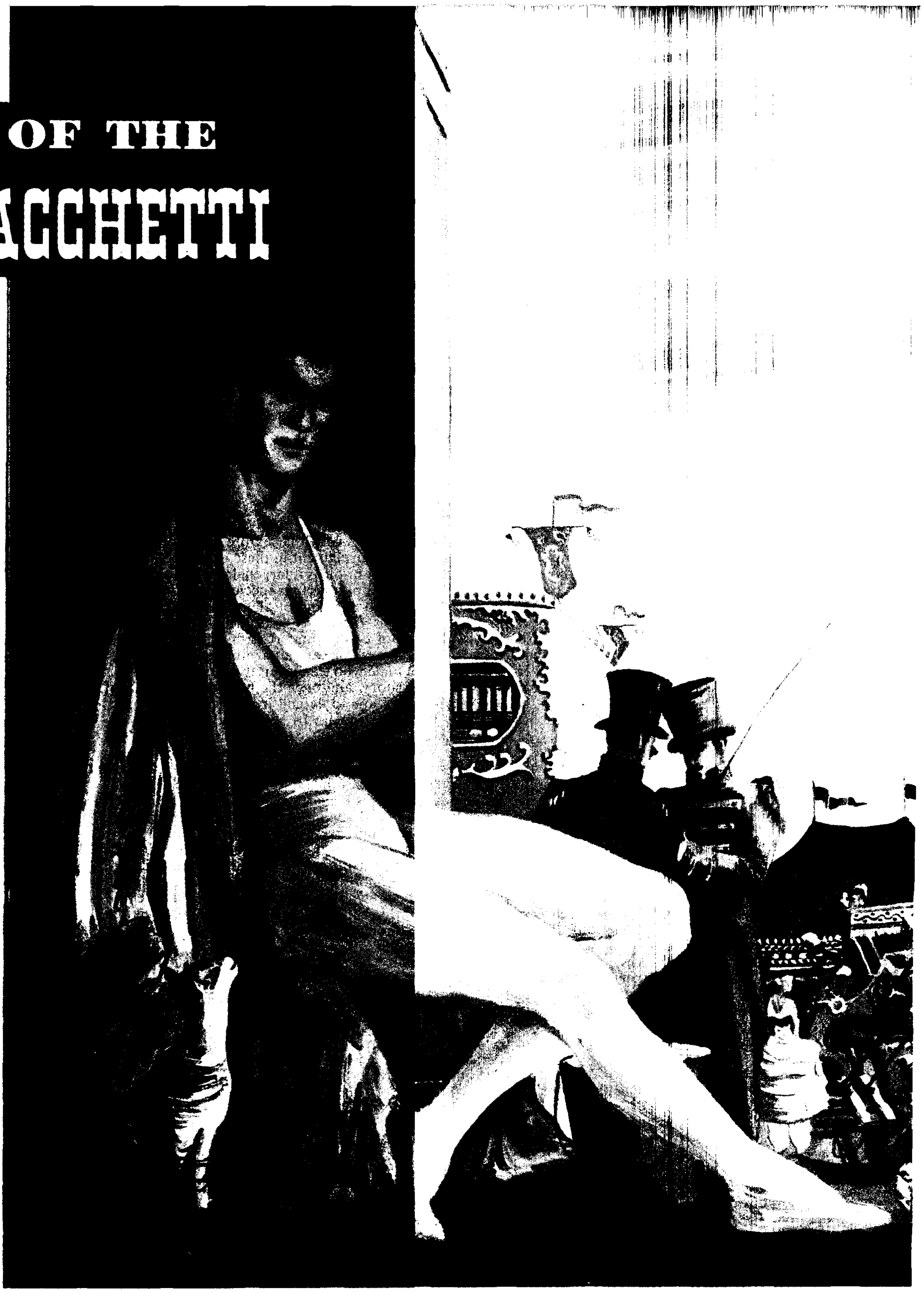
When the sexes are colored alike, birds usually share in the incubation of the eggs. When the male is brightly colored and the female is drab, the latter does the incubating. An exception is the male rose-breasted grosbeak, which not only shares the incubation with his mate, but often sings while sitting on the nest.

The henpecked husband in the bird world is the phalarope. Not only does his wife leave to him all the incubating and care of the young, but she is the only female bird whose plumage is brighter than her mate's.

At the other extreme is the African hornbill, a bully among husbands. He uses mud to wall up his mate in a hollow tree. There he keeps her while she incubates the eggs and later feeds the young. A small opening is left in the prison through which she may thrust her bill to receive food for herself and the young. The male keeps her inside the tree until the young are practically full grown.

Then there is the female bird that compares with the homeless woman who abandons her baby on a friendly doorstep, never to see it again. That is the cowbird, which builds no nest of her own. She lays her eggs in the nests of other birds, depending entirely upon her hosts to incubate her eggs, hatch her young and feed them until they can care for themselves. Most birds serve willingly as foster parents to young cowbirds. ★★★

FRIEND OF THE GREAT ZACCHETTI



OF COURSE, many factors were involved. There was the excitement of pennants lancing the sky, the sawdust-scattered ring on which were fixed a thousand pair of eyes. And there was the magic of superb performances.

Such were the circumstances under which during those few summer days—less than a week—they became old friends. As for the *reasons*, the boy's presence recalled to the Great Zacchetti an outlook he, too, had once known. In the acrobat the boy saw a hero in the flesh.

Yet there was something additional, subtler, present almost from the start. It had to do with life's purposes, the omens of which the man had learned to read in his forty-two years. Always these signs had come to him at the climaxes of his career.

So it was, after the matinee on that first day, when Ross made his way among the slanting guy lines to the rear of the great tent. There the oncoming night already cast its sad, beautiful tints over the scattered trailer caravan of transport equipment and living quarters. From the running board of the truck where he sat, the acrobat was gazing thoughtfully at the west.

Evening and the letdown after his act gripped him. Then he had looked up and there stood the boy, not one of a noisy group like most but quietly by himself. His young seriousness seemed to reflect the sunset's loneliness.

"Well," Zacchetti inquired at the end of a pause, "what do you want, kid?"

"Nothing."

"Nothing? In my life I have seen a million kids and never did I know one that wanted nothing."

At the response the boy glanced sharply. "What did they want?"

"Ha, that's good! First, you comprehend," Zacchetti went on in mock enumeration, like a clerk reading from a list: "first they wish free tickets. If that is your thought, dismiss it. Then they ask for me to write my name. Number three, to get a job. Four, to feel my muscle. You want to feel? Here."

Ross drew closer. Smoke rose above the roofs of some of the caravan. Against the red-gold streamers in the distance a keeper walked the elephants. Nearer, the windless stillness left the tent flaps hanging leadenly.

Zacchetti's arm stiffened but not like a schoolboy's. From shoulder to elbow it froze parallel with his torso. Ross touched the great fist of muscle swelling smoothly beneath the skin. When the acrobat moved his forearm a tremendous tide swept across the hard chest.

Abruptly he slapped his leg.

"And now you are satisfied, yes?" he said loudly. "So bye-bye."

The boy sucked his lips in over his teeth. From his high forehead the brown hair tumbled over one eye. The sensitive mouth would change little when hurt, though the chin would set and the blue eyes seem deeper.

"What now?" Zacchetti demanded.

At that moment, he recalled later, it began to happen. The key entered the lock and something *outside* took over their lives.

WHEN Ross raised his head to reply, their eyes met for an instant. Before his question was answered, the acrobat saw they were friends.

"I watched the one-arm swing. It was—was great," Ross concluded, his tone conveying an appreciation of the word's inadequacy.

"Merci bien," Zacchetti said. He extended his hand, the wrist showing pale where the leather band had encircled it. "What's your name, kid?"

"Ross Bondy."

"You are with your parents?"

"Hilary and Bob are with me. They're my friends, but I left them after the show."

"You and me, we are friends, too?"

"Sure. Aren't you only going to be here a week?"

"Until Saturday. Perhaps you come again."

"Well, I spent my whole allowance," Ross confessed, adding hopefully, "maybe I could make a loan from Dad."

"Pouf. Listen, tomorrow before the matinee I will tell them to let you in without paying. Now I think maybe your mama waits with supper. Bye-bye."

"Thanks, see you tomorrow—"

"Zacchetti, to my friends."

"Thanks, Zacchetti." . . .

The following day and the next they learned much concerning each other. The acrobat was filled with curiosity about everything that went on in the boy's home: How the family lived, how the children were brought up, what their father did, their future plans.

He himself, he explained, had run away from his brother in Milan when he was ten. He had starved in the streets of a dozen cities before the performer LeFond took him under his wing and taught him the act. It was

BY MORT FRIEDLANDER

ILLUSTRATED BY K. WIGGINS

The acrobat spoke for the things he believed—in the language he knew best

more of what he had learned *since* that he spoke, however, and more of people than of things.

Ah, he had traveled! Men had to live together and yet apart, that was the secret. But for each was kinship to be found somewhere, not of blood but the heart. He had come upon it in the Australian rancher in Melbourne and the Negro stevedore at Caracas. And Ross. That was fortunate since a man would surely die without his friends.

By the fourth day they had never been strangers. Sometimes they wandered into the deserted tent where Ross imagined the applause of old audiences sweeping down from the empty benches. They visited the superb, nervous circus horses in their stalls; or the huge, wary-eyed elephants swaying their trunks slowly from side to side.

"What do you want, kid?" Zacchetti inquired. "Nothing," Ross replied. "In my life I have seen a million kids," the man said, "but never did I know one that wanted nothing"

Ross said as if he were speaking his thoughts aloud, "Gosh, things are going to be different after you go."

"Perhaps, but let me show you what time is, Ross. We make believe that all clocks stop and by magic nothing changes." He snapped his fingers twice. "Maybe one second, maybe a thousand years, yes? You see what time is, my friend. We do not worry about it."

Nevertheless, to the man the future offered a lonelier prospect than ever. The tight inadequacy of his life had opened to admit the boy. He was going to miss him. More and more he sensed the purpose, still obscure but unfolding, which had brought them together.

LATER he smiled to himself at the remark of Van Huyt, the ringmaster. He was well aware his performance had improved. For the first time in months he had done ninety turns. Perhaps youth was contagious.

But joking aside, it was for Ross he wished to excel. He desired to be magnificent so that when the boy grew up to be a doctor or a teacher or something, he would think back to Zacchetti and aim at such splendor for himself. He wanted Ross to recognize its quality—a kind of wonderful pause in life, an absolute attainment for an instant—the perfect gesture that became breathless by its sheer perfection while all else fell away upon the junk heap of the ages. . . .

That evening a reporter from the local paper came to the circus with a photographer, and the next day his picture and a story about him appeared. Ross brought the clipping. The boy's pride in it gave him real pleasure.

"Did LeFond honestly set the world's record?" Ross asked.

"Yes, that is true. One hundred fifty."

"Golly, what's the most you ever did?"

"One hundred and forty."

He remembered the occasion three years before when it had struck him of a sudden to try, he never knew why. Teeth clenched, his body had swung in great punishing circles until within ten of the record, he had been beaten. What had Adam LeFond possessed that escaped him?

"Hilary says nobody could ever do that many," Ross was saying.

"Then your Hilary is a fool."

"He never believes anything," the boy explained.

"One must," Zacchetti said, laying a hand upon his shoulder. "Always. You believe people should be kind and that God watches over us, yes? Without it life is nothing. I do not expect you should understand, but it will come when you are older."

After a moment Ross said, "I believe your act is the greatest in the whole world."

Zacchetti started to protest but checked himself, toning it down for the boy's sake.

"It's pretty good, even if not the best," he conceded. . . .

On Friday afternoon two boys of Ross' age approached where they sat talking. One had a round face and small eyes; the other was thin with red hair.

"Beat it," Ross ordered when he saw them. "You don't belong here."

Instead they came closer and the one with the round face said, "I knew we'd find you."

"It's Hilary and Bob," Ross whispered. "I tried to duck out on them."

"Never mind," Zacchetti said.

"We trailed him easy, didn't we?" Hilary remarked. "Bob and me can trail anybody."

"You don't have to do everything I do. They're just a couple of old copycats." Ross was so angry he was almost in tears. "Wait until we get back."

"Did you like the performance?" Zacchetti intervened.

"Ah, pretty good. It was all right," Hilary acknowledged.

"Only pretty good, yes?" Zacchetti asked.

"We figured maybe you'd try and break the record or something," Bob explained, "after what was in the paper."

"Ninety, that isn't so good?" Zacchetti pursued.

They shrugged and looked away.

Ross said, "They don't know anything. They don't know what they're talking about."

"I know more what I'm talking about than you," Hilary answered. "My uncle's in the Navy and he saw the atomic bomb explode. When he gets back he's going to tell me about it, too."

"A lot I care for your old atomic bomb," Ross said.

"It's the biggest thing in the world," Hilary went on. "It could blow up a million people if they wanted it to."

MY GOD, Zacchetti thought, boys and atomic bombs. Soon, perhaps, they will be for sale in the toy stores for children to buy.

"Is it strong, this bomb?" he inquired.

"My goodness, don't you read the papers?" Bob exclaimed.

"But there are still some things it cannot do," Zacchetti added.

"What, for instance?" Hilary cried. "The atomic bomb could do anything. Why, just one—"

"It could not make your mama love you. It could not ride one of our horses."

"Ah, that's no fair."

"But, yes. So the thing that can do these is more powerful."

"What thing?" Hilary demanded with disbelief.

"Friendship, love—what you like to call it."

"Ah, that's Sunday-school stuff."

"Nevertheless, it is so. For that I am very glad and I think Ross is, too."

"You mean it could do anything? Anything at all?"

"Oh, yes."

"If it's so wonderful, then, maybe it could even help you break the record. Otherwise I guess it's all baloney."

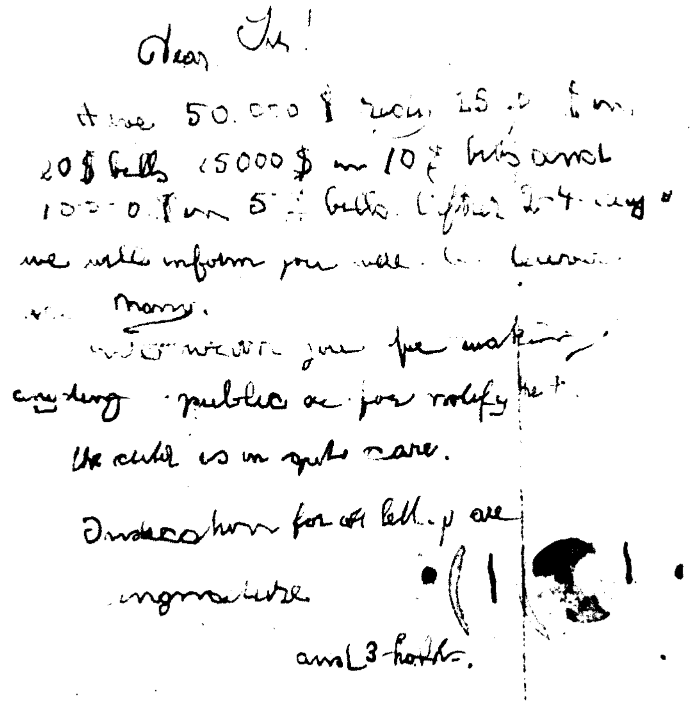
So, Zacchetti thought to himself. The final tumbler of the lock fell into place. There was no more mystery. He understood now what he had sensed before. It was more than to

(*Continued on page* 49)

ACME

Bruno Hauptmann (left), on trial for his life for kidnaping and murdering the Lindbergh baby, leans over a state trooper to talk with his wife Anna

II: INSIDE THE LINDBERGH KIDNAPING



Dear Sir!

Have 50.000 $ redy 25 000 $ in
20 $ bills 15000 $ in 10 $ bils and
10000 $ in 5 $ bills. After 2-4 days
we will inform you were to deliver
the mony.

We warn you for making
anyding public or for notify
the child is in gut care.

Indication for all letters are
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and 3 holes.

INTERNATIONAL

Letter sent to Dr. Condon instructing him to prepare the ransom money. Note the identifying symbols in lower corner

Clues to the kidnaper of the Lindbergh baby led everywhere—and nowhere. Here the former chief of the U.S. Secret Service tells his story of America's most talked-about crime and draws his own conclusion about Bruno Richard Hauptmann's guilt

Miss Gow rushed in and said, "Colonel Lindbergh, have you got the baby? Please don't fool me." I said, "No." She said, "You must have the baby, he is gone!" I at once went to the nursery and from the appearance of the bedclothes I felt sure that something was wrong. I immediately went into my bedroom and loaded a rifle . . .

BUT wait. I don't want to get ahead of my story. That was March 18th, when Colonel Lindbergh was briefing me on the facts. It was seventeen days before, on March 1, 1932, that Charles Augustus Lindbergh, Jr., was kidnaped.

My wife, Judith, and I first heard about it on the radio. We were settling down *again* in our little yellow house in Baltimore, now that the Capone case was cleaned up in Chicago. The news had hardly crackled from the loud-speaker when Judith said, "Oh, nobody would harm that baby!"

She started to cry. Then something happened I thought I'd never live to see. Judith, who thought detective work was fine if you didn't have to mess around with crimes, looked at me sharply through her wet eyes and said:

"Frank, what are *you* going to do about it?"

I guess I was in on the Lindbergh case from that moment.

Not officially at first, because as a special agent of the Intelligence Unit, Bureau of Internal Revenue, I couldn't plow into the case until I was called upon. But, unofficially, I sent Colonel Lindbergh a special-delivery letter offering to tap the underworld grapevine and see if this was a gang job. I didn't get an answer but I wasn't miffed. After all, Lindbergh got 5,000 letters that first week—all from Joes who wanted to get into the act.

My mind wouldn't abandon the possibility that Capone's boys pulled this snatch, that Scarface Al, then in Cook County jail waiting transfer to

BY FRANK J. WILSON

CHIEF, U.S. SECRET SERVICE, RETIRED

AS TOLD TO HOWARD WHITMAN

federal prison, had masterminded this kidnaping as a pressure play against the whole nation—with his freedom as the ransom.

Knowing that the Cook County jail was then a kind of underworld Chess & Rummy Club, I arranged for one of my gangster informers in Chicago to worm his way in and talk to Al. Within twenty-four hours he had seen Capone and was on the wire, saying, "No dice. The big fellow knows nothing about it." I knew that information was as good as gold.

Capone Makes a Proposition

Yet it was Scarface Al who finally brought me into the Lindbergh case officially. Al made a cock-and-bull offer to find the baby within forty-eight hours if he were given his freedom. Desperate by this time, Lindbergh and his lawyer, Colonel Henry Breckinridge, telephoned Washington and asked the T-men of the Treasury to come into the case. They knew we had bagged Capone; this was our cue.

It caught me with my head bandaged up like a combination of Sabu the Elephant Boy and the Spirit of '76. I had picked up a fierce case of poison ivy in our back yard and Judith had bandaged me up so I couldn't even wear a hat. When I arrived at Hopewell, New Jersey, on March 18th, the reporters were sure a swami had come to take charge.

In the gray stucco house, lonely against the mud and patchy grass of the unfinished landscaping, Lindbergh said in his dispassionate monotone, "We're undecided what to do about the offer of Al Capone. We're giving everything consideration. We want our baby back."

I told him to disregard Capone's bluff, explaining that I had already checked up on the Scarface. "What's more I'm keeping contact," I said. "If there is the slightest bit of information in the Capone gang we'll have it within twenty-four hours."

Lindbergh and the lank, suave Colonel Breckinridge accepted my verdict. Elmer Irey, chief of the Intelligence Unit, told them that Agent Art Madden and I would stay on the case, and in the quiet of his study Lindbergh paced us through the events of March 1st . . .

Miss Gow: "Colonel Lindbergh, have you got the baby? Please don't fool me . . ."

Madden and I hid ourselves away in the Phi Gamma Delta fraternity club in New York City and from that time on used the code name "the college boys." Lindbergh's code name was "Axle." Colonel H. Norman Schwarzkopf, head of the New Jersey State Police, became "Mr. Blackburn."

The very next day Colonel Breckinridge called us to an urgent meeting. Dr. J. F. Condon (Jafsie), the retired Bronx school principal, had received another note from the kidnaper offering to return the baby within eight hours on payment of $70,000 ransom. Jafsie had entered the case on his own steam, offering in a letter to the Bronx Home News, for which he frequently wrote poems, to serve as the kidnaper's go-between. To everyone's amazement the offer was accepted and the pixielike seventy-two-year-old Jafsie had received a series of notes which the kidnaper signed "John."

"Colonel, I'm against the idea of a blind trade," I said to Breckinridge. "If that baby isn't turned over to us on the spot the moment the ransom is paid, we haven't any protection in the world."

"What can we do?" he asked.

"We've got to take the serial numbers on those bills."

My suggestion got a cold reception from Lindbergh, Breckinridge and their friends from J. P. Morgan & Company, Frank Bartow and Harry Davison. Yet I knew those serial numbers ought to be taken.

Several meetings later I had won my point. As Lindbergh drove me back to the Phi Gamma Delta Club at 2:30 A.M. he finally said, "All right, we'll take the serial numbers. I'll arrange a time with Harry Davison and we'll do it down at J. P. Morgan's."

We made up the ransom package of 5,150 bills: $20,000 in fifties, $25,000 in twenties, $15,000 in tens, and $10,000 in fives. A dozen bookkeepers stayed up most of the night recording and witnessing (so the records could be used in court) the serial number of each bill, the check letter, face plate number, series, and type of note. I purposely had them include with the Federal Reserve notes and United States notes a goodly number of gold certificates because there were fewer of these in circulation.

On April 2d, the night the ransom was paid, Jafsie Condon went to the wall of St. Raymond's Cemetery and called, "John."

The kidnaper replied, "Here I am."

Then Jafsie said, *"Seventy thousand dollars is an awful lot of money."*

Honest, goodhearted Jafsie was jubilant when "John" agreed to accept $50,000 instead of $70,000. He went back to the car where Lindbergh was waiting and then he pulled a terrible boner. He removed from the ransom package all of the *fifty-dollar* bills, $20,000 worth. Two hours later Jafsie told me how he had saved Lindy a lot of money.

Harder to Trace the Money

Lindbergh was there and I didn't want to say anything at the time, but I was boiling inside. When I got Art Madden alone, I said, "What in the hell did Jafsie take out the fifties for? Now it is going to be a hundred times harder to trace that money." Actually I was understating it. At the time there were 500 twenties in circulation for every fifty. Jafsie's "bargain" was going to make our job 500 times harder!

Hoping the kidnaper would return the baby, and not wanting to brook unnecessary delay, I had slipped a note in the ransom package reading, "Baby's mother is seriously ill and needs child. Please help us get baby to her quick. Telephone and tell us where baby is." I gave the telephone number of Harry Davison's mother's apartment on Fifth Avenue and went there with Harry to watch the phone.

I stood by that mute instrument for forty-eight hours, praying it would

(Continued on page 71)

bergh en urt at Flemington, N. J., with Col.
to testi John Hughes Curtis for obstructi
e momen auptmann trial, as Dr. John F. (Jafsi
ptmann saying, "John is Bruno Richard Ha

Cecil was fair game for baiting: Cecil was dreamy, Cecil was strange. But he found his peace in the swamp, waiting for a myth to come true

RABBITY BOY

BY WILLIAM FULLER

CECIL RANSOME was a rabbity boy. He was skittish. Folks used to say that he wasn't quite right. Folks used to say he was strange. He looked it now, as Big Jim Hallet scuffed into his yard. He looked it now, with his eyes gone wild as a swamp varmint's.

Big Jim set in to bait him. Big Jim set in to make sport. "Howdy, neighbor!" he roared.

The short hair rose at the back of Cecil's neck.

"I say howdy!" the big man bellowed.

Cecil slit the belly of an eight-pound bass. His jackknife trembled in his bony band. He yearned for the close-by quiet of the swamp. His Adam's apple bobbled in his throat.

"Hey," he said, his voice shaky.

"Goin' to the frolic?" came the shout.

Cecil stared at the floor of the stoop. "Can't say that I am," he said.

"Why, man, it's Saturday evenin'!" Big Jim climbed to the stoop. He settled into the rocker. He crossed his legs. His outsize Saturday-night slippers shone yellow in the evening sun. His blue serge trousers were creased like knives. The sleeves of his white shirt clung to his solid arms like skin to a country sausage. Big Jim was stout. He was powerful. He was a man who could shoulder a heifer—and often did.

Cecil watched him from the corners of his eyes. He knew what was coming. Cecil knew that Big Jim was a fun-poking man. He knew he was in for a baiting.

"You'd best come on to this dance," Big Jim said.

Cecil was silent.

"Goin' to be a mighty good frolic—"

Cecil watched a fluff-cloud float over the river.

"Dancin' all night and supper on the ground—"

Cecil's head throbbed.

"Goin' to be some dandy women-folks, Cecil!"

Cecil's loneliness was a hard lump in his chest.

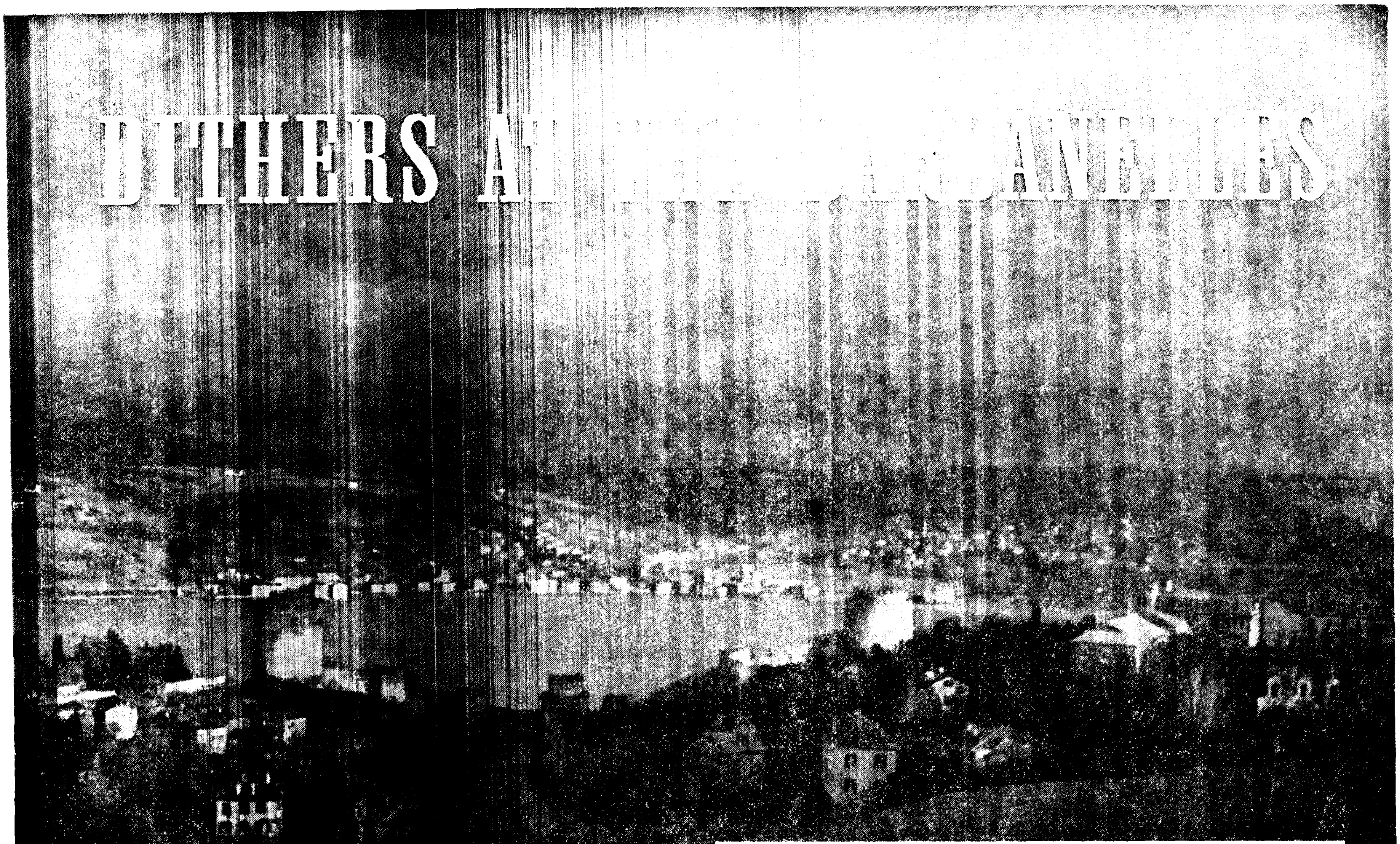
Big Jim could scarcely keep the laughter out of his heavy voice. He knew he was hitting where it hurt. He knew how to make Cecil Ransome squirm. He knew that Cecil would love to go to that dance. He knew

(Continued on page 52)

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN PIKE

Cecil looked across Bride's Folly and saw the vision in the moonlight

DITHERS AT THE DARDANELLES



Dividing line between Europe and Asia is the narrow Bosporus. In the foreground (above) is **Istanbul in European Turkey. Right:** King Abdullah of Trans-Jordan with **Turkish and Trans-Jordan officers,** on his visit to Turkey, during which he concluded a friendship pact between the two countries

The narrow water gap to the Black Sea has long made Turkey a jittery pawn in world politics. Now Americans have a chance to see what kind of game is being played and why

BY EDWARD P. MORGAN

ISTANBUL

TIME was when Americans thought that the only international ditch in which they had an important stake was the Panama Canal, and that the Hellespont was merely a romantic stretch of water that a fellow named Byron swam across. But the world, as somebody said, has shrunk; and this spring found U.S. taxpayers fidgeting, figuratively, on the banks of the Dardanelles, 5,000 miles east of New York.

We got there as a result of playing in the major league of world politics, which led to President Truman's appeal for a loan approximating $150,000,000 with which to support Turkey's "national integrity." The Turks themselves, living far beyond their income with top-heavy expenditures for defense, cheered the White House move because their national integrity has been an increasingly worrisome and expensive problem, particularly in regard to the Soviet Union. This relationship has frequently put the Turks into something of a dither, a state they have long been eager to share with Americans. The way it works is simple.

Last fall, for instance, while Ankara, Washington and London were swapping long, unbending notes with Moscow on the destiny of the Dardanelles, reports started seeping into Turkey of large-scale Soviet troop movements in Bulgaria—oddly enough including the vicinity of Burgas and Varna, both Black Sea ports within a brief boat ride of the Bosporus. The Turkish general staff suddenly felt prickles under their high military collars. More disturbing still, the Russians seemed all at once to become furiously busy in their own back yard just beyond Turkey's eastern frontier, and Moscow Radio hummed with invective, newly sharpened, against the "terrible" Turks.

Coincidence? Routine maneuvers? The general staff couldn't tell, so it prepared for the worst—an invasion. The First Army, already deployed along the Bulgarian frontier, was placed in a state of emergency. The Second Army, in the southwest, was alerted. The Third Army, in the east, was ordered into intensive exercises. Even a shipment of blood plasma was requested from the United States.

Nothing ever happened, except that the Turks sank deeper into a wearying war of nerves, partly self-induced, largely propelled by the turbulence of events in this part of the world. And now, the U.S.A. is about to get into the nerve war with them. That, stripped of the polite double-talk of diplomacy, was what the request for an "emergency" loan to Turkey meant. There was a lot of weighty theorizing that the money would work magic with Turkey's strained economy, that it would allow her to modernize her defenses and streamline her army. Such oversimplification involved the still-too-prevalent American dream that Uncle Sam can write a happy ending to almost any given problem with a checkbook.

When the money's spent and it's found that Turkey is still short of a profitable Utopia and that her army is still in the kindergarten stage of rocket and atomic warfare, there will be disillusionment unless it's remembered that the main purpose of the loan is psychological: to serve notice on the Soviets that American interest in the Dardanelles is backed up with a $150,000,000 "investment" in Turkey's independence. If Turkey's army can be brought more up to date and a sizable amount of her foreign exchange freed for use in economic reconstruction in the process, so much the better.

In addition to the psychological purposes of our action, the question

(Continued on page 76)

WHY HOUSEWIVES HAVE NO WHISKERS

BY ALFRED TOOMBS

This is the story of a member of the any-dope-can-run-a-house school of males who actually took over his home and children on a seven-day-a-week basis. It's not entirely sad

I CAN explain exactly how I happened to get into this fix. In the course of this game of musical chairs which Americans are playing with living space these days, our family wound up with a place that wasn't big enough to hold all of us. It was my suggestion that we move to the country, where I could have peace and quiet for writing and the children could have sunshine.

"I've had enough of this pushing and shoving and worry but we're out of that and there will be a short wait for all seats and no children allowed," I announced. "The heck with city life!"

My wife fixed me with an icy stare. "What about my work? Am I supposed to give up a career for ants in the sugar, sand in the sheets, snakes in the grass and not even a movie to make me forget my aching back? To heck with the country!"

Two things were immediately obvious: Someone would have to compromise, and it would have to be I. So I suggested that I take the children to the country and that she visit us week ends.

"Have you blown a fuse?" she asked. "Who's going to cook and look after those three wild Indians?"

"Oh, that," I said. "I'll do it. All I have to do is to get them organized."

I remember the look she gave me.

"It might not be a bad idea," she said thoughtfully.

That's how I happened to become one of the country's few practicing male housekeepers. For better than five months now, I've been mothering my little brood, swapping recipes with the neighbor ladies, stalking soap flakes at the grocery and developing a wonderful admiration for womankind.

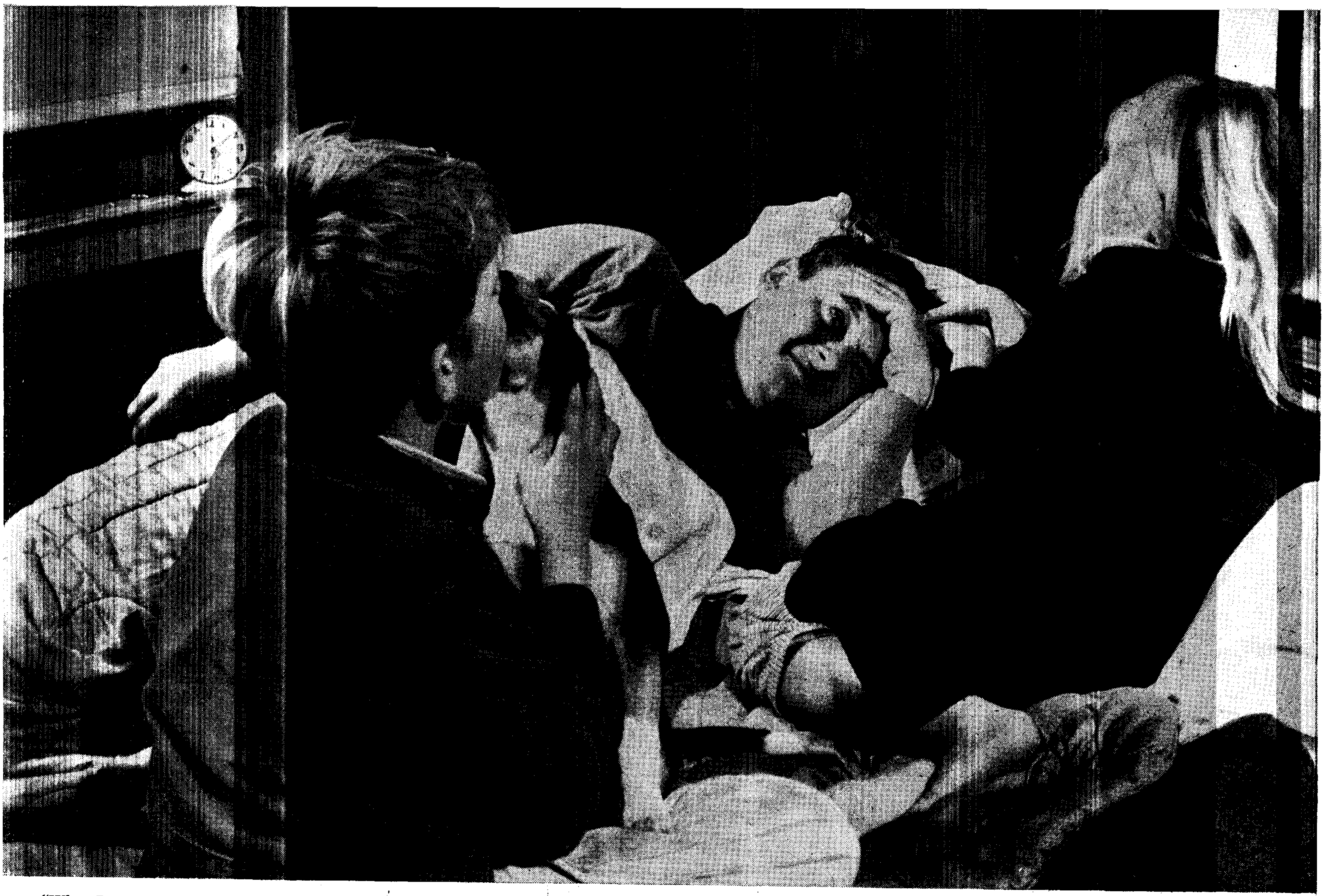
I've found that housekeeping is the toughest job I've ever tackled. It requires use of all known muscles—and some which we have not yet developed—plus a considerable amount of intelligence and all of the virtues. There are many other jobs which tax these faculties. But housekeeping is the only one that's run on the basis of a 140-hour week.

From the awful second in the morning when the first child's war whoop wakens you until the time at night when you drop off to sleep—wondering whether there's enough juice in the icebox for breakfast—there is never a moment, dull or otherwise, that you can call completely your own. There is always another meal or another chore facing the housekeeper.

My father came to visit me at the end of my first week of housekeeping. In an effort to impress him with my talents, I had whipped up a houseful of good things to eat, had scrubbed the children and the cottage until everything was as clean as a parson's thoughts. He accepted all this as naturally as if he had been visiting Betty Crocker. Finally, I noticed him frowning at me.

"Son," he said, "you should be more careful about your personal appearance. I don't think you've shaved for a week."

He couldn't have been more accurate. I had been going at a dead gallop, 18 hours a day, trying to keep three children clean, well fed and peaceful and there hadn't been time for a shave. I realized why a far-seeing Providence had given beards to



"When I awakened I felt as though I'd already done a hard day's work. The children would be on the line of skirmish, demanding buckwheat cakes with honey"

men only. No housewife could possibly find time to shave.

My experiment in housekeeping has been a fairly controversial subject with my family and friends. The women howled with laughter when they heard about it, assuming that no mere male could manage such a thing. They forecast that within a week all of us would be seized with ptomaine poisoning, scurvy and pellagra. The men regarded the undertaking with amused tolerance and have expressed no surprise at its successful progress. It merely confirmed their manly assumption that any dope can keep house. Lately, I have noted that friends and relatives are coming back for repeat visits at mealtime. My mother, a formidable cook, has written several times that members of my family say she has prepared some dish "almost as well" as I had fixed it. When I get together with my friends now, I am quite a changed man—for while the other men are off arguing about the international situation, I sit demurely with the women, exchanging complaints about food costs or information about how to keep white sauce from lumping.

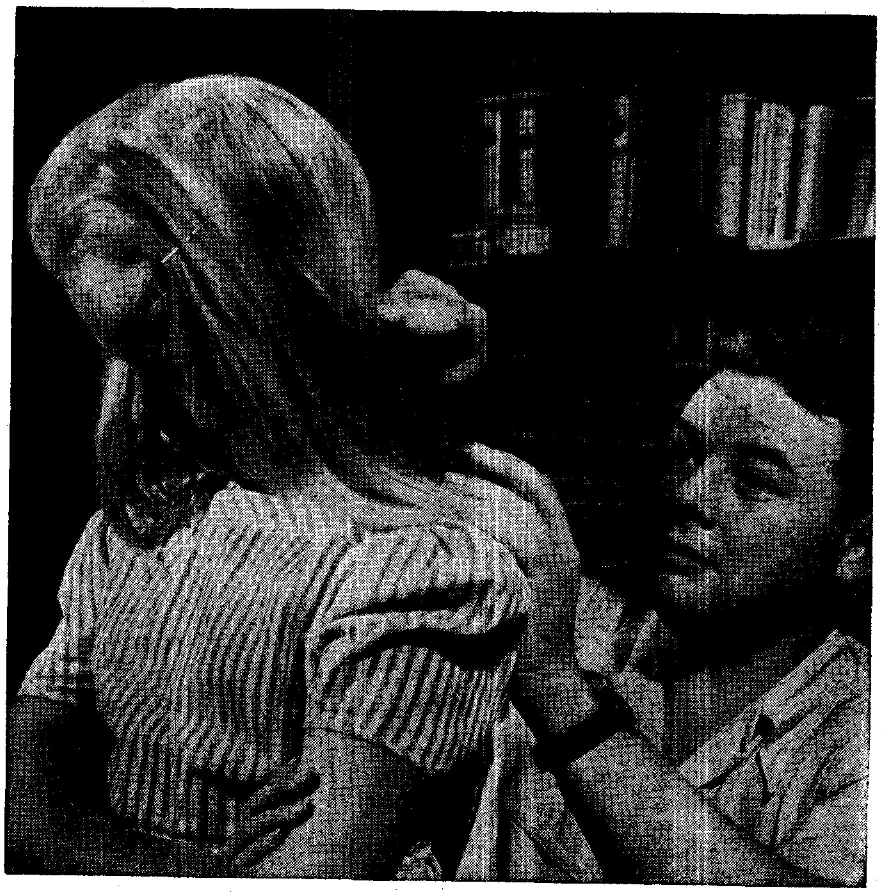
My three children—Larry, who is ten, and the girls, Lynn, eight, and Leslie, four—have grown fat and sassy under my management. All have gained weight and we have had no sickness, not even colds. The children could use an inhibition or two and their table manners would qualify them as models for any Why They Were Not Invited Again advertisement. But teaching table manners was not my primary objective when I started out.

The children hadn't been eating too well before and my wife had slipped a bottle of medicine, calculated to perk up appetites, into our baggage before we left. I forgot to use it during the first few days. I finally decided that it might as well stay on the shelf when, a week after our arrival, Larry polished off three pieces of fried chicken, two soft crabs, two helpings of hominy grits and an order of string beans, then looked up eagerly and said:

"Is there any more chicken?"

After that, I merely watched with a fascination that bordered on horror as they packed the food away. Since I am the type of fat man who likes to eat and since I was burdened with no previous experience in cooking, I was willing to try any recipe that sounded good. I picked recipes out of advertisements, off the air and from box tops. The stores carry in ready-mixed form almost everything from biscuits to chile and Spanish rice—and that simplifies it for the beginner.

But I soon got out of the beginner's class, and my children, accustomed to the sensible routine of fare in a well-ordered home, were dazzled, as deviled crabs, orange fritters, chop suey, pineapple mousse and apple pancakes began to appear. If the kids didn't



"It took 20 or 30 minutes to straighten out the snarls, brush out the sand"

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY IKE VERN

"Housekeeping, the only job that's run on the basis of a 140-hour week"

"After dinner came the calm of afternoon when I was entitled to write"

"While the other men are off arguing the international situation, I sit demurely with the women exchanging complaints about food costs"

like string beans boiled, I made them into a fancy casserole which, presented with the proper sales talk, became irresistible.

For a long time, I've been reading those recipes given by men-about-town who Like to Cook. They advise you how they wow their friends by stuffing caviar under the skin of a young pheasant, then broil it over a bed of preheated rubies, and serve it garnished with egg whites blown through a bubble pipe and fried in melted butter. The first thing I learned was that there's a lot of difference between knowing how to cook one fancy dish and knowing how to serve a meal.

Cooking is the process of starting out with a lot of ingredients, and getting them all on the table, properly cooked and piping hot, at exactly the same time. Anyone can learn to fry a chicken in some fancy style, but you're not a cook until you can put that chicken, along with gravy, mashed potatoes, a vegetable, biscuits and coffee, down for dinner while everything's warm.

The Little Woman Learns Something, Too

My wife, after a few week-end visits, conceded that my methods, while not always orthodox, got satisfactory results. She questioned my method of cutting up string beans, by lining them abreast in ten-deep rows and slicing them into sections with a few strokes of a butcher knife. She didn't understand why I mixed a little extra shortening into the prepared biscuit mix I bought until she tasted the product. Her most complete bewilderment came when I served a pie, on the top crust of which was stamped: "Return Empty 5¢."

"I haven't got a rolling pin," I explained. "I have to roll out the pie crust with a milk bottle."

It developed that having more than one person operate my kitchen led to no end of confusion. When my wife or my female relatives took over cooking for a week end, it took me days to restore things to their familiar disarray. "Women certainly do upset things," Larry remarked, as we tried to find where one of my relief cooks had put the corn meal. I finally established a monopoly on cooking.

But looking back, I am somewhat surprised to find that I survived the first few weeks of housekeeping. In the first days, my feet swelled, my hands puffed up, my back ached and my head spun. When I awakened, I felt as though I'd already done a hard day's work. It would be around 6 A.M. and the children, full of more energy than a bucketful of atoms, would be on the line of skirmish, engaged in ferocious assault upon one another, or shrilly demanding that I whip up buckwheat cakes with lemon honey butter.

Waking up, when you're a housekeeper, is one of the most unpleasant things you can do. For you're immediately behind the eight ball, you're in debt to the day—because you haven't fixed breakfast yet. But having gotten breakfast, I always found that there were three or four problems awaiting me, no one of which would wait for the others—dishes, sweeping, beds, the demands of the children.

Chief among these was hair-combing. I have long admired my girls' silky, golden hair and assumed that it fell to their shoulders in symmetrical array without assistance. But I found it took some twenty or thirty minutes, twice a day, to straighten out the snarls, brush out the sand and find all the cockle burrs. The day the little one, some 15 minutes after getting her morning brushing, tipped a can of green paint over her head, I was ready to get out my razor and shave them bald.

Somehow, I never seemed to catch up with the work. With the children off to play, dishes done, house swept, I would discover that it was verging on time for our midday meal and I had no dessert ready. After dinner came the calm of afternoon, when the children spent an hour reading books and I was entitled to write —if I didn't have to shell peas.

At night, when the little angels were in bed, I would start work again, but after writing one paragraph I would remember that I'd promised to make ice cream, which would have to be started immediately. Or that we had no sirup for breakfast and I'd better mix some with maple flavoring and corn sirup.

Perhaps life was a little more difficult because I was called upon to render services which are above and beyond the call of a housekeeper's normal duty. I was a father, too, when I wasn't up to my elbows in biscuit dough or trying to dig my way out from under a pile of unsorted laundry. In my odd hours, I gave swimming lessons, baited fishing hooks and answered questions concerning the family life of the turtle or the diameter of the moon. A week of knocking myself out convinced me that I would have to change something.

Applying a man's approach to it, I organized the children along Army lines. Larry was made first sergeant, authorized to see that each child did certain chores. There were some things that they were able to do—make beds, wash dishes, set the table, etc. They could help a little around the kitchen, but there were limits. Larry could follow a recipe just so far, as I discovered the day he helped me make a pudding. It didn't quite turn out, mainly because he put in two thirds of a spoon of cornstarch, where the recipe called for a third of a cup.

Larry became the personification of the funny-paper tough-guy sergeant. Revolt, as it must to all tyrannies, came at last and it was necessary to replace the army with a household co-operative, where all children were equal. They were all given responsibilities, but no authority, and their reward was based on the amount they did for the common good.

When I went into the housekeeping business, I resolved to mend my ways as a parent. My first struggle was to limit myself on the use of the words "don't" and "stop"—which children must hear more often than any others. When they reached a point where battle, murder or sudden death seemed in the offing, I found something else for them to do —rather than merely telling them to stop. It is our common habit to send children off to the movies, give them a stack of comics to read or push them up to the radio when we want to get them out of our hair. Since none of these is designed to improve the mind, health or character, I have discouraged them.

New Techniques for Managing Children

The result was that I took the children into my daily life to a large extent. When they began to get into trouble, I would get them to help me with the housework, or if I had time, I would play with them. It took time and it took self-restraint. But I have found that being with my children is the most pleasant and interesting way of spending time.

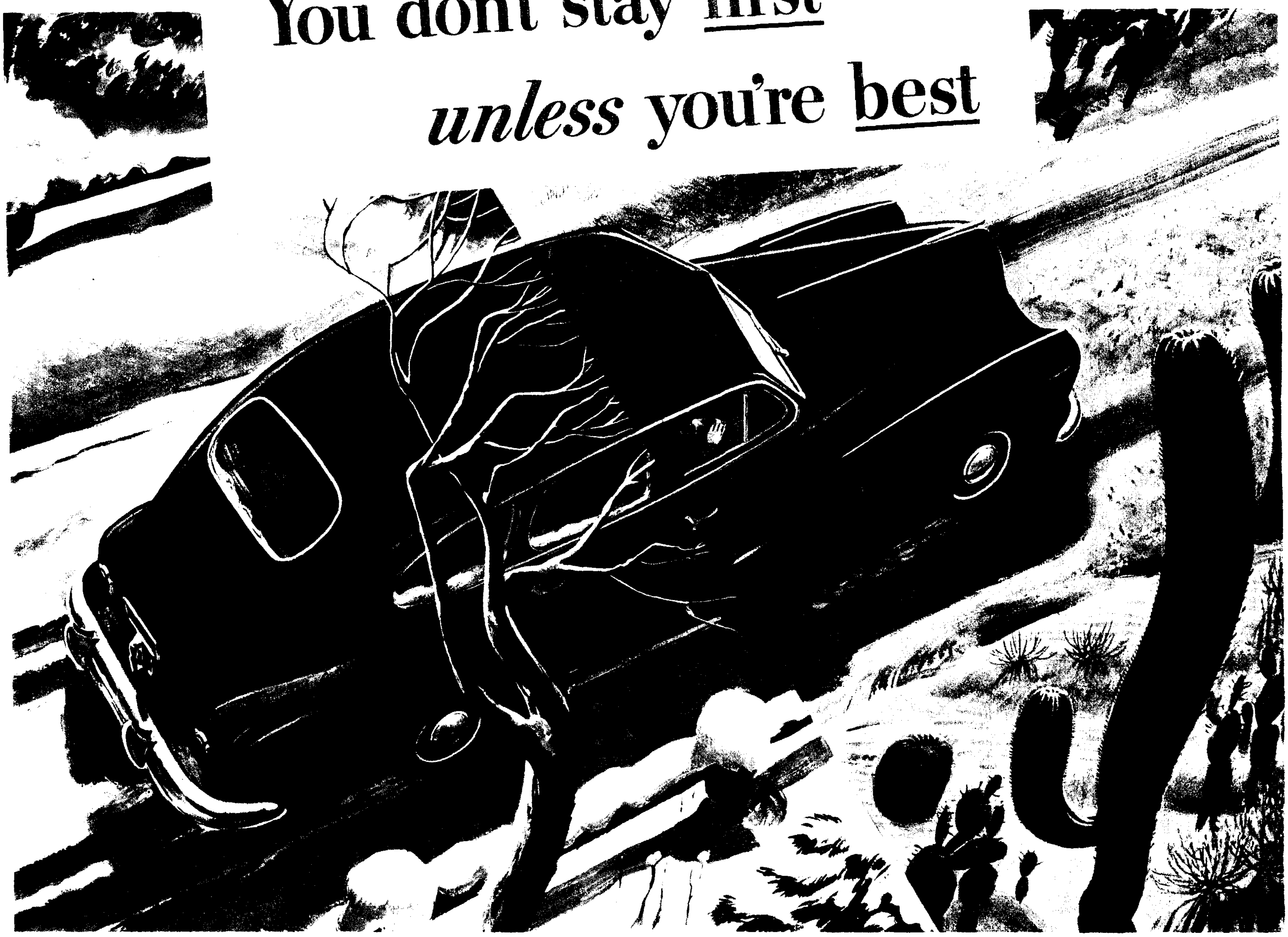
My service as a housekeeper has convinced me that the present division of labor in the home is unfair. With maids a thing of the past and the automatic kitchen a thing of the distant future, the woman is doing the harder job. I stand on a platform which calls for getting the husband back into the kitchen. The housewife should have a five-day week. I see no reason why the husband couldn't learn enough about cooking to stand over the stove two days a week nor why he can't take responsibility for the children for at least that much time.

Housekeeping wouldn't be such a murderous job if you knew that someone else would take over at regular intervals. To my fellow males, who will probably yell blue murder at the mere thought, I say that cooking is an interesting pastime and that there's more pleasure in children than in the Sunday newspaper.

I imagine that my recommendation for a five-day week for women will spread about as fast as Buddhism among the Irish. But in one home, at least, it's gone into effect, and my wife has it now in writing. And though posterity may never record my action as the first step toward a great social revolution, I am sure that it is going to be remembered by someone. I am certain that some 15 years from now, a puzzled bride is going to hear my son say: "This is good pie, darling, but it's not quite like the ones that Dad used to make."

THE END

You don't stay first unless you're best



aturally, you don't drive out of snowbanks ıto a broiling desert.

But, if you're like countless year-round drivers, u do drive on days when the thermometer gisters 100 in the shade and on days when it ows 20 below zero. And you don't change es with the seasons.

Rubber doesn't act the same way when hot it does when cold. This makes it a tough job turn out a tire that will take both the heat of Arizona desert and the cold of a Minnesota nter.

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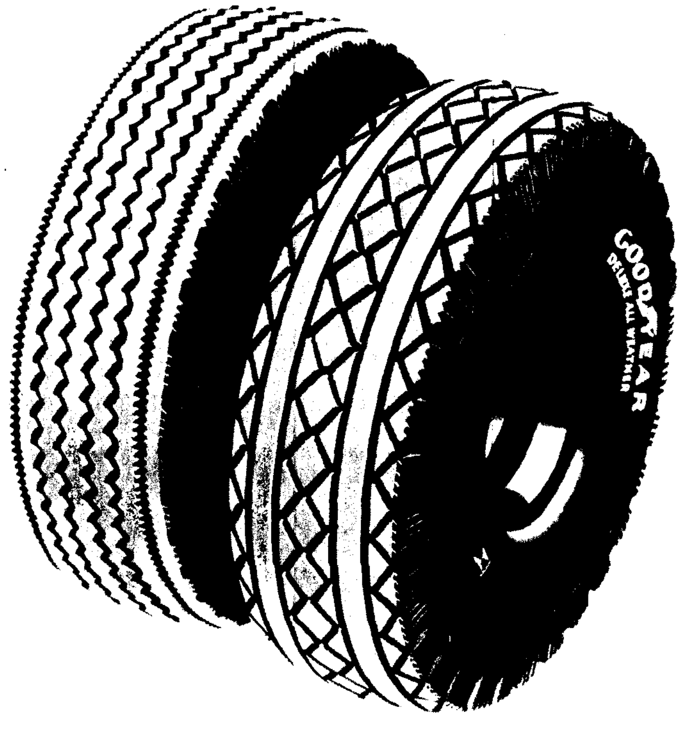
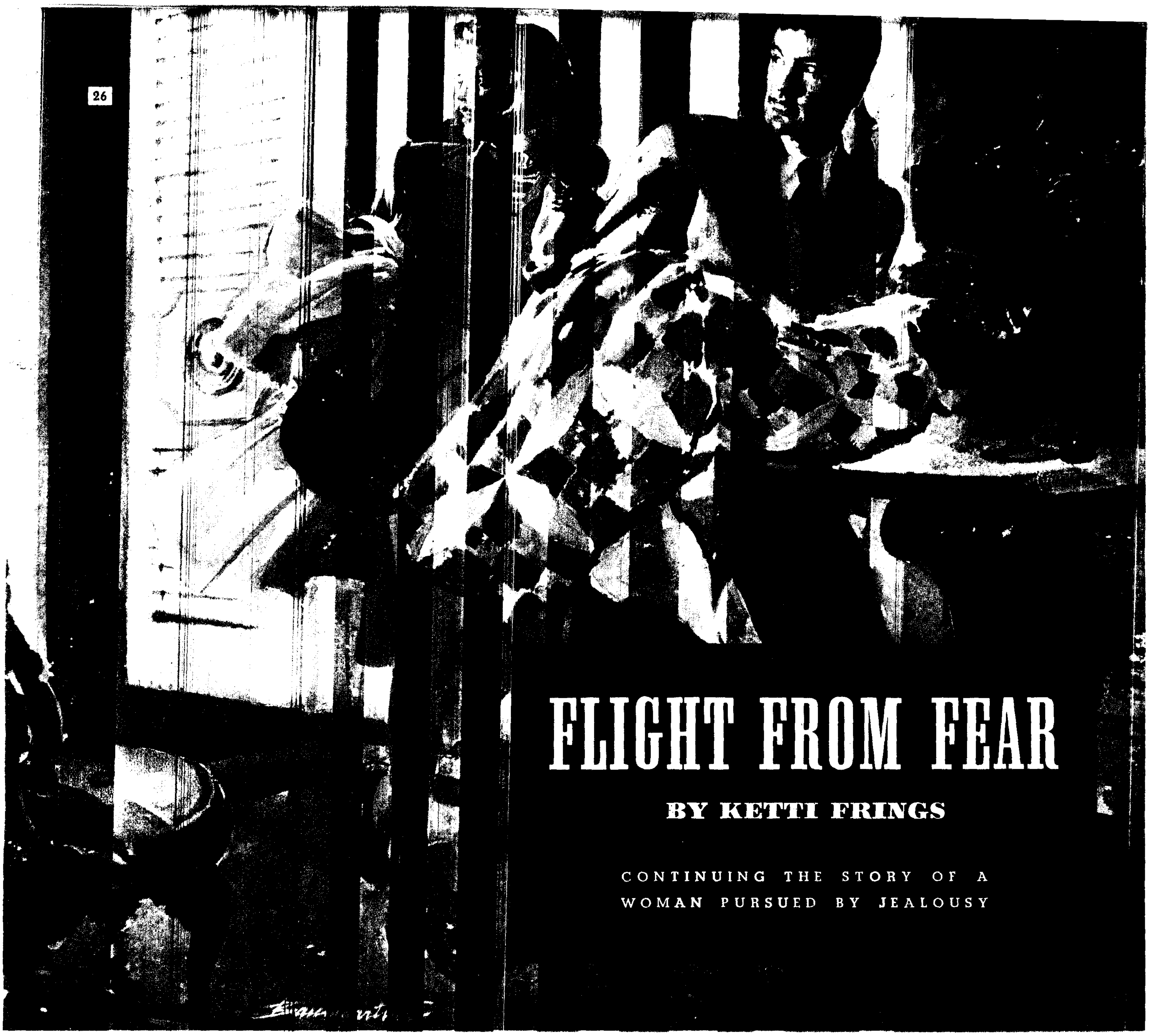


First–every year for 32 years

GOODYEAR



FLIGHT FROM FEAR

BY KETTI FRINGS

CONTINUING THE STORY OF A WOMAN PURSUED BY JEALOUSY

Everything happened so fast that all Lizbeth was aware of was that the shrieking had stopped and that she and Ritch were hurrying out with the squirming bundle

The Story:

RITCH ALVIN, prominent California attorney, attends a steak roast at the ranch of motion-picture producer FRED STEELE. He realizes that Steele's beautiful wife, the former LIZBETH FAULKNER, is, in spite of her outward tranquillity, deeply troubled over something.

Ritch surreptitiously makes an appointment to see Lizbeth on his sailing sloop. Slipping secretly aboard the boat, she tells Ritch that she is a virtual prisoner at the ranch; Steele, who is not the father of her 5-year-old daughter, CAROL, is insanely jealous of Lizbeth's every move because of the love affair she had had before meeting him and has threatened to kill her if she attempts to leave him. She wants Ritch to arrange to have Carol adopted. Already falling in love with her, he promises to do what he can.

On leaving the boat, Lizbeth finds that her car won't start. They leave it at a garage. Ritch drives her part way home, and she finishes the trip by taxi. That evening when Steele comes home from the studio, Lizbeth nervously lies to him, telling him the car was stolen while she was shopping. Steele reports the theft and later in the evening tells Lizbeth that it has been found; he takes the ranch truck down to Los Angeles to claim the recovered car.

The next morning Steele hasn't returned. Lizbeth, recalling that there is a revolver in the truck and worried because she hasn't heard from Ritch, manages to evade the prying eyes of MISS DEARBORN, Carol's domineering nurse, and telephones the sheriff who had reported the car found. He tells her that the car was found in the garage where she and Ritch had left it and that her husband knows she had been with Ritch the previous afternoon. She turns from the phone, frantic at the thought of Steele's jealous rage being vented on Ritch.

III

SHE didn't know which she feared most: that Fred would come back, having killed Ritch, and then kill her, too—or that it would be Ritch who would appear. She was overcome with horror and remorse at the trouble she had got a man into, just by asking him to help her.

It was quarter of one before she could finally get to the phone alone. Miss Dearborn was in the nursery putting Carol into bed for her nap.

Lizbeth called Ritch's office.

Doris Cort answered.

"Mr. Alvin's gone out for lunch," Doris informed her. "Who's calling?"

"You're sure he was there this morning? You're sure he's just gone out?"

"Yes—" There was a frown in Doris' voice. "Who's calling?"

"I'll call back later. Thank you."

She was more lost than before. If Ritch were all right, why hadn't he called her to say so? If a man answers, hang up. He was certainly smart enough to abide by that one. At least she would have guessed then that he was trying to reach her. She started to dial again; Miss Dearborn returned to the kitchen.

Miss Dearborn glanced at the untouched chicken tray. "If Mr. Steele's stomach is upset, I think I'll bake a custard. Perhaps that'll tempt him. It'll also be nice for Carol's supper."

She moved about, getting out bowls and pans. Lizbeth continued dialing, after a moment she looked at the clock, hung up. "That clock's a few minutes slow, Miss Dearborn." Calling for the time, naturally.

It was three o'clock before the kitchen was again empty. Carol and Miss Dearborn had gone for a walk. Lizbeth again called Ritch's office,

ILLUSTRATED BY WARREN BAUMGARTNER

new *stay-at-home go-and-roam* radio thrill

graceful beauty
in a home radio
plus **a gypsy spirit**
for the outdoors

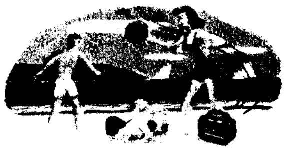
Enjoy *year-'round* entertainment at home *or away*—with the versatile Crosley PorTABLE Radio. It's a smartly styled modern table radio—performs like a star on AC or DC. But it's also a rugged traveler, with a powerful long-lasting battery pack, to liven your picnics, week-ends, vacations and travels—anywhere, anytime.

CROSLEY *PorTABLE Radio*

You need never again consider merely a portable radio of limited use. For here is a proudly handsome home radio of great power and lifelike tone . . . instantly ready to share your outdoor excursions.

The go-and-roam season is beckoning now.

Be ready to enjoy every moment of it . . . see and hear this year-'round-pal at your Crosley dealer's TODAY!



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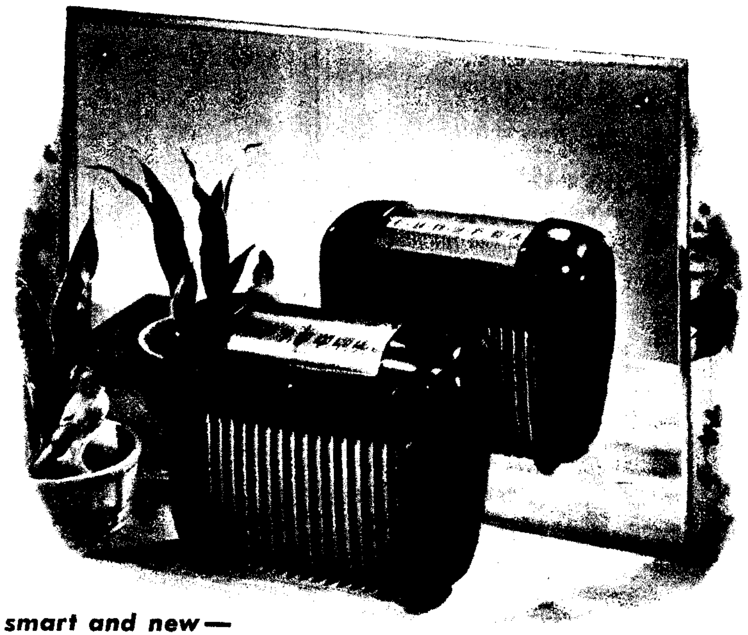
You'll have more fun on your outings with a Crosley PorTABLE to bring a world of entertainment to your special pleasure spot. A powerful, long-life battery pack keeps this excursion-companion ready to roam to seashore, to mountains—anywhere, anytime.



smart and new—
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Any way you look at it the Crosley RONDO is a gem. Anywhere you place it—on end table, mantel, or bedside stand—you'll be proud of its smartness. Amazing small set performance on either AC or DC, any 110-120 volt outlet. See and hear this compact Crosley masterpiece of advanced styling and radionic engineering, at your Crosley dealer's. You'll be surprised at the modest price.

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a radio in every room
—a radio
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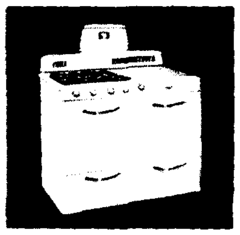
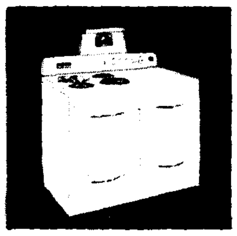
THE CROSLEY SHELVADOR*

Gives you 28 feet of front-row food at your fingertips every time you open the door. Here's one refrigerator door that is a convenience instead of a nuisance . . . and it's *exclusive* with Crosley. Ask your Crosley dealer to demonstrate this "Speed Way For Meals" . . . show you *all the improvements in home refrigeration* that are yours in the Shelvador.*

GAS RANGES—Featuring the waist-high broiler and other conveniences for better, easier cooking.



ELECTRIC RANGES—Crosley SERVI-CHEF Control Timer is just one of many features you'll appreciate.



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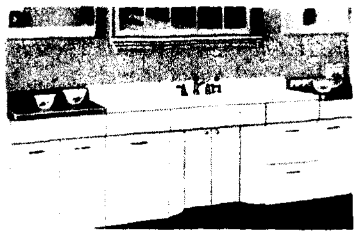
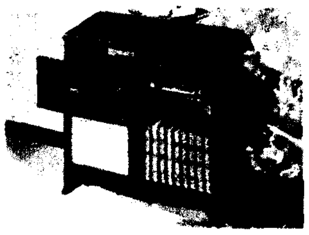


THE DEBUTANTE—Fits small space—has many "big" console refinements.

MATCHLESS CARROLLTON RADIO-PHONO WITH F. M. and Floating Jewel† Tone System that says "Goodbye" to needle noise—chatter — hiss — and scratch! Records last up to 10 times longer—and sound better.



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PROVED!

Smoother, More Comfortable Shaves for 3 Men out of Every 4

No matter how you've shaved before—here's actual *proof* that the new, different Palmolive Brushless Shave Cream Way is a miracle-worker!

Proved!
Beards Easier to Cut for **79%**
Yes, the Palmolive Brushless Shave Cream Way was tried by 1297 men—and 79% reported *beards easier to cut!*

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Test after test proved the new, different Palmolive Brushless Shave Cream Way means *less razor pull!*

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No matter how you've shaved before, you can now get closer shaves the Palmolive Brushless Shave Cream Way!

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Smoother Feeling Skin for **82%**
Yes, 4 out of 5 of the men tested reported the Palmolive Brushless Shave Cream Way left their skin feeling smoother!

Only PALMOLIVE Brushless Shave Cream Offers You This Proof!

Remember, 1297 men have *proved* the new, different Palmolive Brushless Shave Cream Way gives smoother, more comfortable shaves to 3 men out of every 4 tested!

Yet here's all you do: Wash your face with soap and water! Rinse! Soap face again. Do not rinse! Apply Palmolive Brushless Shave Cream, smoothing it upward into your beard.

This way, you get the full benefit of Palmolive Brushless Shave Cream's beard-conditioning effect! Then, shave!

For the smoothest, most comfortable shave you've ever had, get Palmolive Brushless Shave Cream today, and try this *proved* Way yourself!

Get a Giant Tube or Big 9-oz. Jar Today!

but there was no answer. Saturday afternoon. The place was closed.

She phoned the apartment. "Mr. Alvin not come back," Willie informed her.

"Not at all? Wasn't he there this morning?"

"No, ma'am. It's week end; he probably stay on his boat. Maybe lot of work to do there after the storm last night."

"Was there a storm?" Lizbeth asked stupidly.

"Bad storm along beach. Don't you read papers? Windstorm. I tell him you called, Miss Thorne."

Lizbeth hung up without even hearing the name.

The emptiness of the house was more disturbing than even Miss Dearborn's presence in it. She got desperate after a while, deciding she'd get out, too. She went down to the roadster; the keys were not in it. Probably the gate down at the main road would be locked, too. Poor Effie and Ella this morning—but probably it wasn't the first time they'd climbed over it.

She worried about them simply to keep her mind busy. But no matter how she deluded herself there was one question she couldn't escape. Why *didn't Ritch* call her? Why *must* she go through this by herself, alone, filled with doubts and wonderings? Still, she had been alone before Ritch had come into her life. She had stood such things then; why couldn't she now? She realized that to miss nobody was much easier than missing somebody, even someone whom she scarcely knew. He had given her strength for a short while; now she had lost it again.

She began watching the road; perhaps if he didn't phone, he would come to her. But she feared that; because if he did, it must mean he knew something about Fred, that Fred wasn't here now at least. She didn't want him to know that. She didn't want him to know anything about it. What a mess *that* would be!

ABOUT half-past five she heard the honking of a horn. She recognized it as the horn of the delivery truck from the Northfield grocery.

A few minutes went by. Jerry would be ambling over to the gate to let the truck in. The truck came up the road and Lizbeth went into the kitchen to receive the groceries. The truck was driven by the grocer's daughter, Linda.

"Mrs. Steele—that's funny!" The girl's pretty face looked puzzled. "I almost didn't come up with the stuff."

"No?"

"I thought I'd save myself the trip and put the boxes in your station wagon. I saw it just now in front of the Grab Bag. I supposed you were in there shopping." She smiled, went out and got back into the truck and drove away.

Pieces of a puzzle that don't fit, a shoelace that breaks, a drawer that won't close—these minor things can torture a sensitive mind, an *impatient* body. *Lizbeth* felt that all these things had happened at once. She stood looking at the groceries, trying to control herself. The station wagon was in front of the old Jensen's! If she didn't reach Ritch she would go crazy. Suddenly she thought of calling Burl's Landing and having him take out a message.

Just as she reached the phone, Miss Dearborn came in and began fixing Carol's supper. "How's Mr. Steele feeling?" she asked.

"He's been up for a little while, but he went back."

"Hadn't you better call a doctor?"

"I was just thinking of it; I don't know quite whom to phone. I think I'll ask Mr. Steele if he has a preference."

She went out, back to her bedroom.

It was eight-thirty before the kitchen was safe again.

Burl's Landing didn't have a phone, Information reported.

"Then try the Tarpaulin. It's a café on Roosevelt Highway." She knew they had a phone; she had talked to them earlier.

The waitress was not on duty; at least this time it was a man who answered.

"I have to talk to Mr. Ritch Alvin. Can somebody go out to his boat and take a message? It's the Cybele—"

"I know who Mr. Alvin is, but there's nobody to send out; I'm sorry."

It wound up that the man promised that if Mr. Alvin did come in, he'd give him a message.

Twenty minutes later the phone rang. Lizbeth streaked through the house, and then was talking to Ritch. She could scarcely believe it. She strained up to the phone, her body suddenly tired and weak.

"You'll have to talk louder," Ritch said. "I can't hear you. Are you all right? What's happened? I only dared call because there was a message here. You did ask me to call?"

"I've been trying to get you all day."

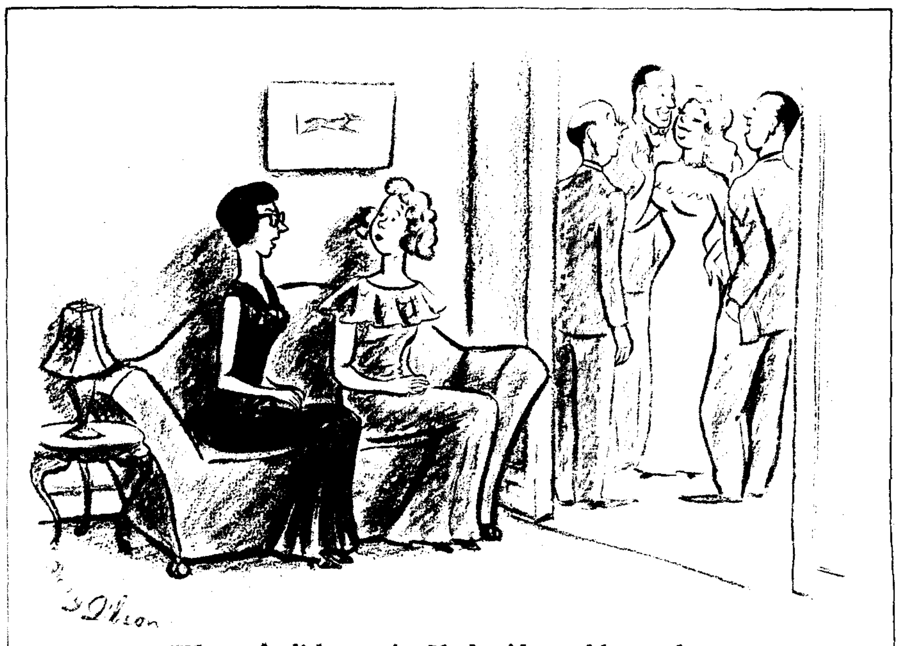
"Well, what is it? What's wrong?"

"Didn't you have any trouble—about the wagon, I mean?"

"A lot of it—"

"Well, tell me!"

"I got back here last night about quarter of ten. My car had a blowout. I had a spare, but no tube; couldn't find one anyplace. I got here and the garage was closed and there was a policeman hanging around. I gave it a wide berth. I came back about midnight. The side door into the garage has a bum lock on it. I got in and got the wagon out. The policeman worried me, so I had Earl drive it. I fol-



COLLIER'S "Those foolish men! If they'd trouble to draw me out on ceramics they'd find it most rewarding" MARY GIBSON

Calvert
RESERVE

"That's the perfect end to a perfect day!"

Every day more sensible folks are switching to this agreeably gentle whiskey, Calvert. It's such an amiable blend . . . wisely light . . . pleasantly palatable in highball, cocktail, or neat. We predict you'll be delighted discovering for yourself why

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Calvert Distillers Corporation, New York City. 86.8 Proof. Calvert "Reserve"—65% Grain Neutral Spirits . . . Calvert "Special"—72½% Grain Neutral Spirits lowed him up and brought him back. Say, do you know that there isn't any Jensen's?"

"I know."

"I found out—the place that used to be Jensen's. We left it there anyway. Did you go down after it this morning? Where's your husband?"

"Fred isn't here. He knows where the wagon was; he knows I was down there with you yesterday."

"How come?" His voice sounded angry, suspicious.

"I didn't tell him. They traced the car as stolen, and he knows. He pretended he didn't. He left here about midnight, said he was going down to Los Angeles. I suspect he called your home and found out where you were. The boy would have told him; he told me."

"Where is he now?"

"I don't know. That's what worries me. He was in the ranch truck; he had a gun with him. He was coming after you; I'm sure of it."

"Well, I've been here all the time. Where is he?" There was belligerence in his tone; not against Lizbeth. Male against male belligerence.

"Now look, please—don't you start that."

"I've been thinking about it. I'd *like* to come face to face with Mr. Steele. I've had a whole night and day to think about it. You've got to leave him."

"Yes, I—"

"I mean right now. Get the hell out. You and Carol. I'll come up for you."

"Right now, when he's not here?"

"No better time. I'll take you to Mexico—anyplace you say. I've been lying around the boat wrestling with it the whole time. Right now, do you hear me? Start packing."

"But when we don't even know where he is?"

"Are you worried?"

"No, I'm hopeful. Maybe he—had an accident, but what if he didn't? What if he shows up any minute?"

"Then we've no time to lose." He paused. "You don't care if he's in a ditch, do you? You don't care what happens to him?"

"No."

"Why are you sounding so funny then?"

"Miss Dearborn's here—and Jerry. Suppose they try to stop us?"

"My worry."

"How'll you get through the gate if it's locked?"

"It has hinges, hasn't it?"

"All right—whatever you say."

"And leave Carol and Miss Dearborn to the last; we'll worry about that when we get to it."

"Yes, Ritch."

"Well, finally. Lizbeth—"

"Yes?"

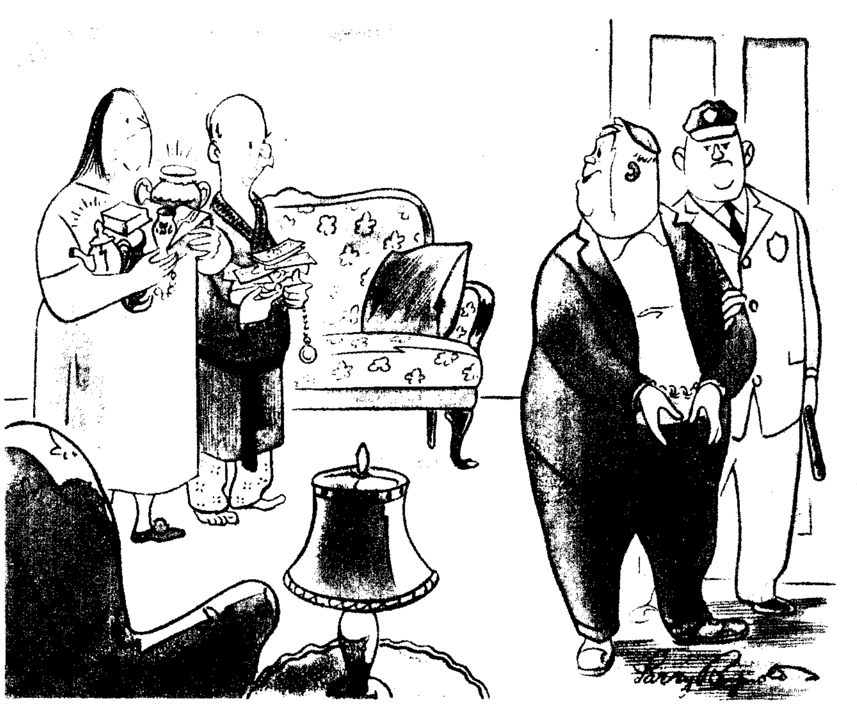
"Never mind; it can wait. I'll be there in one hour."

STRANGE; now that the moment was here, she didn't know what to take with her. She moved silently around her room. She got down the suitcases they had used to go to California. She couldn't take all of them; not in Ritch's small coupé. She decided on one large one and two small ones. She put in a little of everything: street outfits, a few sports clothes, an evening dress, several pairs of shoes, all her good lingerie, a negligee. Then, "This is absurd," she told herself. She was packing as though she were going on a honeymoon. She took out most of the lingerie, substituting some plain underclothes, the kind she usually wore under her riding habit. She'd have to leave room for some of Carol's things, though she doubted that they'd have much chance to get anything out of the nursery. But Ritch had told her to leave that till the last, not to worry about it. She wouldn't worry, she reminded herself, not about anything. Especially not about what all this was going to do to the man named Ritch Alvin. *Prominent Lawyer Disappears with Producer's Wife.* She scratched it quickly from her mind. He was adult, intelligent; he must know what he was doing. And what risk was there really if he just took her someplace where she and Carol would be safe, and then he might come back. Maybe. Oh, the whole thing was full of maybes—ifs—buts. She mustn't let herself think about them. The point was she was packing and she was leaving Fred, if—that was the worst if—if Fred didn't walk in on them. He mustn't. He was in a ditch somewhere. Ritch had seemed so sure. That sureness, above all, was an uncomfortable thought. Like the others, she dismissed it.

There was more room in the suitcases. She looked around. Suppose the house were burning; what things would I want to save and take? She remembered her jewelry. There wasn't a great deal of it, but what there was was good. She put most of it on her. Fur coats? All but the marten jacket and the ermine evening stole were in storage. This is forever, remember; take what you can.

BUTCH

by LARRY REYNOLDS



"Anyways I still got that bananer shortcake I et"

COLLIER'S

She opened the safe in Fred's room and took out a few papers. She had already rifled it some time before when she had taken out Carol's birth certificate. Fred had never missed it; or had he? Don't worry about that now. She found her passport, the old one she'd had when she was still Lizbeth Faulkner. Ritch had said something about Mexico; she might need it. She took a few insurance policies; she wasn't sure whether they were Fred's or hers; and she was too impatient to look. What good were they anyway? Only with Fred safely out of her way would she dare to cash in or borrow against them.

It gave her a wonderful feeling. She would have liked to take more. She would have liked to take everything, to have torn the house to pieces. There were the hooked rugs she had ordered from Connecticut. The Dutch curtains she had made herself. There were vases, and the little Dresden clock, and the lamp which was made from an old binnacle light. There had been a period when Lizbeth had tried to forget her troubles by throwing herself into her house, redecorating, painting, collecting. "I'll fill it with objects of tenderness and love and heritage, even if there are no such emotions here. I will love things, and not people." Belongings had to be important to her. They were things you could touch, caress—and they remained the same. *He* had added nothing to this house except ugliness. What was here was hers. Yet she couldn't take any of these things with her. After this is all over, she thought, I'll come back for them.

It didn't strike her odd that suddenly she was thinking in terms of living—not living just today or tomorrow, but on and on. And only yesterday she had been so sure that she would immediately die if she made the move she was making now. But that was yesterday!

FORTY minutes had passed since she'd talked to Ritch. He'd said an hour. He couldn't possibly make it in an hour. I won't expect him for an hour and a half, she reasoned sensibly. Surely there would be some things he would want to take; he'd have to pack. And if he stopped off at his apartment it was quite a long detour.

I'll dress, she thought. That'll take time.

It was the first time in a long while that Lizbeth had dressed for a man, but even that she didn't realize. She put on a suit, her very nicest one. It was dark green and it had a small red felt heart on the breast pocket. She had never worn it; Fred said it was a horrible suit. "What are people supposed to do when they see you wearing that?" he had asked. "Make some cute crack about wearing your heart out in the open?" Yes, that was what it had been made that way for; Fred wouldn't understand things like that; all the cute silly things girls wore to attract attention and to open conversation: "Yes" and "No" on two sides of a compact; "Where have you been?" written across a scarf; red kisses spattered about a big white handkerchief. Silly, foolish, meaningless . . . but maybe just a little bit of fun, Fred? *I know your fun; let's don't bring that up again.*

Let's not. It merely flashed through her mind as she put on the green suit and then it was gone. She told herself that she was wearing the suit only because green is for luck. Green is the spring color, it's hope.

Then she sat down to wait. After a while she moved to the bed, waited there. She rolled first to one side, then to another. "Dear Carol," she said suddenly, "please try to know that what I'm doing is right. It's for both our sakes. Don't be frightened, honey."

Eventually she heard the car moving up the road, slowly, softly, almost noiselessly. She looked out; there were no lights. She went swiftly through the dark quiet house to the side door, opening off the dining room. He was standing there, below her, waiting for her.

"Ready?" was all he asked.

"Yes, I'm ready."

He came up toward her. She peered beyond him. The luggage compartment of the car was already opened. That would give the car a strange outline and yet that couldn't be the only reason it looked so different. It looked bigger, longer. It was a sedan. "Whose car is that?" she asked.

"I just bought it. I thought there'd be more room; we can tuck Carol into the back seat. She'll sleep better."

She looked at him. She was about to say, "You learn about children fast," then she realized that it was more than children that he had learned about. He had learned about escape, fast. A different car; still registered in the seller's name.

"Ritch, do you have to?" she asked.

He understood what she meant. "Yes, I think it's best. Come on, now. Let's hurry. That's what took me so long. I'm sorry."

Between them, they got the cases and coats out in one trip. Ritch closed up the rear compartment.

"Carol?"

"I'll get her," said Ritch.

"You don't know where— Let me! If she wakes—she doesn't know you."

"It's going to be a shock for her anyway, at first. All right, both of us, then."

As they went back through the house, Ritch whispered, "Where're the rest of your servants?"

"Only Miss Dearborn's here." They paused in front of the nursery door. "She sleeps in here, too," Lizbeth reminded him.

"And how," Ritch murmured. The loud snoring was ridiculous and horrible.

"I think there's something else I'd better do first," Ritch said suddenly. "It'd be nice if we get a head start."

LIZBETH heard him fumbling his way out to the kitchen. He was gone three or four minutes. She knew what he was doing. A good sharp knife, and the phone cord.

He came back and they were ready. Ritch's hand was already on the doorknob. "Which way is Carol's bed?"

"To the right. Along the wall. The other bed is to the left."

"Can you lift Carol? She isn't too much for you?"

Lizbeth shook her head.

"You get her then—bedclothes, too, if you can, while I fix Miss Dearborn."

"Fix her?" Lizbeth's eyes were frightened, her voice barely a whisper.

"Or do you want her calling the police? I'll just tie her up with a sheet."

Ritch turned the doorknob. The door was locked.

They looked at each other. All breath had left Lizbeth's body. I can't stand this, she thought. To get so far, and now . . . Goodby, Ritch. Go back; forget it. I can't leave without Carol.

"Any other entrance?" Ritch asked.

"No."

"Windows?"

"On the patio. But they won't be open. She doesn't believe in night air."

"Call to her. Tell her to come out."

No words would come.

"Go on," he said. "Go on." He put his hand on hers.

"Miss Dearborn—Miss Dearborn!"

"Panicky," Ritch ordered tersely, whispering. "Something's happened to Fred."

"Miss Dearborn!" Lizbeth's voice was louder this time.

The snoring stopped. "Yes, Mrs. Steele?"

"Miss Dearborn, will you come quickly, please?"

The Doctor *who moved next door to everybody*

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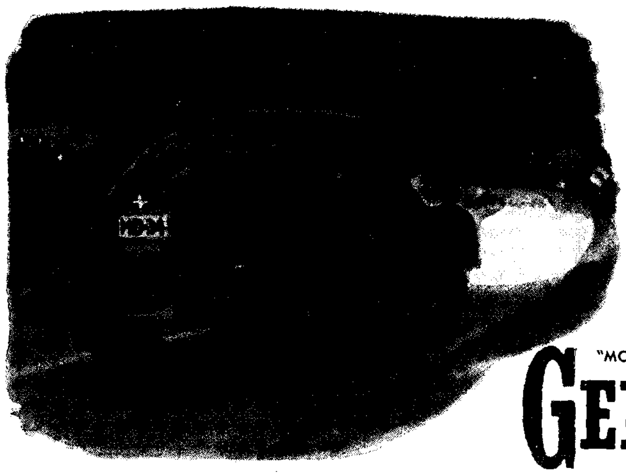

During that same 29 year period, the people who own GM—the stockholders, today numbering more than 425,000—have received only about 7½¢ out of each dollar of sales.

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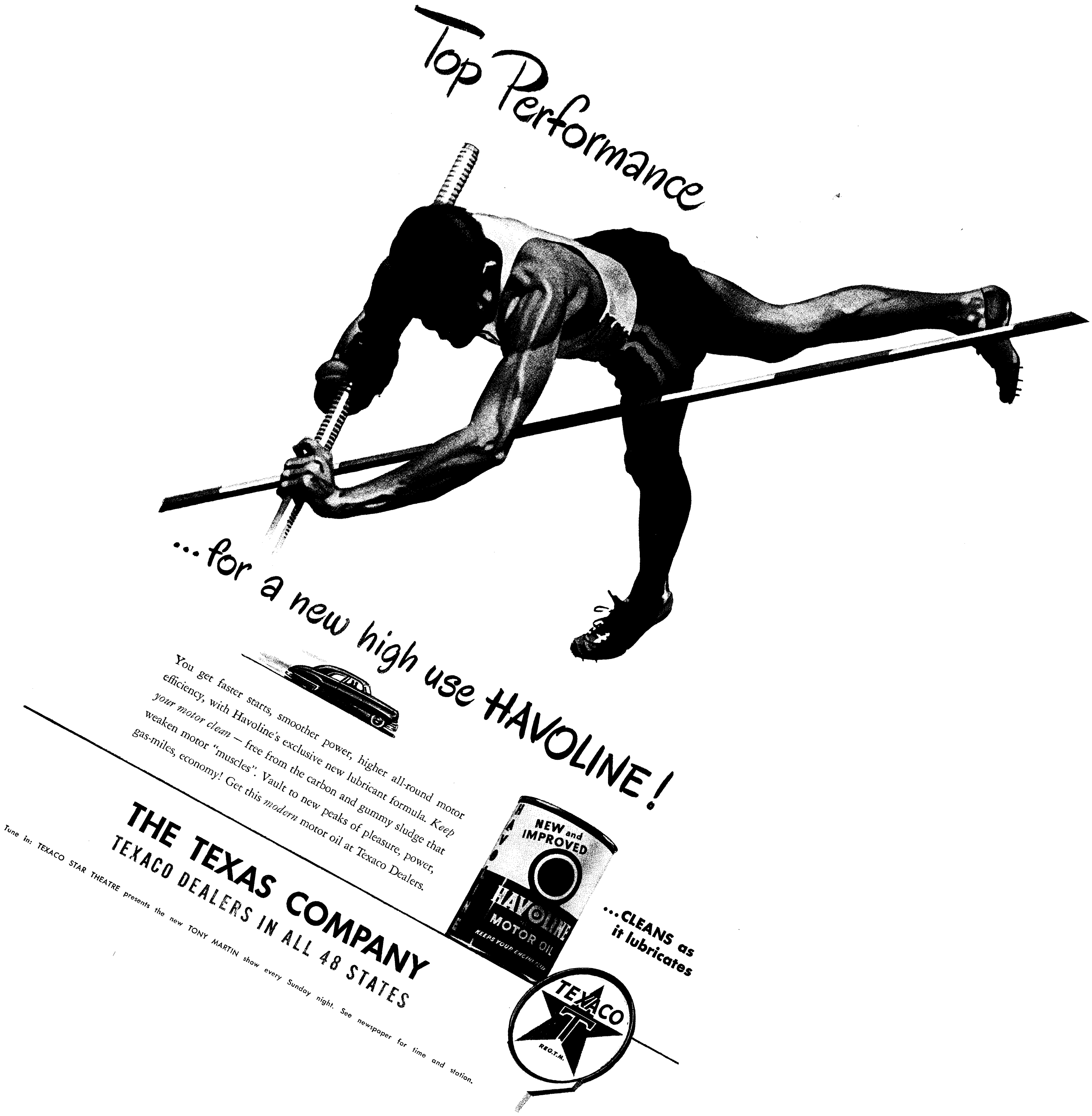
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There was the soft creak of bed springs, and feet slippering across the floor. The woman's voice was nearer the door now, very cold: "What is it, Mrs. Steele?"

"Miss Dearborn, open the door! Mr. Steele's very sick. I don't know what to do!"

There was an instant's silence, then Miss Dearborn's voice informed them: "Mr. Steele isn't here, Mrs. Steele, and you know it."

Ritch looked at Lizbeth. Again he touched her hand; he was impatient now. There was little gentleness in his touch. "Keep after her."

"What are you talking about, Miss Dearborn? Of course he's here," Lizbeth said weakly.

"I looked in his room tonight while you were in the kitchen phoning. He's not there, and you needn't try to tell me he is. I phoned the police."

"You're lying," Ritch said suddenly, loudly, firmly. "If you called them they'd be here. Open the door, Miss Dearborn!"

Miss Dearborn was already screaming. Lizbeth thought she also heard something else—a startled cry from the right side of the room.

Ritch Alvin knew what he had on his hands; one hysterical nurse and a frightened child. He didn't have time to look at Lizbeth, to see how she was taking it. He ordered coldly, "Stand back, Miss Dearborn. I'm going to shoot through the lock."

He brought the gun out from under his left arm.

Lizbeth stared at it. She scarcely saw the flash, or heard the loud report reverberating through the hall.

She was no help at all. She stood there leaning weakly against the door frame as Ritch went inside. She only knew that a moment later Miss Dearborn had stopped shrieking, and Ritch had come out with a squirming bundle in his arms. He moved down the hall ahead of her.

They were in the car then, and the bundle was in her lap, and they were starting.

There was no word between them. Ritch was driving without lights and it wasn't easy. Lizbeth pressed the bundle to her. "Don't cry, my darling. It's all right; you're with Mama."

Lizbeth didn't look at Ritch. She didn't want to.

As they neared the main road where Jerry's house was up to the left, Ritch turned off the engine, let the car roll slowly down the incline. Lizbeth saw that Jerry's house was dark.

A truck sped by as they turned onto the highway. In the wake of the truck, Ritch threw the sedan into gear, and turned on the engine.

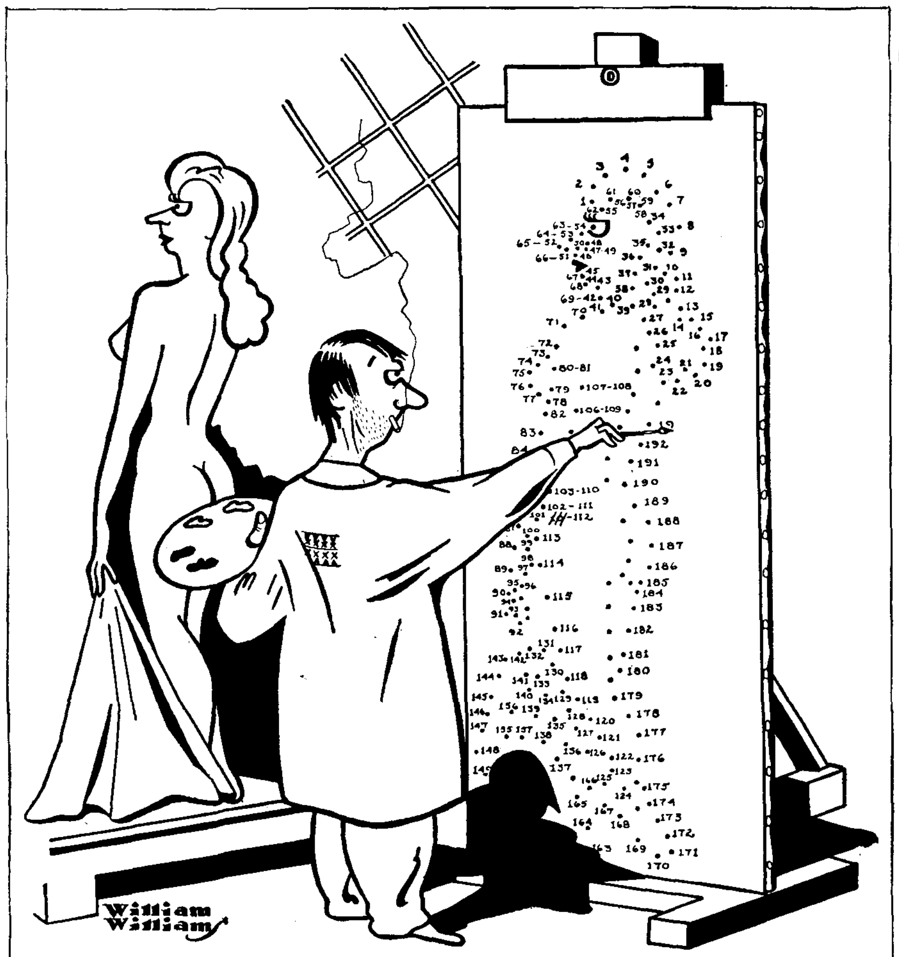
RITCH was removing things from his pockets before going to bed. How many times Lizbeth had seen a man do that; one man anyway. Fred had a squat mahogany lowboy for the ritual. On the contraption there was a coat hanger and a tray, and a rod for his trousers, and a low shelf for his shoes. The tray was for his wallet and papers, his cuff links and watch.

Ritch had no such convenience. The room had a double bed in it and a cot, a lamp, a table, a chair. They obviously didn't expect you to stay long. No bureau; not even a luggage rack.

Sitting on the cot, in his shirt sleeves, Ritch took the things out of his pockets, and, moving the cot's pillow, he put them on the sheet in the space where the pillow had been. Bulging wallet, a fat envelope, a square white piece of paper with printing on it—Lizbeth recognized it as an auto owner's registration like the one Gifford had carried the night before—some keys, his watch. Then another envelope; Lizbeth recognized that as hers, the one with the letters and Carol's birth certificate in it. Pocket by pocket he emptied out everything. Then he came to the gun. He took it out of its brown leather holster and put that with the other things; then he put back the pillow.

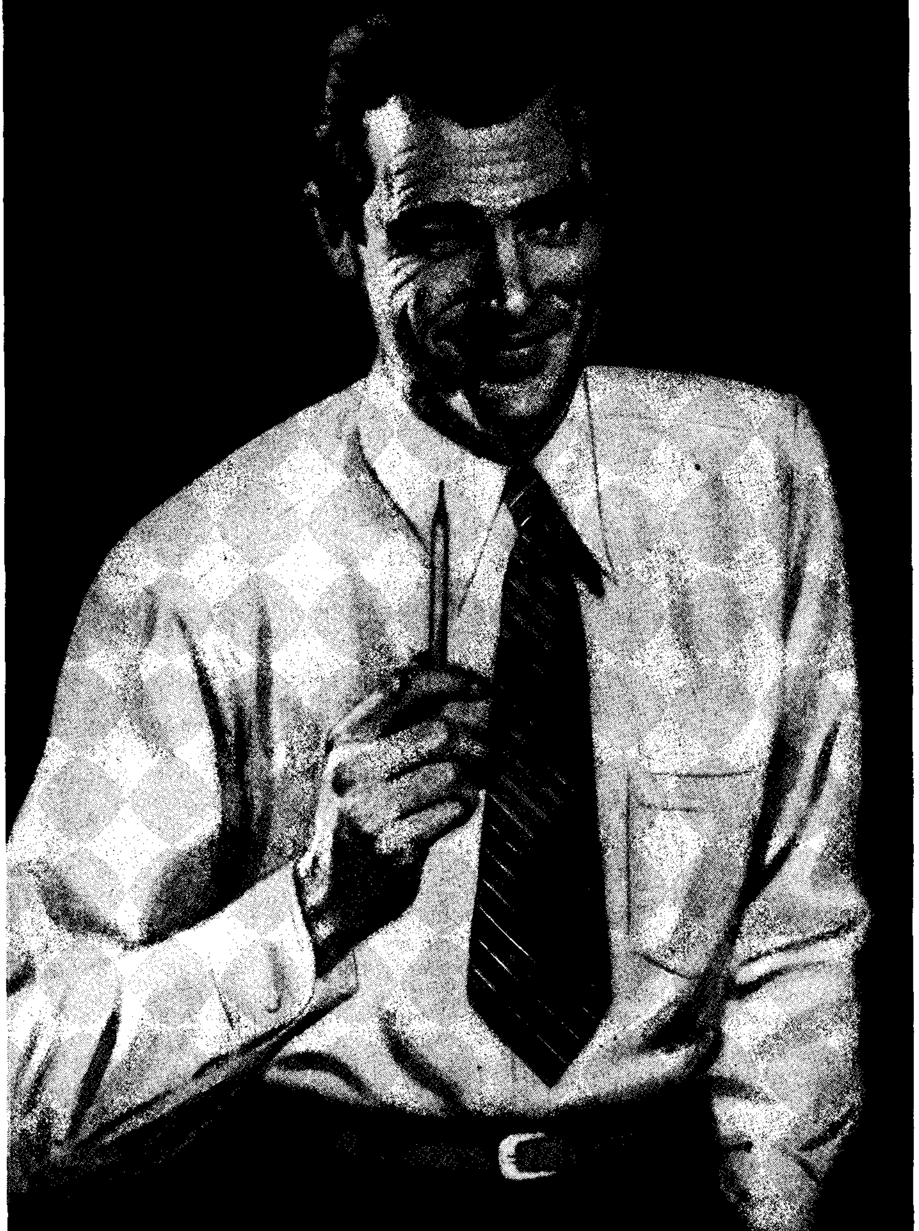
Lizbeth had tried not to watch, but she couldn't help it. She had just come back from the bathroom; she had on her nightgown and robe. Carol was already curled up in the double bed, against the wall, asleep. She had been asleep for the last two hours. They had stopped at this motel about three; Ritch had carried Carol in without waking her.

Ritch glanced up at Lizbeth. "You



COLLIER'S WILLIAM WILLIAMS

I follow the trend, friend . . .



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get in too," he said softly. "Don't think about anything. I'll do the worrying."

She wanted to get into bed, but she just sat and still stared at the gun holster. He was taking it off now. He laid it on the chair near his coat. He moved it a little so that it was under the coat.

He looked up again, and again saw her eyes watching him.

"What is it, Lizbeth?"

"Where did you get that gun?" she asked.

"It's mine. I thought it was stolen, but I found it. Why?"

She didn't answer.

"Why?" he repeated.

"Because it's like the one that was in the ranch truck."

"What kind was it?"

"I don't know; I don't know the names of guns. But it has the same handle, even the holster is—" Her eyes had grown glassy; her voice was trembling.

"Come over here by the light."

THOUGH it was an order, there was no anger in it. Lizbeth got up. She walked slowly, her knees shaky. Ritch moved to the center of the room to meet her. The lamp, between them, cast its dismal glow up onto their faces.

"Look at me. If anything has happened to Fred Steele, I had nothing to do with it. So don't even think about it—don't ask me those questions."

"Aren't you just trying to protect me? You don't want me to know anything about it!"

"If I had killed him, I'd try to protect you, but I didn't."

"It wouldn't be you anyway. *I* got you into this!" Lizbeth's voice had the same high shrillness it had had on the boat that day.

He took hold of her firmly. "But I didn't kill him. I haven't seen him." He held her rigid until her eyes came into focus, until, repeating what he had said, he knew that his voice was penetrating. Apology and shame slowly glimmered in her eyes; her body went limp. "Oh I'm so sorry," she cried.

He drew her into his arms tenderly. It was a child he was talking to now. He patted her. "Take it easy," he said. His lips brushed her hair but she was unaware of it. "We don't want to wake Carol," he reminded her. "Quiet down now. You're tired; come, I'll tuck you in—then we'll talk about it."

He led her to the bed. She let him lift up her legs and put her in. He folded the sheet back over the blanket. "Now what is it? What worries you?"

"Be patient with me. I'm trying to believe you."

"I'm patient. The gun is mine—even though I can't prove that to you. You're not still worried that I hurt Miss Dearborn, are you? We're clean there; *she's* the one who denied you entrance to your child. What else, Lizbeth?"

"I'm so frightened."

"So am I. Damn it—it's mainly not knowing who might be after us. There are two possibilities—either Fred or the police. I don't like either of them."

"About Fred I can understand," she said slowly. "I feel that way too. But why should you fear the police if you haven't done anything? There's not only the gun; you said you got money at the bank this morning. . . ."

"I came up to town especially for it," he explained.

"Why?"

"Because I've had a dream for quite a little while. Being with you Friday intensified it. I got money, a lot of it, because I *hoped* we'd be going away together. I had it all worked out very romantically—you and me, the Cybele, the South Seas. Maybe you could say that I felt it coming. I wanted to be prepared. But that's all. Then on the phone tonight—"

She had squinted up her eyes as though she had felt a sharp pain. *The Cybele . . . the South Seas . . . you and me . . . a dream for a long time:* she knew now his interest—she should have known all along. But she had begged him not to; she had warned him—

"What's the matter, Lizbeth?"

"Go on." Her voice was very tiny; her eyes were still tightly closed.

"You go on; you're the one who's suspicious."

"Well, about the car?"

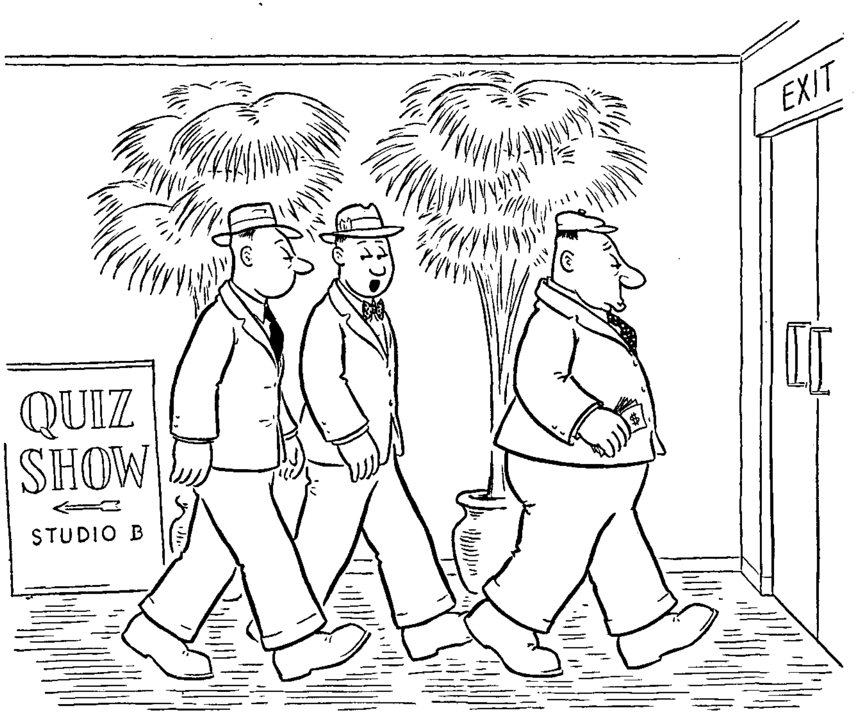
"I know—" His tone admitted that that too looked bad. "A man switches cars to make a getaway. But damn it, I do want to get away! We *don't* want to get caught. For God's sake, have a little faith in me until we find out what's happened. To be very plain about it, if Fred's had an—accident, the police won't have to look very far for a motive. Or have you overlooked that? The way I feel about you; being here with you."

There it was again, and again it hurt her.

"Or possibly," he added, "I haven't made that clear to you? Look at me, Lizbeth."

She opened her eyes. She looked like a frightened child.

ALFRED by **FOSTER HUMFREVILLE**



COLLIER'S "It's too bad Alfred guessed the right answer; he had his heart set on those candy bars they were giving the losers"

"I'll make it a little more clear. I love you. I think I ought to tell you that, somewhere along the line."

Tears welled up in her eyes.

"Is that so wrong?" he said. "So dreadful?"

She had difficulty speaking. "I just can't think about it. I don't know. I don't want to love anyone ever again. I didn't want to hurt you. You've done so much, taken such a chance—and I'm so mean, so niggardly. . . ."

He lifted a corner of the sheet, wiped her eyes. "It's all right. Now stop, please. We won't talk about it. All we've got to do is just keep going."

"Where, Ritch?" she asked, after a moment.

"I'm not sure." He got up, began pacing slowly. "We're about an hour's drive from Fresno. I'd like to have headed for Mexico, but I decided not to."

"Wouldn't we be safer there?"

"Maybe. But we'd be trapped there; besides Arizona, New Mexico and Texas. Three state lines. I don't want to cross any if I can help it." He saw that she didn't understand what he meant. "The Mann Act," he explained. "Why give someone, particularly your husband, a chance to pin that on us?"

"But if we don't—if we're not—"

"Who'd believe that we're not lovers?" he asked.

Though he hadn't meant it that way, it had, again, the effect of reminding her of her coldness. Again she felt ashamed.

"Ritch, I've got to explain something. It's just—I don't know how I feel about you. I—"

"I said we wouldn't talk about it. I was about to say: California is a pretty big state. We can keep going around it for days. We can't decide anything until we really know."

"Tomorrow?"

"I guess so." He came back to her, stood looking down at her, then touched her cheek tenderly, briefly, with his hand. "One other thing. You have a new name now. I signed the motel register Mr. and Mrs. R. Smith. The R, in case anyone asks, is for Richard. You can still call me Ritch, if you still feel like it."

"Ritch. . . ." she said softly.

"That's good." He smiled approvingly. "You'll go to sleep and not cry any more?"

She nodded. "Good night."

"Good night, Lizbeth."

He went to the lamp, turned it out. She heard him moving about undressing, then the groan of the miserable cot as it ungraciously accepted his weight.

In bed, Ritch lighted a cigarette. Lizbeth watched its glow for a while, then she turned over. She put her arm around Carol, and her cheek against Carol's hair.

LIZBETH sat on the bed with Carol, trying to explain as best she could. She was wearing a short-sleeved blouse and her striped peasant skirt, the one she had worn the first time she had seen Ritch. It was about nine-thirty; there was no sign of Ritch anywhere. The car was gone from in front of the cabin. But Lizbeth wasn't worried. He'd come back. Unless something happened to him. But nothing would happen to him.

It was a beaming, brilliant day. The sun, fighting in through the dirty windows, made the room even more dismal . . . but the gloom of the room beautified the day. Lizbeth longed to be out in it. The room and Ritch's absence depressed her. What depressed her most was that when Ritch came back she would know what had happened to Fred. Ritch would bring a paper.

She tried not to think about it. She

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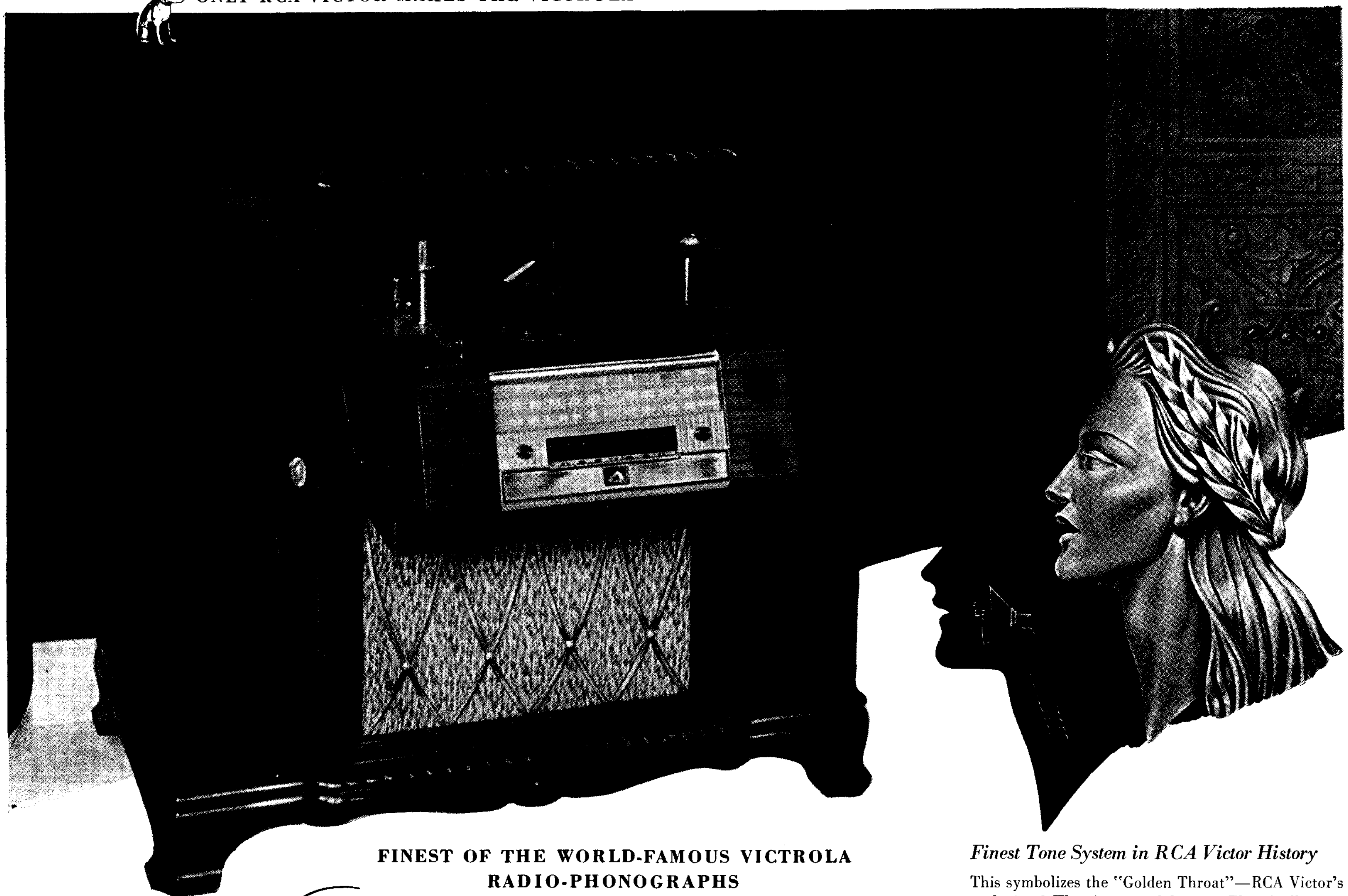

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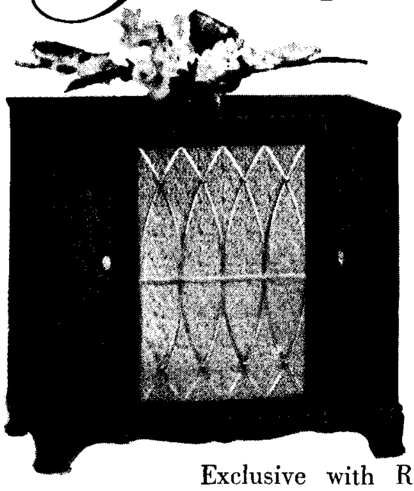

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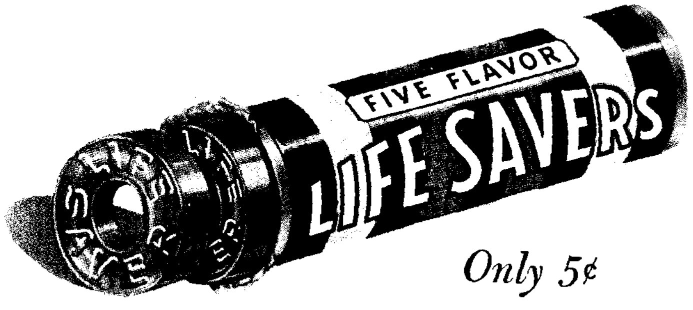
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sat Turk fashion, beside Carol, loosening Carol's braids, fluffing out her hair. She had removed the ugly rubber bands which had bound the braids and had tossed them into the wastebasket. The hair, under the soft touch of her hands, and of the brush, was coming to life again. Carol's big eyes watched her worriedly. She sat there in her little white nightgown, a sheet drawn around her. She had no other clothes. "But when's the man coming back? Where's the man gone?" she kept asking.

"His name is Ritch—you can call him that: Richard Smith." Saying it made her feel silly, self-conscious, but there were some things you couldn't explain to a child. "I told you last night—he's a friend of ours; he's helping us to find a new place to live."

"Why don't we go home?"

"Do you *want* to go home?"

Carol's eyes filled with loneliness; her mouth trembled. "I want to go home. I'm hungry—I want my orange juice!"

LIZBETH went over to the window. She stood there, looking out. Carol's wail had upset her. She was in sympathy with Carol's feeling of strangeness; she felt it herself. At the same time she was disappointed. She had always heard that children were so adaptable. She had expected Carol to be so; to find even excitement and adventure in all this, and, particularly, delight that she was with her mother.

There was a small lunchroom beside the filling station next door. Lizbeth considered running over and getting something to bring back—but she didn't really want to go out alone. Without Ritch she was unsure and nervous.

She returned to Carol, smiled encouragingly. "We'll eat pretty soon. In the meantime how would you like a big glass of water? Water's good for you."

Lizbeth went into the bathroom. She scrubbed the heavy glass which she found there, brought it back to Carol. Carol looked at it, shook her head.

"What's the matter?" Lizbeth asked, puzzled. "Drink it, honey."

"Not from the water tap. Miss Dearborn says—"

Lizbeth sat down beside her. "Carol, I want you to drink this water." She was not cross, but very firm.

"I can't—I won't! It has germs in it."

"Carol, I said I want you to drink this." She pressed the glass to Carol's mouth. The mouth set stubbornly. She refused to open it. She looked at Lizbeth with near hostility, as if to say: "Who's this woman? I've never seen her before."

"Look, Carol, there's something I want you to understand. I won't make you do anything that's bad for you. At home we have bottled water because we can afford it, but millions and millions of little children drink faucet water. Look, it's all right. I'm taking a taste!" Lizbeth sipped a little of the water, smiled. "You see?" She again offered the glass.

"Not after you've drunk out of it," said Carol. "Where's Miss Dearborn? I want my breakfast!"

Lizbeth controlled herself. For a moment all love for Carol vanished, for at that moment Carol was not Carol: she was a part of Miss Dearborn. Lizbeth felt a slow flush of anger creep up through her. She saw the open hostility now in Carol's eyes, but, what was worse, she saw distrust in them.

Lizbeth's instinct was to say "Please, Carol, darling. Don't you know I love you? Give me a kiss, angel." But hugs and kisses would remove the strain only temporarily. She knew that here was a real problem, a deep one. And she was already discouraged by it.

She heard the car outside the windows. Carol heard, too, and raised her head to look. As Carol looked at Ritch, her face wore the same hostility she had shown her mother.

He got out and came into the cabin. He was carrying some bundles. Lizbeth had the desire to rush to him and to burst into tears, but she controlled herself. She watched him anxiously. He dumped the bundles on the bed beside Carol. "Nothing yet," he said dully. "Not in the papers around here. We'll have to go on into Fresno. Better get her dressed. I'm going to shave."

"Ritch—"

He turned, saw her troubled eyes. "Something wrong?"

"No, it's all right." He had enough worries. She picked up one of the bundles, began unwrapping it. "Here are some new clothes for you, Carol."

They weren't the kind of clothes Lizbeth would have picked out, but she supposed Ritch had done his best. In fact, she hadn't expected clothes today. It was Sunday. Ritch had probably found them in some crossroads general store: they looked like it. There was a fancy pink rayon dress, with picoted ruffles. There were lace-trimmed panties, a too-heavy undershirt, white socks, and shiny black pumps with practically pasteboard soles. Well, they were lucky to have anything. Without paying too much attention to Carol, she put the clothes on her.

Carol was completely dressed before Lizbeth realized her reaction. The child was slowly turning about, holding out the full skirt, looking down at the shiny shoes. There was a daintiness about her which was beautiful and charming. The turn was almost a dancing turn. The serious little face was alight and smiling. It was her first fancy dress, her very first black pumps, Lizbeth realized. Carol glanced up, saw Lizbeth looking at her. Quickly, shyly, Carol glanced away. Lizbeth grabbed her in her arms and kissed her. Carol did not resist the kiss. She laughed happily.

"By the way," Ritch called from the bathroom, "don't leave any of those boxes or sacks around. Better pack up everything."

Lizbeth began scouring the room. She even reached into the wastebasket and took out the crooked little O's which were the elastic bands, and packed them. When they left a few minutes later, they left no traces.

THEY drove along the highway in the sedan. Lizbeth and Ritch sat up front. The sedan by now was dust-covered. The rear windows were smudged where Carol leaned against them, hands pressed to the glass.

Ritch asked, "Couldn't sit a little closer to me, Mrs. Smith?"

Lizbeth's eyes turned toward him slowly. "What?" She had been brooding. Depression had fallen on her again. A police car had passed them a few minutes before. The feeling of flight had been renewed.

"You look troubled; that's bad. Come here, close."

"Isn't it time to listen again?" she said, moving closer to him.

Ritch glanced at his watch. It was. They had been turning on the radio at the half hour and the hour. It was a bad morning for news. Instead, organ music, choirs and sermons. But now it was noon and they got something. A five-minute review of the week's events. The five minutes seemed interminable. During them, once, Lizbeth looked back at Carol. Carol was polishing her shoes with the blanket, completely engrossed. They listened to the end. Nothing. Ritch turned it off.

"Ritch?"

"Yes?"

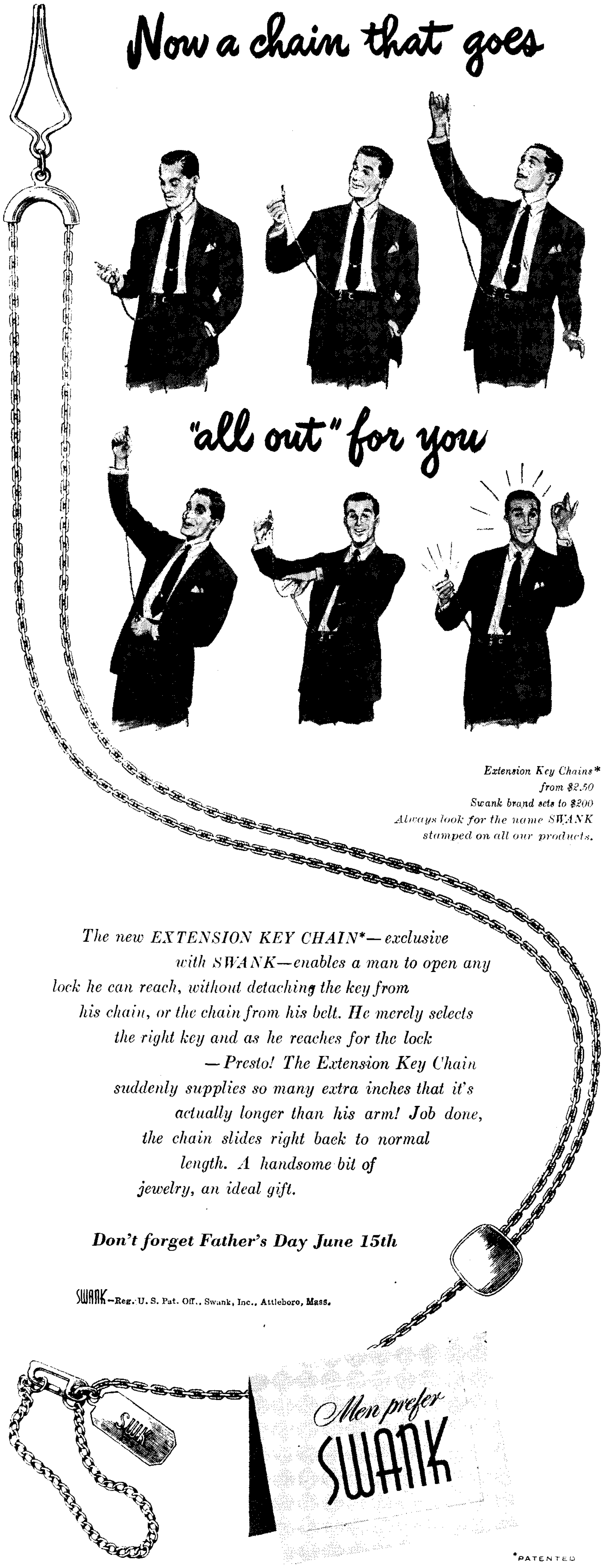
"What would you think if we *didn't* listen any more—if we never knew?"

"The ostrich looks pretty silly with only its rear end sticking out of the sand."

Her brief fantasy faded. "I suppose so."

"It's too early. We'll get something pretty soon."

"Jerry *must* have gone up to the house;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he takes up the morning milk about eight—"

"How about concentrating on some of our present problems?" He outlined one which had begun to worry him. "No more restaurants or cafés if we can help it. Too many of those places have radios; in case they give descriptions, we don't want to be around. That means buying groceries, also going into stores. Which one of us you think is less likely to be recognized?"

"You mean from newspaper pictures?"

"Had any taken lately?"

"Last Christmas. Then there were those news photos at the preview. You?"

"Same fix. You can't go around with an actress and not get snapped at."

Though he sounded disgruntled about it, the reference to Marta upset Lizbeth. She wasn't quite sure why. Was it because it was a reminder of all the things he had given up for her—or was it a more emotional reason? "She'll be hurt, won't she, Ritch?"

"Who?"

"Marta Thorne. You didn't call her—make any explanation?"

"What for? Look, I asked you not to think back."

They didn't mention it again. By the time they drove into the business district of Fresno they had decided that they would take turns shopping. It would be best not to be seen together, and that way one of them could always stay in the car with Carol.

THE shopping took them more than an hour. They went to delicatessens mostly, in different parts of the town. They had to get cans and can openers, paper plates, cereals and fruit for Carol, and milk and bread, and ice to keep the milk, and a bucket to put the ice in. About thirty miles the other side of Fresno, at three o'clock, along the nearly dry bed of a river, they ate their Sunday dinner. After dinner, they took off Carol's clothes and let her paddle in the shallow stream.

There were some large old oak trees. Lizbeth and Ritch stretched out at the foot of one on Carol's blanket which they had brought from the car. The car was parked in a thicket near the highway, screened from the road. Ritch had frowned at *being so far from the* radio . . . but that was before they had eaten. He was comfortable, relaxed now; he didn't much care. He was thinking, as Lizbeth had earlier, that it would be nice never to know.

It was a sleepy time of day, quiet in the woods except for Carol's splashing. Carol saw a large lizard on a rock, called to them, frightened.

"It can't hurt you!" Lizbeth assured her. "It's just like the little ones we have at home. Poke a twig at it—it'll go away!"

Carol got a twig but by the time she returned to the stone the lizard was gone. She looked over toward Lizbeth, pleased and slightly surprised. What her mother had told her was right; the lizard hadn't hurt her.

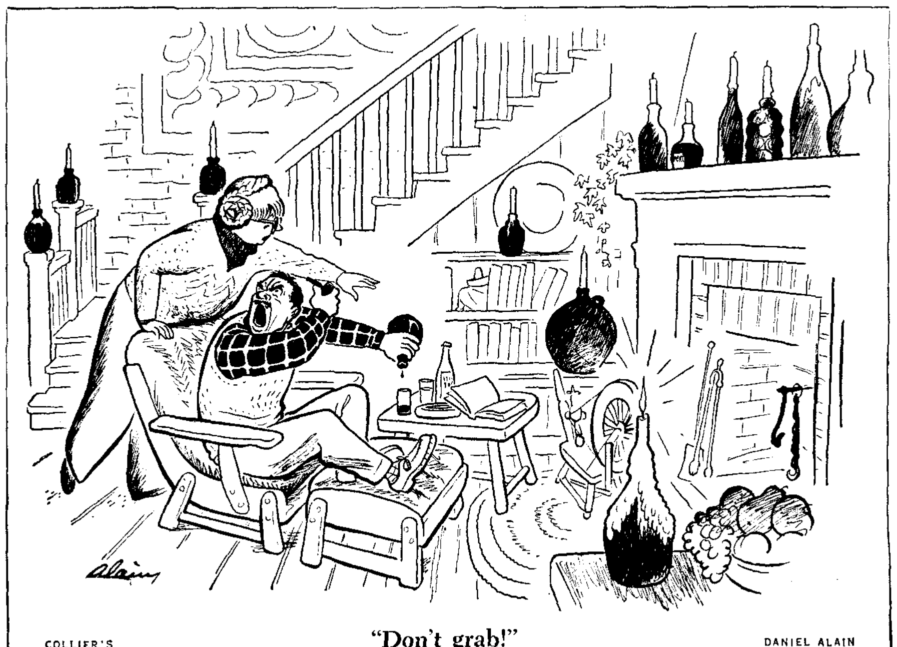
Lizbeth raised up on her elbows. "If you'll go up there where the water's deeper, you can sit down in it. Go on! It'll feel good."

Gingerly, Carol moved a few feet upstream. The sight of the thin little body and its awkward stiffness made Lizbeth ache. Carol's feet were tender; walking on the pebbles bothered her. Most of all, her nudity bothered her. When Lizbeth had insisted she take off her clothes, she had murmured unhappily about being "bare naked." More of Miss Dearborn's prudishness. If there were anything sweeter than a child's body, thin and white though this particular body might be . . .

Lizbeth's concern of the morning came back to her. "I didn't have a chance to tell you," she began, "Carol's going to be a bit of a problem. All that routine she's lived by—" She turned to find Ritch watching her, and his look stopped her.

Lizbeth had been only vaguely aware before that there was anything unnatural about the relationship forced upon them—Ritch and herself sleeping in the same room, lying here on the same blanket. *But now in his look she saw* what it meant to him. She knew that he had been going over every detail of her face and body. His look made her aware of her own body, as she hadn't been in years. A quick flush swept through her. She had taken off her shoes and stockings, and had tucked her full skirt up around her waist, when she had first led Carol into the stream. Her long brown legs and thighs stretched out before her, patterned by the flickering of the tree's leaves. She was warm and damp and the thin fabric of her blouse clung closely to her body. She saw him too, for the first time, with the same awareness. The long lean length of him. His shirt open at the neck, sleeves rolled up. His arms, brown, muscular. His mouth firm and clean and sensitive. She remembered *the one time he* had kissed her. And the kiss, in the memory of it, disturbed her. Frightened, she got up quickly. "Ritch, I'm going wading too."

She wandered off with Carol, thinking it would be a relief to her troubled mind and body. *My life and my problem now is Carol. I want no other,* she thought. She also reminded herself that so far as Ritch was concerned, she hadn't left Fred because of Ritch, or to be with Ritch. Ritch knew that; he had walked



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She'll bless you on Mother's Day if you remember her with the gift that every woman secretly longs for—a beautiful and faithful Hamilton!

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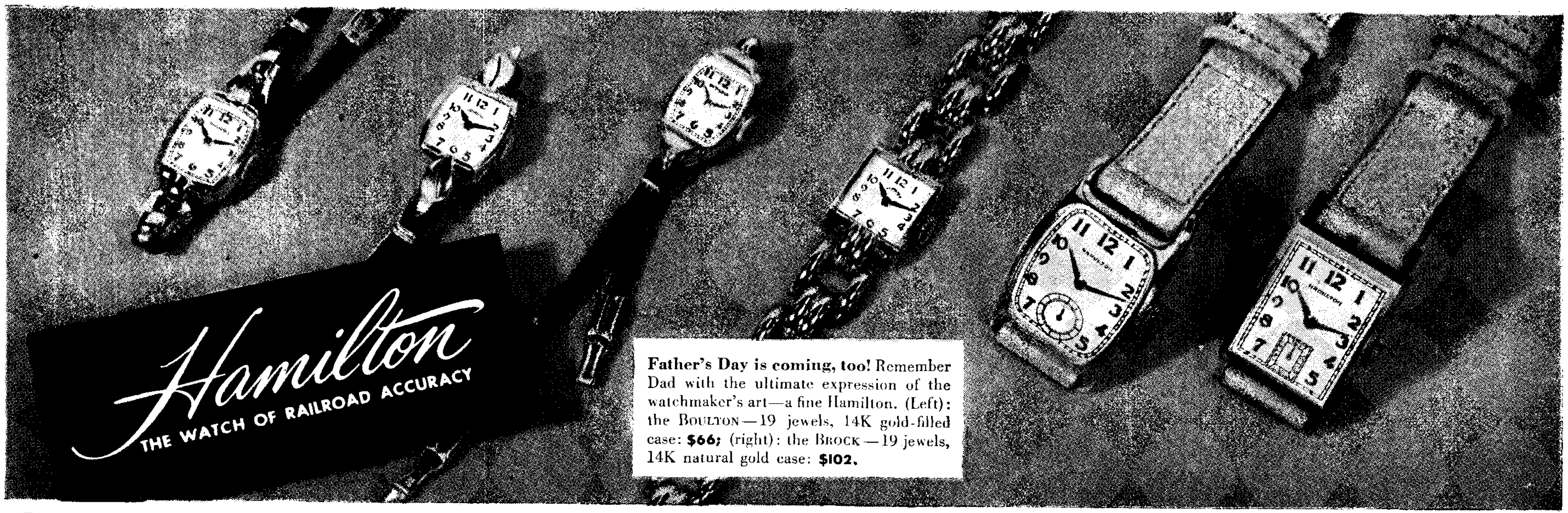

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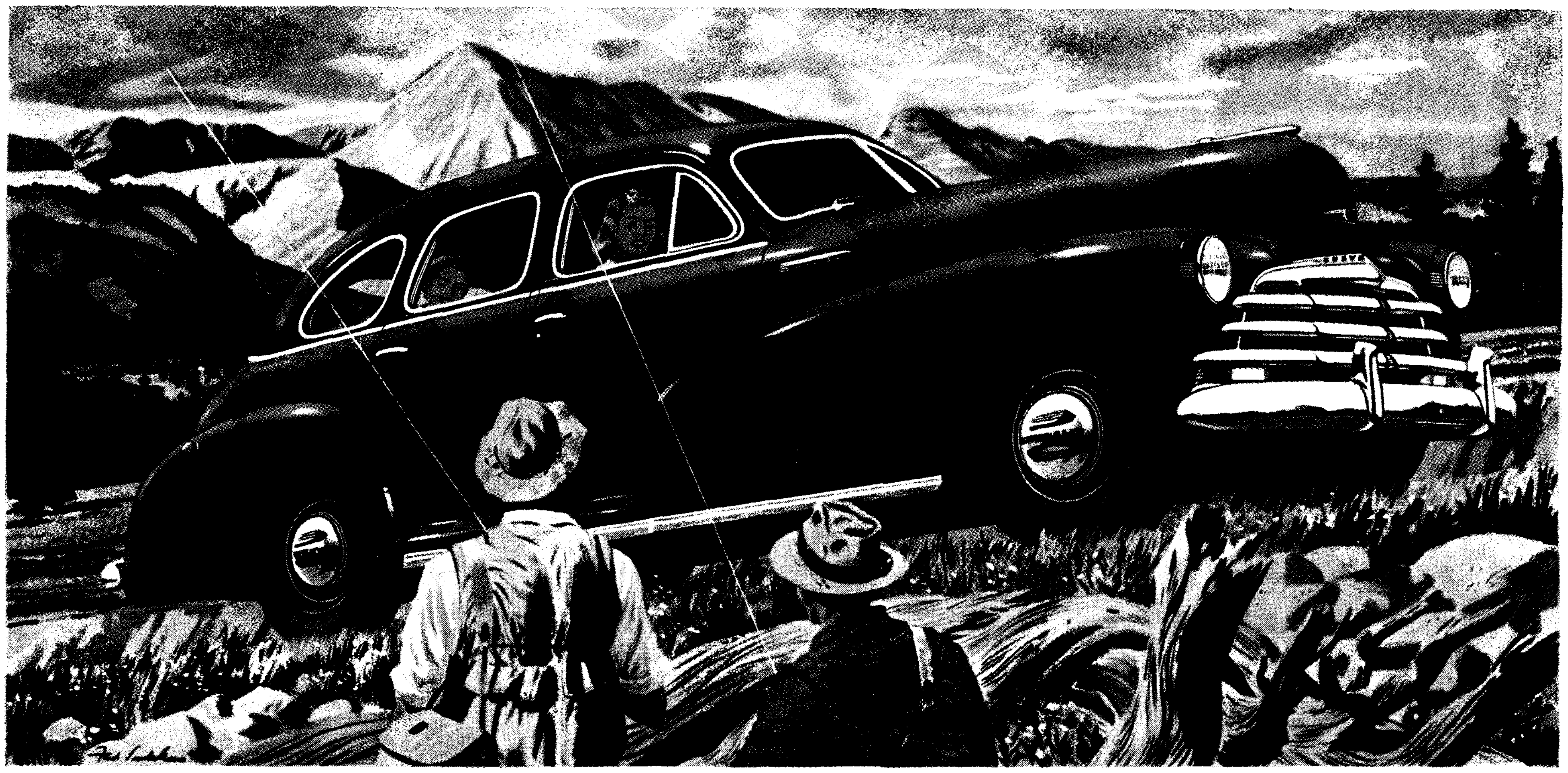

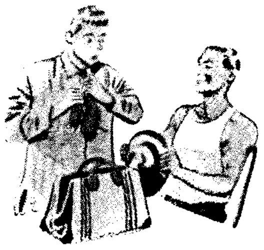

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in, eyes open. She thought that by such harsh thinking she could rid herself of concern for him, also of the strange feeling—new and yet familiar—he had aroused in her.

She waded upstream with Carol. They gathered colored stones and scraggly wild flowers. Now that Lizbeth could no longer see Ritch, it was easier. The bend of the stream had lost him to her. She began looking at Carol, holding her hand, helping her over the rocks. She concentrated on her. She noticed that already Carol was beginning to look different. The sun had brought a soft rosiness to her face, high color to her cheekbones. Her hair, in its freedom, had begun to shine softly and silkily. She was still silent and weary, entering her new world with numerous small fears—that she would fall on this rock, that the water was too deep here, that that flower had bugs on it—but she was entering it. Since morning there had been no further pouts or tears. She is the reason I've done this! Lizbeth concluded firmly. Only Carol is important; nothing else matters.

Lizbeth began to feel quite happy. She felt far away from all that had been bad in her life. Just one day away and it's done this to me! She marveled at the stream, at the sun-dappled trees.

They had turned back, and now the oaks came into view, and Ritch's body stretched out beneath them. She knew suddenly, clearly, that she was not happy. What she had mistaken for happiness was only selfish isolationism. What had she given up? Nothing. There was no one even to miss her, except Fred, possibly, in his inhuman way. And yet what had Ritch left behind? A girl who was fond of him, his friends, his work, his office, his partner, people who believed in him. He'd left his promise, his talent, his reputation. And why? Because he loved her.

She found Carol's clothes. She sat Carol on a rock, told her to dress, and hurried off toward Ritch. The closer she got to him, the more impatient became her desire to tell him how she felt—that if he'd just be patient with her. . . .

HE WAS just sitting up, rolling down his sleeves, his face serious. He saw how warmly radiant she was. "Well! Wading agrees with you."

"Ritch, I—"

"I was just about to yell for you. I've come to a conclusion."

"Yes?" His tone worried her. He was going to leave her; he had decided she wasn't worth it.

"Would you and Carol mind staying here for a while alone?"

"Where are you going?" She tried to keep the fright out of her voice.

"Back to Fresno. I've been thinking things out. It's foolish for us to stick to the road. We ought to find someplace to burrow in."

"Oh." She almost smiled.

"If it gets dark, you can curl up in this blanket. Trying to find a room attracts enough attention. I thought if we got that over with, before something breaks—" He reached for his coat.

"I think you're very smart. I think you're wonderful."

"Also," he added, not seeming to notice her, or her tone, which had been warm and fervent, "if they are looking for us on the road, nobody would expect to find us headed *back* toward Los Angeles."

"Just the same," she told him, "I'll worry about you."

He got it, though, now. He looked at her. She moved closer. She reached up and kissed him.

He didn't grab her in his arms. Just the gesture, the fact that she had moved toward him, the warm deep pressure of her lips was enough. He was filled with emotion.

"Hurry back," she said.

"I will." He turned quickly and strode away from her. . . .

It was nearly nine o'clock when he came back for them. Carol had cried herself to sleep in Lizbeth's arms. If it hadn't been for Carol's uneasiness, Lizbeth would no doubt have given way to her own. She had said she wouldn't be frightened, but she was. Most anything could have happened. He might not have been able to find this place again. But now she heard the car stop out on the road, then Ritch's footsteps crunching toward them across the leaves and gravel. She saw him very clearly in the moonlight. Was it the moon which made his face so white?

"Did you find something?"

"Yes, I've got a place." He seemed in a hurry, anxious. He picked up the sleeping Carol, carried her to the car. Lizbeth followed with the other things.

ON THE front seat of the car was a newspaper. Lizbeth saw it as she got in. Ritch, settling himself behind the wheel, moved the paper, put it between himself and the door; started the car. "We're getting off the road just in time; I was right. They found Fred's truck. It was somewhere near the beach. I can't quite tell, from the report, where in relation to Burl's Landing; but it was near it—"

"He *was* after you—I told you!" Lizbeth exclaimed.

"Light me a cigarette, will you?"

She had no cigarettes; she took his from his pocket, lighted him one shakily, and handed it to him. "Go on; how did they happen to look for him?"

"Miss Dearborn. She spread the alarm. There was no mention of a gun in the truck—so wherever he is, he's got it with him. If you're sure it *was* in the truck."

"I'm sure."

"What makes it a little worse is that they found evidence he was on my boat. They found fingerprints in the cabin; they checked with Steele's prints on record at the Department of Motor Vehicles. They also found yours in the cabin—but they needn't have bothered. Two girls, one a Miss Cameron—her father owns the cutter alongside mine—were only too delighted to phone in their two cents' worth. She and her pal are now very happy to state that Mrs. Steele—they have identified photos—was on the Cybele Friday afternoon with Mr. Alvin for a period of several hours. Mrs. Steele and Mr. Alvin went below deck. Mr. Alvin closed the portholes. *Ergo!*" His voice had grown bitter.

"Don't tell me any more, if you don't want. I can read it."

"Oh hell, those lousy girls—"

"Does it really make so much difference?"

"All the difference! That gives Fred a *right* to come after me. Avenge his honor—you know. It bears out what Jerry's told them about that Sunday at the ranch."

"He's talked about *that?*"

"You don't *not* talk when a policeman gets hold of you. Mr. Steele gave Alvin warning that night; that's how they interpret it. And even after that Mr. Alvin still sees Mrs. Steele on his boat! Don't you see—it's all set. I *had* to kill him, or he would have killed me. Only *he* would have had justification. I'm the rat!"

She didn't answer. They drove in silence for a while.

"I wish you wouldn't be so quiet," he said finally, "—as though you agreed with them."

"We had that out last night. I don't. Ritch, they really think that?"

"They're getting around to it. Of course they can't be sure; how can they? There's no body even. They mention something about signs of violence in the cabin. I don't know what they're referring to, unless I left it a little messed up;

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I don't think so. Of course the storm banged it around a little.”

“You said you didn't go back to the boat till late?”

“I didn't. Burl and I brought the wagon up; it was nearly three when I got back. I came up to town about ten again in the morning.”

“Wasn't the boat closed up all the time?”

“No. You were having trouble on the dock. I hurried over. I left my watch in the cabin, and your envelope with the letters.”

“But wouldn't you have closed it up later because of the storm?”

“I didn't go back! I didn't even think of the storm. Why the questions? Are you getting suspicious again?”

“Ritch, what could have happened? Surely they know if you had shot him—”

“That it'd be heard? Not in that storm.”

“What do they think you did?”

“Very simple. He came after me; I killed him. I forgot to tell you: They found a rowboat. It was one which had been cut loose from Burl's landing. It rounds out the picture. I popped him over the head; I rowed him out to sea. Because of the storm I got past the Harbor Guard. I tied a weight around his neck and dumped him. There's only one thing wrong with it—I wasn't there.”

It was a long moment this time before either of them spoke.

“Lizbeth, could he have committed suicide?”

“I *don't* know. Possibly.”

“Well, we'll wait and see. Maybe he's still around, laughing at us. Maybe that stuff about his being on the Cybele is a lie; the police invent funny angles sometimes. Maybe he was just rowing out to *try* to get me, and the storm got him instead. I could think of a dozen maybes. I wish his gun would show up; that would help. Maybe he pumped it into his own body. Better yet, I wish *he'd* show up—not dead either.”

“So do I.”

Her voice was so low, so pathetic, that it stopped his anger immediately. He reached for her hand. “I didn't want to upset you. We'll work out of it. We've got nothing to worry about—so long as we don't get caught, and so long as they don't find Fred. When that happens, we'll see where we are. Come closer to me, will you?”

“I can't. I'm close now.”

BY INQUIRING at neighborhood drugstores, Ritch had found two rooms in the outskirts of Fresno. It was an ordinary house, an ordinary street. The rooms were on the lower floor, with a separate side entrance. The main portion of the house was lived in by a widow, Mrs. Lindner. The rooms had formerly belonged to her son, who had been killed the last year of the war, and to the son's wife. Just a few months before, the wife had moved back to her own family. Since then, Mrs. Lindner, knowing her duty because of the housing shortage, had been trying to “bring herself” to let someone else have the rooms. Sentiment had kept interfering. Ritch told Mrs. Lindner that he understood perfectly how she felt about her son's belongings, but she wouldn't have to move out any of them: Mrs. Smith was a most careful housekeeper. It wound up that Mrs. Lindner, much impressed, begged Mr. Smith to take the rooms. She did so want company—and she loved children. Mrs. Lindner's teary tone, her chattiness, her friendliness, her goodness, her loneliness, drove Ritch to a melancholy that almost eclipsed the realization of how much of a triumph he had scored. They not only had a place to live, but a good place, a safe place. The yards, both front and back, had enclosing hedges. The next-door house was quite some distance away; on the other side was a street corner. There was even a two-car garage; he would be glad to get the sedan in off the street, alongside Mrs. Lindner's 1938 sedan, which she said she seldom used; get it there, and keep it there. Mrs. Lindner had no phone, which was fine too. Her son's and her daughter-in-law's friends had been her friends, she had told him; she didn't like elderly people. “There's no one now I care to call up. I just sit here day after day. Sometimes weeks go by; I don't speak to a soul. I'll be *so* glad to have you here!” It was ideal; it was perfect.

Ritch had left. He had started back for the grove to get Lizbeth. It was on his way through the town that he had bought the first edition of the Fresno paper.

And now they were getting settled at Mrs. Lindner's.

The elderly lady bustled about them, her thin-chested frame laboring with emotion. She had changed her dress for the occasion, and had plastered on powder in the fashion of so many women of her kind; it streaked her face and ended at her chin. Her cordiality was abounding. She had put roses in the living room, and she had brought in additional bedding “for the couch, for the little girl.”

PENNY ARCADE
GET YOUR CHANGE HERE
H.Montague

“You certainly picked a fine place to change a fifty-dollar bill”

COLLIER'S H. MONTAGUE

Ritch had already placed Carol on the couch, hoping that she wouldn't wake. Lizbeth had the same hope. Suppose Carol did wake, and Mrs. Lindner would say fondly, “And what's your name, dear?” and Carol would tell her, “Carol Steele”? And there it was, right in the paper. Though Ritch had hidden the paper, its presence in the room made them both nervous.

Why wouldn't Mrs. Lindner leave? She persisted in showing Lizbeth how to pin back the curtains against the night dampness; she had to show her all the closets, how to open the bathroom medicine chest which sometimes got stuck. “And tomorrow I'll get you a grill you can use for light cooking. But any time you *want* to use my kitchen—”

“Yes, yes . . . you're so sweet . . . shouldn't bother . . . so grateful . . .”

She was finally gone.

Ritch locked the door. He came over to Lizbeth, looked at her. They both looked a little tired and worn. “Happy home-coming,” he said.

She reached her arms up around him. “I love you, Ritch.”

“I love you.”

“I feel a little strange, though.”

“That'll wear off.” He caressed her tenderly.

“Ritch—I *think* Carol should be in the bedroom, with me.”

“All right.” He didn't seem disappointed; just accepted it.

They got Carol into bed. Lizbeth took a few things from her suitcase, hung them in the closet; then she went into the bathroom, got undressed, slipped into her nightie and robe. When she returned to the living room, Ritch, his coat off, was slumped in a chair, staring. Lizbeth said, “I'd like to see the paper now, Ritch.”

HE CAME back and sat down, watched her looking at the paper. He knew how it made her feel; he knew how it had made him feel. It was lurid, sickening—though to the general reading public, he supposed, it was glamorous and exciting. MOVIE MAGNATE STEELE FEARED DEAD IN MYSTERY. They had used the posed photo of Lizbeth which she had told him about; also one of her with Steele at the preview. There was a photo of himself and Marta at a night club. The Cybele was also there, full rigged and beautiful, and above it were written two words and a question mark: “Death Yacht?” The story carried over to page three where there were other photos: one of the ranch and one of Carol and Miss Dearborn. What more could anyone want? Steele, genius composer; his beautiful wife, ex-society girl; his little daughter, abducted while she slept; Ritch Alvin, brilliant lawyer, moviedom playboy “yachtsman.” There was nothing they hadn't overlooked. Even Steele's new picture Sun at Dawn had come in for a mention, which must have made the studio at least very happy. Hell, the story must have brightened the lives of lots of people; the police and the press didn't come across one like this very often. There was only one thing which did not revolt Ritch's stomach and that was that Marta Thorne, Doris Cort and Jim Parker had refused to comment. In another section of the paper there was a lush studio portrait of Marta with the one-word headline “Jilted?”

Ritch suddenly and for the first time had felt a little sorry for Marta. What meat it was for the movie public—one of its dearly beloved involved in a nice juicy ripe one!

Lizbeth's eyes looked up and met his. “I don't think I want to read any more.”

He got up and took the paper, crumpled it, burned it in the barren fireplace. He blew on the few remaining ashes, sent them, too, flying upward. Then he spread his arms, and at the gesture, she walked into them.

With a lingering touch to his hand, she moved to the windows, opened them, raised the shades. There was a street lamp outside, beyond the hedge. It shone in on them gently. Somewhere along the leafy rims of the street in the two rows of sycamores, mockingbirds sang their melancholy-sweet mating song. A couple strolled by, drinking in the summer night. A screen door slammed. From across the street came the creak of a porch swing. Lizbeth thought to herself: This was life as it was lived by most people—at least as people tried to live it, made an effort to. It must have its hates and miseries, its yearnings and its problems—where weren't there such things? But they were hidden behind the pleasant, positive, outward hopeful things.

She returned to Ritch's arms. “I'm getting romantic; I'm dreaming.”

“Of what?”

“Of how it might be with us sometime.” She told him her dream. She cuddled her head against him as she talked; her hand reached up occasionally and touched his hair. Then she waited for him to support her dream, give it strength and realism. His eyes were closed; he was frowning.

“Lizbeth, what would you think if we went back and faced them?”

“Now? Why?” She was alarmed. This was so pleasant, so peaceful; why go back to all that had been, and still was, so dreadful?

“I can explain most things. I don't say they'll believe us—”

“And if Fred's still around?” she asked.

He had no answer to that; she was right.

“But you don't know what it's going to be. Hiding out, lying—I had a taste of it today.”

“Today I let you carry it all alone. Nothing's bad if we share it together. I'll do my part from now on. Please. Let's plan, Ritch—”

THERE were immediate problems; they went over them. First of all Mrs. Lindner's newspaper-reading habits, if any. If she were serviced by a newsboy on a route, they had to watch for him and get the paper first. If not, hope for the best. A few days' grace was all they needed, until their photos at least dropped out of the papers. Descriptions would soon drop out of radio news reports, too. Meanwhile Ritch would see to it that Mrs. Lindner's radio needed repair.

Next, the job which Ritch had told Mrs. Lindner he had. Lizbeth was loath to think of Ritch being away from her all day, but she realized that it had to be. It was finally decided that they would tell Mrs. Lindner, when she asked, that Mr. Smith was working for the Fresno Herald, canvassing advertisers. That way he was not expected to be in an office all day.

The most delicate problem was Carol. They were both aware of it, and had been putting it off. “You've got to keep Carol out of the way,” Ritch said sternly. He could already sense in her the despondency it invoked. “There must be a park you can take her to. Get her out early in the morning. Don't let her talk to anyone—Mrs. Lindner especially.”

Lizbeth tried to stifle her sadness. It was horrible to feel that you had to hide your child—especially when that child had been so long hidden. That was her trouble, the reason for her shyness, her lack of development. Ritch didn't have to worry about her talking to people; she never did; she didn't know how to.

“Are you worried about her?” he asked.

“I was just thinking of the strange day she's gone through.” It had begun with tears, ended with tears after all.

Ritch ached for her. He couldn't feel about Carol as she did, but he knew how deep her concern must be. Yet if he

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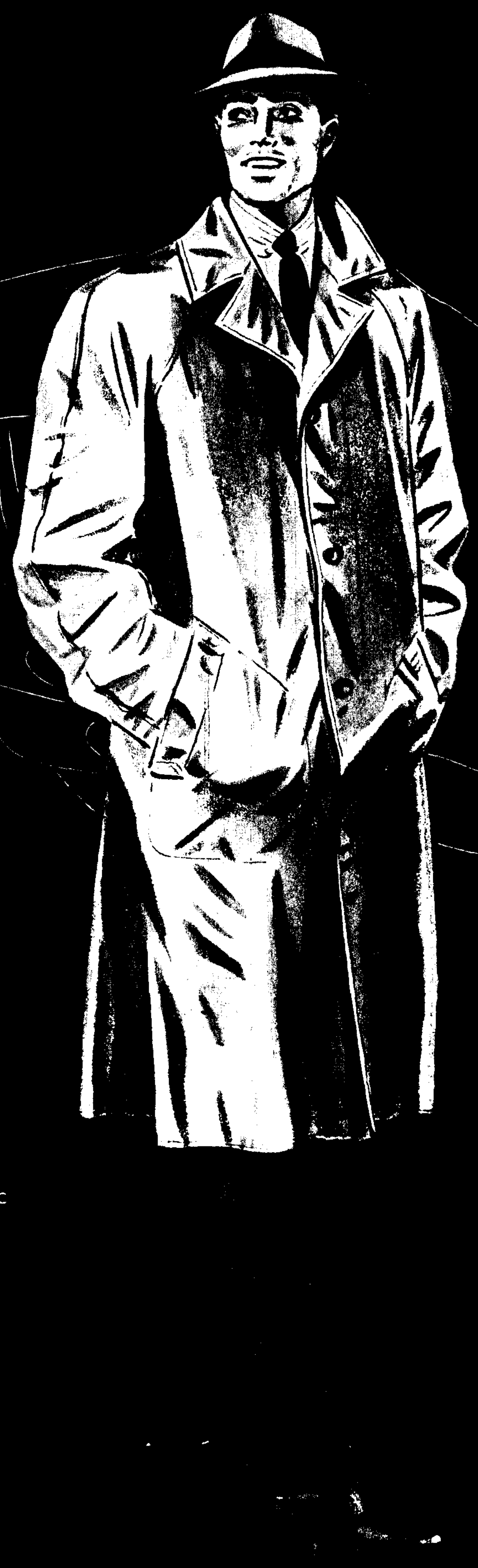

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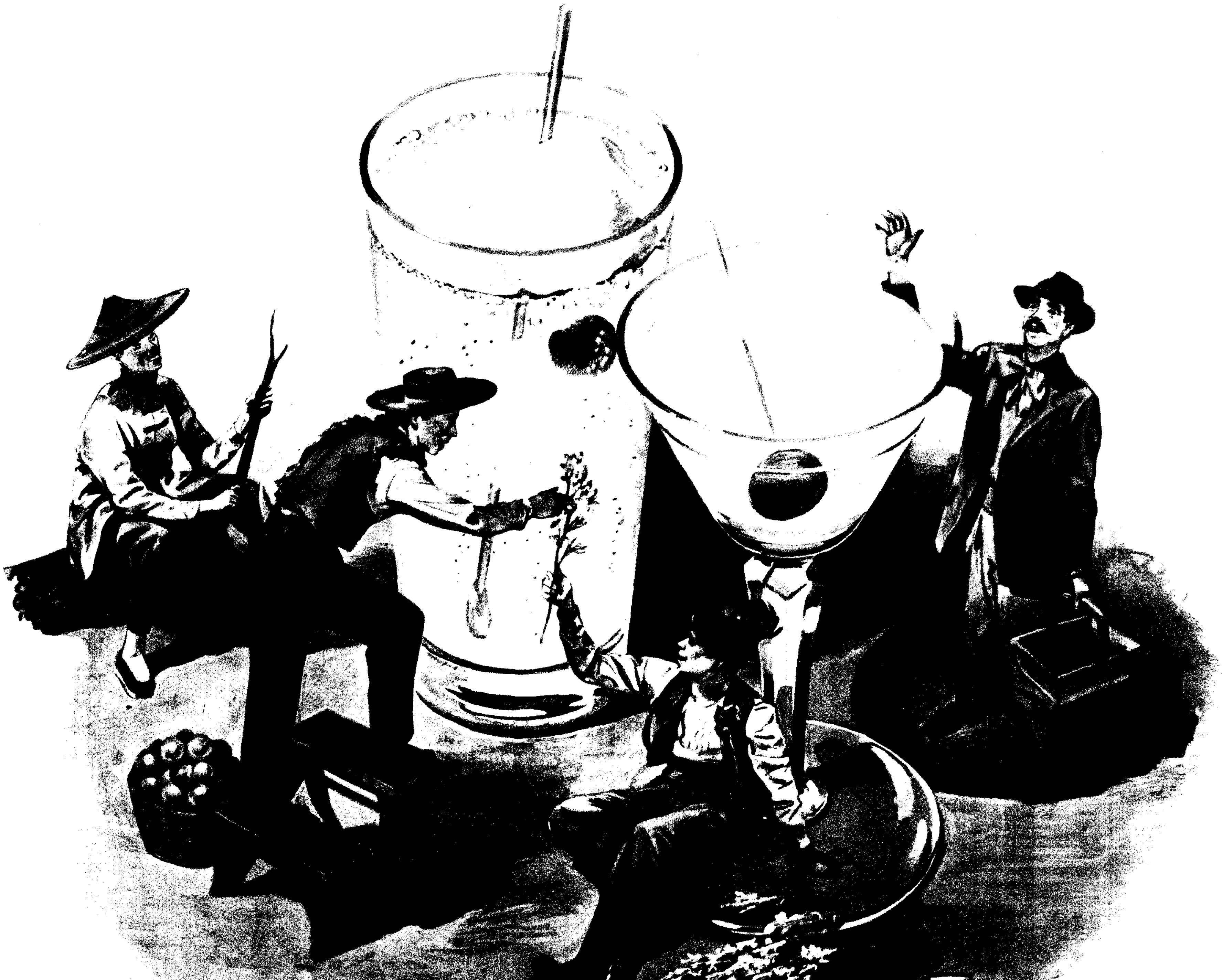

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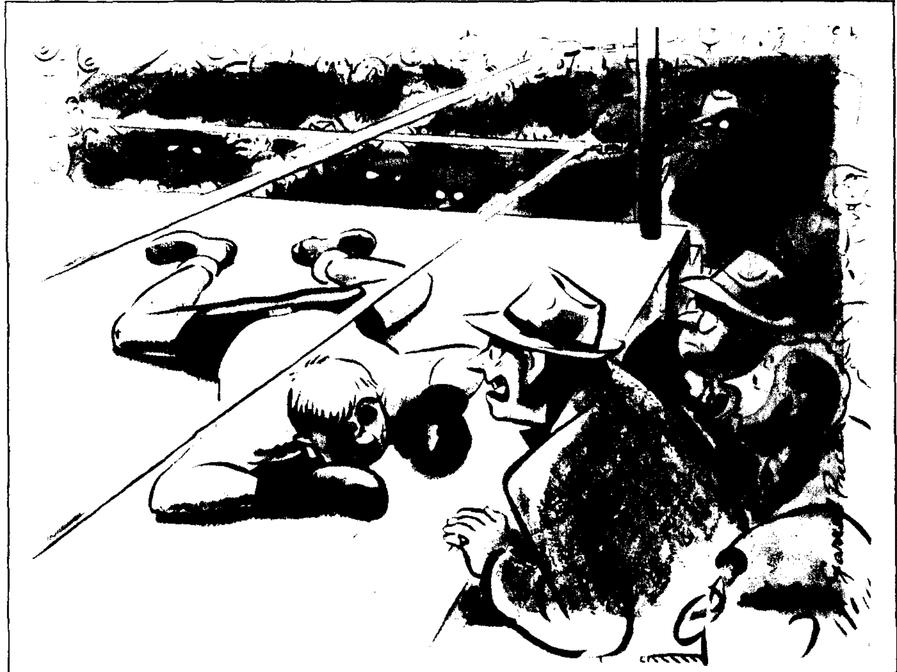
openly sympathized, it would only harass it, make it worse. He continued calmly, "Every change is hard on a child."

"I know—it'll work out; children forget."

"She *must* forget, Lizbeth—about her father, about a ranch at Northfield, Miss Dearborn . . ." That wasn't all of it. "There'll be things, too, that she'll have to learn to remember." They lay there for a long time, not speaking. Lizbeth wasn't resentful; she knew how he felt. Now that they had found each other, their staying together, keeping safe, meant more to him than anything. It was almost that way with her, too.

THEY lived at Mrs. Lindner's for three weeks. They started off being very busy. There was a lot of shopping to do, mainly. Carol had to have an entire wardrobe. Ritch was practically in the same fix; his one suit looked its price of $170. It was decided, too, that Lizbeth should put away her wardrobe, replace it with a cheaper, less-conspicuous one.

Because they could not go into a store, in a trio, and spectacularly order entire outfits, it took a great deal of time. Bit by bit, piece by piece, day by day.



"Get up! Everybody's staring at you"

COLLIER'S BARRETT PRICE

Carol had never been in department stores; she thought they were wonderful: the crowds, the excitement, the toy departments especially. Lizbeth also, before they went home, usually took her to an empty summer-neglected playground. Carol swung, hung on trapeze bars, skimmed down slides. Life became packed with new experiences.

At first this new life was not quite such a joy for Lizbeth. Mrs. Steele, in the recent past, everywhere she had gone, had received prompt, polite, special service from salespeople. Prices had not concerned her; she had not had to grapple, elbow and shove along with dozens of others, for inexpensive merchandise. She had always charged and sent things; had never had to wait at counters for bundles and change, first on one foot then the other, trying at the same time to keep her eye on a small child, keep her from mischief. Mainly she had not, since the early days of her marriage to Fred, known what it was to have to stand on crowded busses, her feet aching so badly she could cry.

Lizbeth, also, for the first time in her life, had to face her vanity. Their second day there, she bought herself a flowered rayon dress for $12.50. In the store she had not dared to try it on; dressing rooms were crowded; too many women at close quarters who would get too good a look at Lizbeth and Carol together.

At home, when Lizbeth put on the dress, she was miserable with disappointment. Stray threads dangled from the seams; a button was broken; the shoulder pads were atrocious; she pinched in the waist fullness, wondering if there was anything to be done about it. She looked shapeless, cheap, awful. At the same time she was ashamed of her petty worry. She decided that if she didn't apologize, and call it to Ritch's attention, he might never notice.

He did, though. "Now you're paring down to my size," he said when he came in.

"Do I look awful?"

"No, you look fine, because you don't look a bit like the chic Mrs. Steele. You just look pretty and adorable." He kissed her.

She was pleased. "I think with a few darts I can do something with it."

From the bedroom, Carol had been watching them. They saw that she had seen the kiss; it was the first time.

Carol didn't look startled, but something in her look made Lizbeth feel self-conscious.

"Have you got a kiss for me, too, monkey?" Ritch called affectionately.

Carol came in to him and let him kiss her. It was duty only; there was no warmth in it.

Lizbeth watched the situation for several days. She began to feel sorry for Ritch; his approaches, though not rebuffed, were received always with cold reserve.

"Mama," Carol said thoughtfully, "when am I going to see Daddy again?"

Lizbeth didn't answer. It seemed strange to her that as Fred had hated Carol so, he had nevertheless managed to create love and loyalty in her.

The awkwardness of the situation grew. Neither Ritch nor Lizbeth changed in their outward relationship to each other. Almost in defiance to Carol, at every move, Lizbeth displayed her affection for Ritch. She thought it would be an example. What worried her most was that Ritch now seemed to have stopped trying. When Lizbeth asked him about it, he said that lack of interest was sometimes more effective than interest. Lizbeth knew that he was not purposely hiding his interest; humanly, frighteningly, alarmingly, he was losing it.

One evening after they had both, together, put Carol to bed, and were settling down in the living room, Ritch asked, "What does she think I am to you, Lizbeth?"

Immediately she was on guard. "I don't know."

"What goes on in the mind of a five-year-old? Does she think of me as a friend, a father, what?"

"I don't know."

"We're beating about bushes. You're going to have to make some explanation about Fred."

"I don't know what to tell her. It'd be easy enough to say Fred's dead and you're her father now—"

"Then why don't you?"

She looked at him for a long moment. She wanted to be very honest; tried to figure exactly why she hadn't told Carol this; but honesty failed her. "Because it's not true," she said lamely. "We don't know it is. I try not to think! I don't even ask you about the papers. When I pass a stack of them on the street, or a newsboy, I look the other way."

"You could look now; it's dropping out."

"No new developments?"

"Nothing—except they found my car near the Union Station; they found where I bought the new one—"

"Then they've got the license number!"

"So what; we're not using the car." He held her very gently; he could feel her trembling. "Look, that's why we don't talk about it. Will you stop now?" He kissed her comfortingly. "You know, the reason you don't tell Carol is because you've gotten very chummy with her. You've gained her confidence again; you're afraid to upset that."

"I guess so, Ritch—but I promise—the minute I see she's really beginning to like you—"

"Okay," he said, "but let's hurry."

SHE quite forgot it because of another thing which happened. They'd been at Mrs. Lindner's about two weeks. Lizbeth had again been shopping with Carol. She caught sight of herself in a store window, she smiled, thinking of the new wiles and wisdom she had developed. She had found how to get service from salespeople on the only decent basis: two equals transacting business. If there were no seats on a bus, she had learned how to pick out the seated male with the most susceptible face, how to give him just the look—half appeal, half challenge—which would make him get up immediately. Just yesterday she had tried flirting with a butcher, most successfully.

She and Carol came to the corner in front of the courthouse, where they could get a bus. While they waited, Lizbeth's thoughts turned to Ritch. Each day she had worried more about how he spent his time. What did he do with himself? Read the papers? Walk? She remembered her lonely days on the ranch. Then suddenly she saw him.

He was coming out of the courthouse, down the steps. He paused, looked at his watch. Lizbeth knew exactly what he was thinking: It was now four o'clock—in an hour or so, thank heavens, he could go home. She also knew why he had been in the courthouse. Someplace familiar to go to, to hang about; sit in on this trial, then on that one; catch hold somehow of the life he had left. It upset her—not because she felt it was dangerous for him to go there; one place was as safe as another; but it hurt her because she knew what his hurt was.

She watched him go off down the street, pausing to look into windows, drawing out the day.

Yet when she told him that night that she had seen him and said, "You just can't stay away from courtrooms, can you?"—he denied it.

"That's not why I went; honest. Only it's good for the soul sometimes. Watch some poor guy—up there because he was caught with a cigarette stub filled with marijuana—and figure how lucky *you* are! That's what it's good for. Oh, it's interesting, too, sometimes. Why do you think you always see so many old street bums hanging around, especially in winter? Something's going on, and the place

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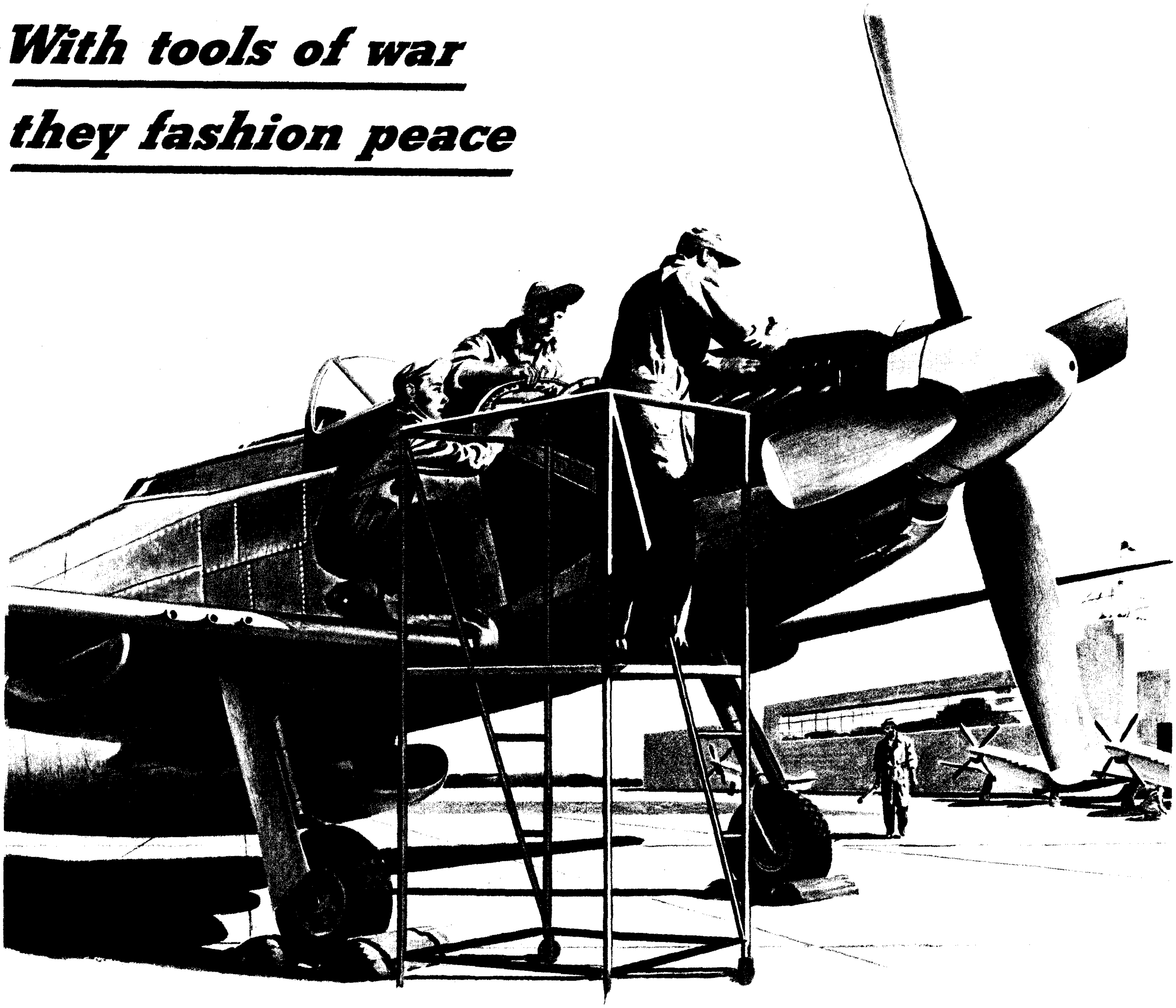

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is heated. Better than a park bench; cheaper than movies."

Lizbeth had been shortening one of Carol's new dresses. She put it aside; there was such a lump in her heart that she could hardly stand it. Ritch could feel sorry for a fellow who faced a marijuana charge; what might he soon be facing? "Street bums," he had said, "hanging around courthouses." Hadn't she made a street bum of him already? It was only beginning, perhaps, but it was there. He was shaved, nicely clothed, well fed, but there was another kind of poverty and hunger. Perhaps he didn't really miss anything; not yet. But if it had to go on like this—weeks long, months long—she wondered what it would do to him.

THE blow fell at the end of the third week. It was one of those blows which didn't look alarming at first, but it crept up on them.

Mrs. Lindner popped in on them one evening while they were at supper. She hadn't seen much of the Smiths; it had rather hurt her. She had begun to wonder if it weren't her fault: too timid about bursting in on them in the evenings. But, she had reasoned, a man gets home from a long hard day; he likes to relax, have his family to himself. Contact with Mrs. Smith in the daytime was impossible; she was always out; they were all gone, too, all day Sundays. But there was a way Mrs. Lindner could show them her friendliness and warm up things a bit. She had just thought of it; the thought excited her.

"I don't know why it didn't occur to me before—but you two cooped up here night after night—I'll take care of Carol if you want to go out!"

"That's very sweet of you—" Ritch began.

"I can come in and look at her every now and then—or I'll sit here with her. I won't mind. And I'm sure she'll be a good girl—"

"Perhaps some other time; I have some reports to make out tonight—"

"Nonsense. Don't *you* think your mother and father should go out?" she asked Carol.

Carol gave her a brief, solemn look. "He's not my father." Then she looked again at her plate, continued eating.

It seemed impossible that such a quiet little voice could have such a big effect. Mrs. Lindner glanced from one to the other; she sensed the Smiths' nervousness, and it made her nervous. Ritch started to speak; Lizbeth put her hand on his arm. Here it was; she hoped it was not too late so far as Mrs. Lindner and their safety was concerned.

"What Carol means," she said slowly, trying to keep her voice steady, "is that Mr. Smith hasn't been her father very long. Mr. Smith and I have just been married."

"Oh." Mrs. Lindner was not critical, but embarrassed; trying to overcome it, she said warmly, "Well, anyway, the offer still goes! Why don't you?"

"We'll take advantage of it some other night," Ritch assured her.

With thanks and other expressions of gratitude he got Mrs. Lindner to the door, and out. Carol seemed unaware that her comment had caused difficulty. Lizbeth knew though that the situation with Mrs. Lindner was precarious now. Had her curiosity been aroused? What would be the result of it?

It was on Ritch's mind, too. Usually he lingered over his coffee; tonight he got up and went to the front windows. He could see Mrs. Lindner on her screened-in porch, sitting by a lamp, rocking, listening to her radio, which had been repaired. "I think I'll get some air."

Lizbeth watched him go, worriedly. "Come on, Carol, you can help me with the dishes."

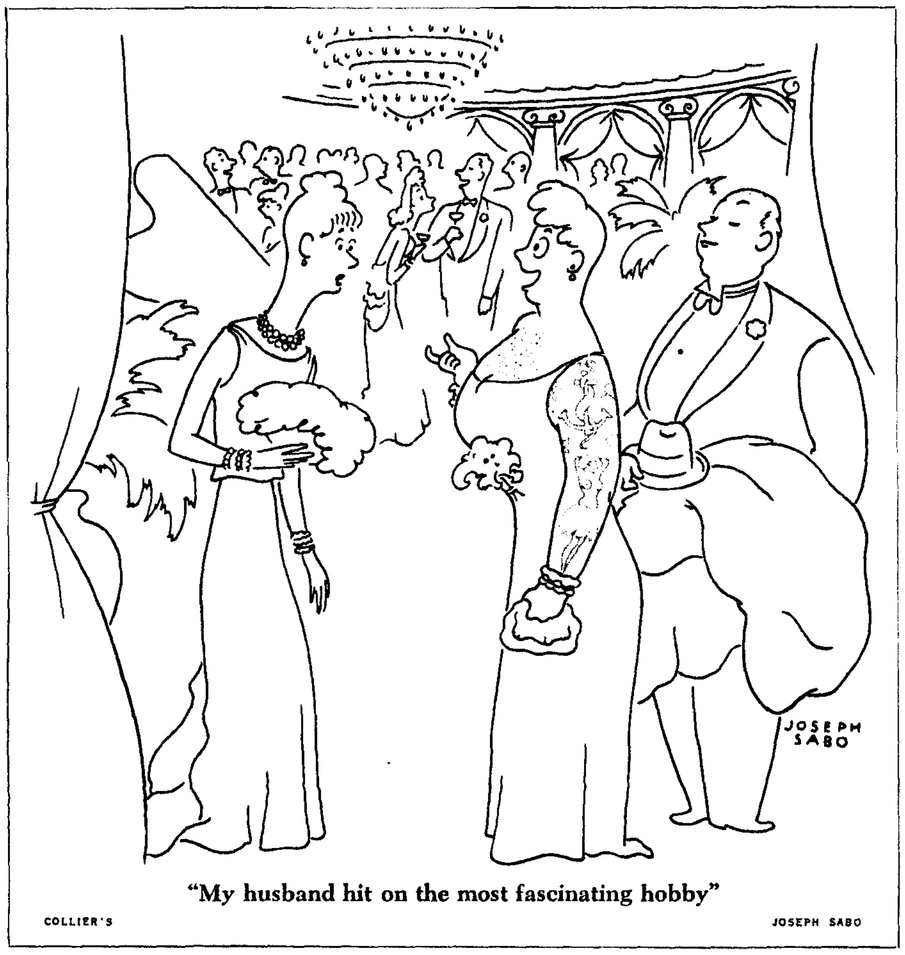
A few minutes later Ritch stood on the front lawn, lighting his pipe. Then he looked up toward the porch. "May I talk to you, Mrs. Lindner?"

"Yes, of course; come up."

He sat on the porch swing, opposite her. She reached out and turned down the radio; not off, but down. Ritch was vaguely conscious that it was some sort of a Hollywood news program. He heard, ". . . while I was on the set today, in my weekly tour around the sound stages . . ."

He came to the point. "My wife's terribly embarrassed; she feels I ought to explain to you—"

"Mr. Smith, I don't pry into people's business." She spoke with a certain simple dignity which Ritch had to respect. "I think there's too much prying in the world as it is. Naturally, I can't help feel-



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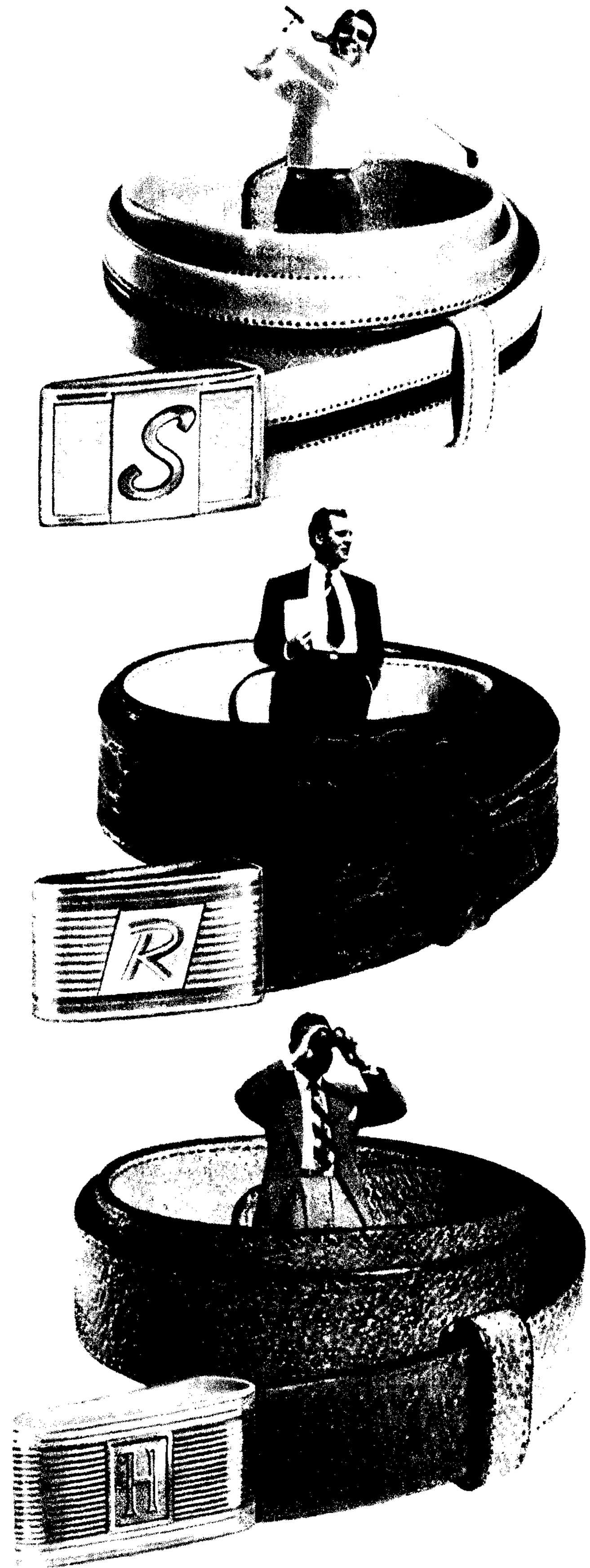

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ing curious about the little one. Is the poor child's father dead, is that it?"

"No . . ." His own doubt on that subject made him hesitant. "Mrs. Smith married the wrong person. Fortunately we were able to rectify that."

"Well—" Mrs. Lindner leaned back, fanned herself with a magazine which she drew out of a rack at her feet. "I happen to be a Catholic, but I don't let my beliefs interfere with my opinions of others—"

"That makes you a very unusual person."

"If people want to get divorced—" She kept eying the radio. "Would you mind?" she asked suddenly. "I haven't heard this program for a couple of weeks." She didn't wait for his reaction; she turned up the volume. "He usually tells you what pictures to see; you can always really go by him; he's marvelous."

THEY both listened. Ritch recognized the gushy voice; it was talking about Steele's new picture. Ritch listened first with alarm, eventually with disgust. "Although its producer and creator is still missing, and though the search goes on relentlessly for his wife and child, it's as though that great and inspiring being were still present on the set—as though he were still guiding the picture's destiny. Each time the sound track spills forth those magic melodies of his, every worker on the set is reminded of Frederick Steele's genius, and of the great care and love with which he prepared this picture. They are also reminded that it was a peculiar insistence of Steele's that, contrary to procedure, he prerecord the entire picture—that even its so-called background music be completed before a single foot of story should be photographed. Was it because he felt a premonition? Was it because he knew that one dark night he would meet his fate—"

Ritch, nauseated, hardly heard the rest of it. He was aware that in a moment it was over, and that Mrs. Lindner had turned off the radio with the remark, "I guess he'd already given the picture of the week."

The offensiveness of it, to Ritch, had temporarily overridden his fear, but now that fear was back, strong and harrowing. He knew, sinkingly, that as long as Sun at Dawn was in production, as long as it showed on movie screens, as long as there was a dollar to be squeezed out of it, Fred Steele and the mystery which had engulfed him would not be permitted to be forgotten. Mrs. Lindner had clearly shown herself to be a movie addict. He saw now that the magazine she had in her hand was a movie magazine, there were dozens more in the rack beside her. There could be nothing in any of them yet about Steele or his wife or daughter, but there would be soon, with photos.

"Now! I'm sorry," said Mrs. Lindner. "Let's go on with our little talk. The only thing is I wish you'd told me about you and Mrs. Smith; you told me quite a different story."

"I apologize. I led you to believe something else, because of Carol. We try not to remind her of the past, we try not to remind ourselves. A second chance, a new beginning, is very hard to get in this world, Mrs. Lindner."

"I know—perfectly. With everybody. With countries. Why, just before you came out here, I was listening to a news broadcast from Washington . . ." She settled down enjoyably to her new subject; it was so seldom she had anyone to talk to. "Isn't it depressing what's going on in the world? And when I think my son died to—oh, well." She conquered her momentary weakness and continued: "There's just too much greed in the world. Why should there have to be such a thing as power; why can't people live without it?"

Her voice went on: "I don't know—I'm just an ordinary person; I don't know the answer for it. But until the greed for power is destroyed, I don't see how anything can go ahead."

"It can't," he said. She had been looking at him, waiting for an answer.

"Take Hitler," she said. "They say he's dead. But whether he's dead or not, part of him has gone into other people. That's what this man in Washington said just a little while ago before you came out. He said greed and lust for power are like the germs of the common cold. They're everywhere. It depends on people's susceptibility whether they get them or not, whether they're run down, spirits, energy low—you know, like you are when you've got a cold. And even the people that aren't run down, they carry the germs, pass them along. This man said it's not enough to treat people who have already got the cold, but that you've got to stop the carriers. He said that it's the worst germ in the world. The big 'I am' germ I think he also called it. Don't you think things are in an awful mess, Mr. Smith?"

Ritch didn't answer. It was along toward the beginning of her words about Hitler that he had begun to listen. It had struck him sharply, suddenly then, what an analogy there was between Frederick Steele and Hitler. Not only the mystery surrounding their disappearance, but their personalities; their desires in the world, their jealousies, their twisted loves, their torment over impure strains, their cruelties. Mrs. Lindner had referred to the germ emanating from such people as Hitler, and so surely infecting other people. Steele had infected Jerry; he had infected Miss Dearborn, and God knew how many other people. They had felt his superiority and had wanted to share it with him, even at the cost of self-respect and decency. And now, too, it was apparent that he had infected his studio. They believed in his genius and his leadership even more strongly since he was presumed dead.

IT MADE Ritch sad. He had the feeling that Steele's body, dead or alive, would never show up now. It would remain an ironic question mark to haunt them eternally, keep afire the flames of his ugly memory. From sadness he came to anger; he got up, began to walk around.

Mrs. Lindner watched him worriedly. "Mr. Smith—I didn't upset you?"

"What?" he asked. "What?"

"You seem so unhappy suddenly. What is it, Mr. Smith?"

He came out of his anger, looked at her. Her expression was sweet, anxious. Oh, yes: yes, he had to do something about that. She was a damn' nice woman; he even liked her; but they had to get away from her. He said, "Well, yes—something does bother me. I've been trying to get around to mentioning it. It's not that we haven't liked it here—but, well, you know how women are: Mrs. Smith is so anxious for a kitchen!"

Even as he said it, the stupid ridiculous mirthlessness of it made him ache inside. A kitchen—as though that was what Lizbeth wanted. She wanted peace, love, safety, contentment. So did he. So did the world.

"Oh, well, of course! You mean you've found something?" Mrs. Lindner looked only slightly disappointed.

"I'm not sure. I'll know tomorrow. But that's what Mrs. Smith has been doing every day, scouring the town—"

"Well, for heaven's sake, you don't have to worry about me! I can fill up the rooms quick enough." She went on about it: how much she had enjoyed them, how nice and quiet they had been. "Tell the truth, though, next time I think I'll get a little more noisy people—you know, talkative, gabby. I do get lonely."

"I'm glad you're not upset." He wished he could touch her, pat her, show her how nice he thought she was.

"Not at all. I understand perfectly."

They moved the next evening at six o'clock.

(To be continued next week)

FRIEND OF THE GREAT ZACCHETTI

Continued from page 17

have his destiny depend on a child's challenge. Ross was watching him. Had he meant what he had said? Well, he had said it—or had it been spoken for him—and the three of them had taken him at his word. While they waited for his answer the silence widened.

He looked at Hilary, feeling Ross' eyes still on him.

"Yes, it could help me do that easy, kid."

His sudden knowledge gave him an odd sensation. He felt a kind of happiness he had not known for a long time. With this thing he would give his friend, Ross, the strength the boy would need when he was older and had to face doubt.

"When'll you show us?" Hilary said.

"You can come here tomorrow night. Okay? So run home now, you two, and we see about your bombs." After Hilary and Bob left he said to Ross, smiling, "There are many Hilarys in the world. We will show them together, yes?"

"We?" Ross repeated. "Gee, what can I do, Zacchetti? I wish I *could* help you."

"You can, my friend. No, I am very serious. This will be a hard thing. That is why without you I cannot succeed. While I am up there you must keep believing it. Do not stop. That will give me strength and there will be no doubt, then, about breaking the record."

"Sure," Ross said almost in a whisper. "Sure."

"Let us shake hands and remember. Tomorrow afternoon I rest, but you come at night with them and do as I say. Then the record goes *pouf*."

That evening he limited himself to seventy turns and later had Van Huyt send a man to massage him. He said nothing, however, of what was in his mind. Lying in his bunk afterward he could distinguish the multitudes of small night sounds outside the trailer: the horses shook their heads; an elephant dragged its chain; light winds fluttered the tent, and cars passed at intervals along the highway.

His thoughts sank into the past. He heard LeFond cursing him a hundred times, a thousand, but always teaching him, or boasting of the command performance before the little princesses at which he had set the record. Suddenly, for the first time, doubt assailed him. The other had been only twenty-nine, thirteen years younger. He felt himself perspiring.

His fear ebbed as abruptly as it had come when he thought of Ross, the steady blue eyes and the serious, sensitive mouth. Princesses, he exclaimed to the darkness. What was good enough for them was not sufficient for his friend. And strangely, with that thought he felt better and fell asleep.

ROSS' uncle, Doctor Bondy, asked, "Say, how many times already have you kids seen this?"

"Hilary and me twice," Bob said. "I guess Ross was here every day."

"But tonight's special," Hilary added, as they squeezed past a dozen pairs of knees to get to their seats. "Zacchetti thinks he's going to break the record."

"You be quiet," Ross commanded.

The boy had hardly spoken all evening, the doctor realized.

"You all right, Ross?" he inquired.

"Yes, Uncle Dick. Zacchetti is, too, going to break the record. Don't you think he could?"

"I don't know, son."

As soon as the lights were lowered, the clowns came tumbling over one another into the ring. After them was the human pyramid, followed by the dancers, who were succeeded in turn by the elephants. When, when, *when* will he come? wondered Ross. He sat perfectly still, his throat hurting, until at last he saw him, dressed in white tights, standing motionless in the wings.

Immediately after Van Huyt announced him, it was plain that Zacchetti had varied his routine. Instead of mounting the rope suspended from the top of the tent hand over hand, as in the past, he gripped it with his legs. At the same time he signaled to be raised and held a piece of paper out to the ringmaster, who glanced up quickly. The ringmaster's face was grave as he spoke briefly to the band leader and returned to the center of the ring.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he an-

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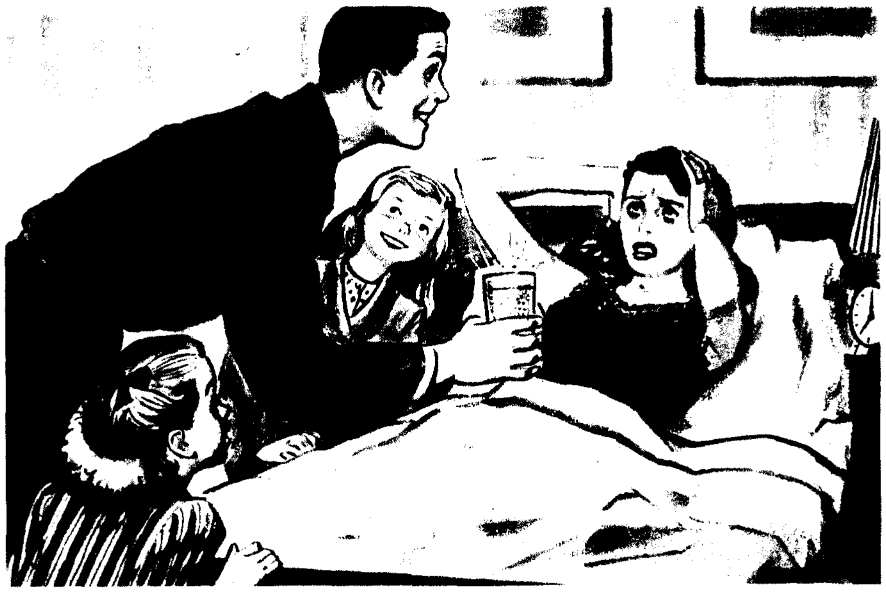

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nounced, and the patent-leather boots into which his white breeches were thrust flashed beneath the spotlight as he strode, "your attention, please. Within the next few minutes the Great Zacchetti will attempt to break the world's record for the giant one-arm swing, which now stands at one hundred and fifty. In view of this, we will omit his less spectacular but daring feats on the high bar."

The band resumed as everyone applauded. Ross watched Zacchetti transfer to the horizontal bar high above, balancing delicately and testing the strap around his wrist. Beneath him hung a short length of rope ending in a silk loop into which he now thrust his hand. Then he left the bar and swayed slowly fifty feet above the ground. For an instant his legs extended straight out from his body. With a sudden tremor he had described a giant circle, his entire body a spoke, about the loop.

ROSS began to count. His chest was a well of pain and his neck hurt but he paid no attention. Zacchetti had gathered momentum and the pin-wheel motion became continuous and regular. Ten, the boy counted. At forty he was afraid to think how many yet remained. The white blur continued and every tenth revolution was punctuated by a roll of the drums.

He found himself standing, but it was as if it were someone else who shook off his uncle's restraining hand. He was shouting, too, and it was as if a strange voice came from his constricted throat.

As the acrobat passed one hundred the music grew lower, as though even the players were awed at the tireless performance. It was more than Ross had ever seen him do, but still there was no end. The pain within the boy grew, but he took no more notice of it than of the tears that ran down his cheeks.

At one hundred and forty, Van Huyt, who had been standing to one side of the ring, drew a shiny nickel revolver from his pocket. Ross counted through blurred eyes from which his fists kept striking the tears away so he could see . . . forty-seven, forty-eight, forty-nine, one hundred and fifty! The pistol went off.

Still the white figure swung one, two, three . . . four times more before halting halfway through the next swing and hanging while Zacchetti's feet and free hand groped weakly for the other rope which the attendants lowered quickly to the ground.

Ross was aware of nothing, neither the roars of the crowd nor Van Huyt's announcement as Zacchetti was helped backstage. What he had seen and felt he knew he could never forget. The tears still coursed down his face.

There were two more acts. At the end he felt his uncle's arm across his shoulders as the people around them rose to leave.

"Let's wait until the rest get out," his uncle said. "Are you all right?"

"Yes, Uncle Dick," answered Ross calmly. He felt different, older.

"You're sure? I didn't think it would upset you so."

"We have to go back and see him, Uncle Dick."

"Well, Ross, I don't know. It's late and—"

"Please, Doctor Bondy," Hilary said.

"We have to," Ross went on. "He's my friend and I promised." He sounded very solemn.

Van Huyt barred their way to the door of Zacchetti's trailer.

"Nobody can go in, please. We are waiting for the doctor."

"I'm a doctor."

The expression on Van Huyt's face changed. "Come this way, please," he said.

Ross alone followed his uncle and the ringmaster up the three steps. Inside, Zacchetti lay in his bunk, still in costume, his eyes closed. The gasoline lantern overhead made all the shadows soft and solid. Sitting on a stool, the doctor leaned over and put his ear to the hard chest. Zacchetti opened his eyes.

"Hello," he said. "We did it, Ross, yes?"

"Yes."

"You liked it?"

"It was great—the greatest act I ever saw."

"Sure. You know, up there I could feel you. It helped me."

Doctor Bondy sat up and Ross said, "This is my uncle. He's a doctor."

"How do you do?" Doctor Bondy said.

Zacchetti acknowledged the introduction with a nod and a smile.

"You'll be all right," the doctor said, "but—"

"I know," Zacchetti said. "No more *up there*, right?"

"Zacchetti—" Ross began.

"My friend, it doesn't matter. Without it was one, maybe two years more. Like this they never forget, huh?"

"No."

"It is late," the acrobat said, holding his hand out. "You go back with Hilary and Bob. No more atomic bombs. We are friends, yes? And you know what a thing we have done together. That is the most important. So good night."

The boy was unable to speak as they shook hands. He turned and the doctor stood up also but Zacchetti called him back.

"Please, Doctor, one moment. Van Huyt will show the boy out. Thank you." When the two men were alone, Zacchetti took a velvet box from beneath his pillow and handed it over. "For Ross, please, tomorrow after I have gone. It is something my old friend LeFond gave me. He received it for breaking the record and I give it to the boy."

"He'll be very proud," the doctor said. "And what will you do?"

"I? Perhaps I will go to sea for a few years. There is no need to worry, I assure you. Doctor, you have seen much of life?"

"Every doctor does."

"So. And you have thought much of it, also?"

"Yes, I've done that, too."

"Good. Then, if you will, please tell this to the boy—not yet but sometime when he is older. You comprehend, I *must* break the record because with my big mouth in front of his friends I say if a man believes a thing enough, he can do it."

"So that was it?"

"Yes and now he sees. He learns something of life." He paused, shaking his head slowly on the pillow. "Maybe you think I teach him the lesson, Doctor? I say *no*. I, the big mouth who talk and travel so much and has seen the world, it is I who learn more than the boy does. At forty-two years he makes me see tonight what it is to have really faith. You will tell him this one day, please."

"I'll tell him," Doctor Bondy said. "And now you'd better get some rest. Good night and—good luck."

"Thank you. *Au revoir.*"

None of the boys spoke as Dr. Bondy drove them home. It was the first time he had ever known that to happen.

THE next morning Ross took the bus to the circus grounds after breakfast. The workmen had been busy through the night and there was nothing left except the holes where the stakes had been driven, some straw and the sawdust circle marking the ring.

Standing where he thought Zacchetti's trailer had been, he looked at the sky. The wind blew his thick hair, and his fingers combed it away from his eyes. Presently, he walked in the direction from which he had come. He didn't look back. His forehead was wrinkled. He had much to think about.

THE END

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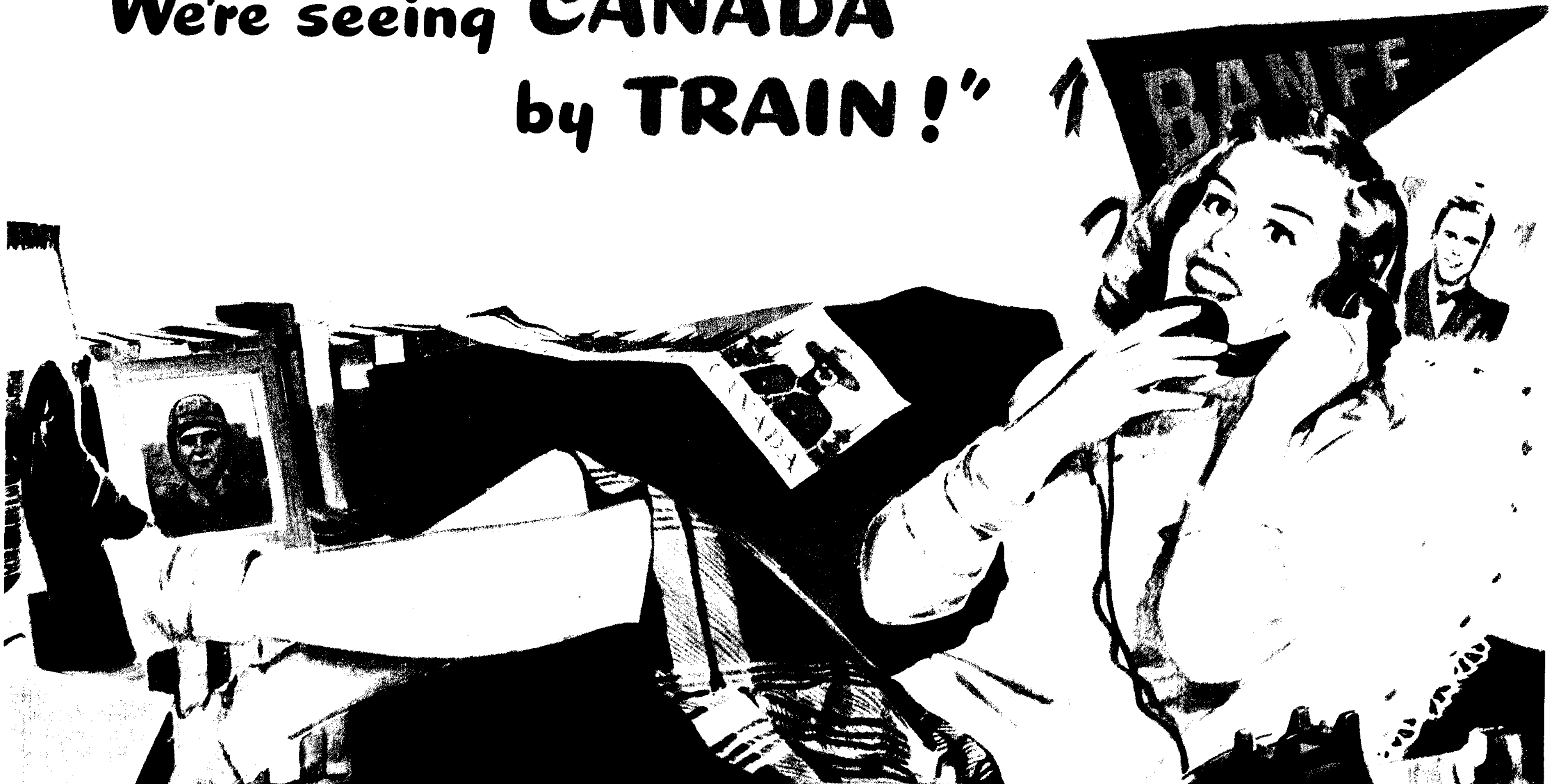

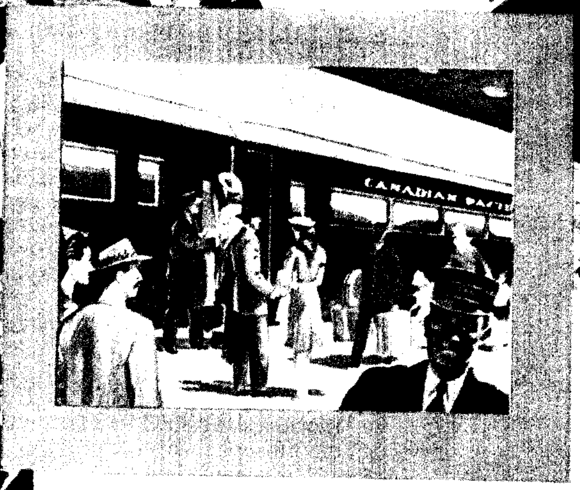
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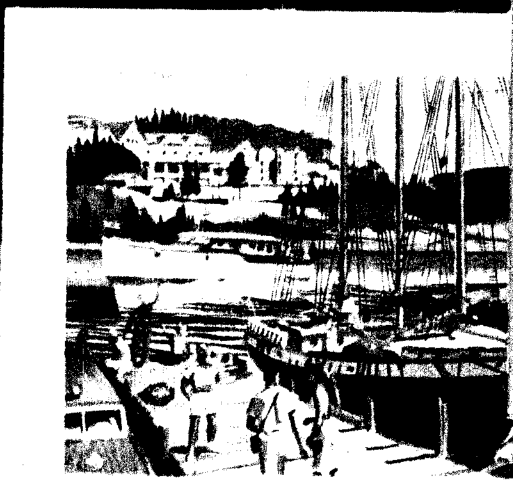
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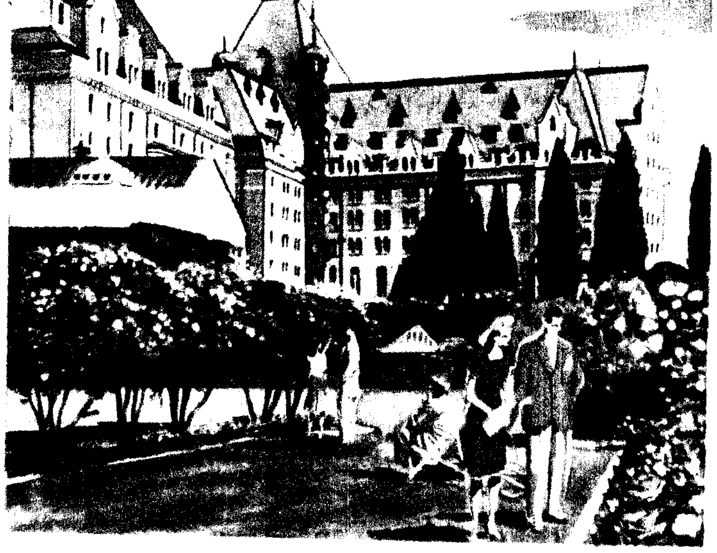
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RABBITY BOY

Continued from page 20

that Cecil would mortgage the house and barn his daddy had left him there on the banks of the Caloosahatchee to be taking Florida Cason to the frolic. Big Jim knew these things, but he knew them without understanding. The way he knew these things were heavy and thick and loud—the way Big Jim was himself.

The big man's heavily handsome face was smooth. "Got me a new gal for this frolic—"

Cecil's loneliness was a great, dragging weight.

Big Jim moved in for the kill. "A mighty pretty gal, Cecil. Mighty pretty. Wispy, Cecil, but formed. Dark-eyed and stormy, but laughin'. And Big Jim Hallet is courtin' her, Cecil. Big Jim Hallet is aimin' to show her a time!"

Cecil knew what was coming and it came. It came and Cecil shuddered with the hurt of it.

"Florida, Cecil. Florida Cason!" Big Jim watched him closely.

Cecil tried to concentrate on the job he was doing. He slit the belly of another bass. He slit it long and he slit it deep. He tried to drive the heart-strangling memories of that girl from his mind with the hatred that he felt for Big Jim Hallet. He tried not to think of last Saturday night—of the frolic then, and the burning shame of it.

HE SHOULD have known when Miz Gribble asked him to take her visiting niece, Florida Cason, to the frolic. He should have known then but he didn't. Cecil was not a frolicking man. He looked on partying as a chore. At the dance he had been lost in his shyness. His woods-going grace had gone numb. He had been shiny-faced, bumbling and fumbling. He had been smitten and racked by the sparkling beauty of Florida Cason's great brown eyes.

Lips working, he had beaten his way through two sets of square dancing. Then, lost in Florida's loveliness, he had joined the big circle for a Paul Jones. Florida's soft hand had been in his when the music had broken.

The round dance had started. Cecil had taken Florida awkwardly in his arms. He had felt a heavy, hamlike hand on his shoulder. He had turned. Big Jim's mocking face had been close to his own.

"This here, neighbor, is a round dance. Now let a round-dance man take over!"

Cecil had stared at Big Jim.

"Go on, now, do!" the big man had said.

"Why, Miss Cason and me, we're—"

The hand on Cecil's thin shoulder had become heavier.

Cecil had swallowed. He had stammered.

Florida Cason had started to speak. She had looked at Cecil. She had changed her mind.

Big Jim had shouldered Cecil out of the way.

"Hold on there, Hallet!" Cecil had managed to say. He had missed the smile of encouragement that Florida had given him then.

Big Jim had stopped in the process of folding Florida into his powerful arms. "You say somethin'?"

The music had stopped. The crowd had strained to hear what was said.

Cecil had stared at the curious faces. He had stared at Big Jim's baiting smile. He had felt Florida's puzzled gaze upon him. He had prayed for the right words to say. He had prayed for the courage to strike out at the heavy, smiling face before him. The sweat had poured from his face. His hands had clenched and unclenched. Then, as if dreaming, he had turned and walked from the floor. Big Jim's roaring laughter had followed him to the door. Then, as Cecil had reached the door, the laughter had stopped. Big Jim had shouted, "No hard feelin's, neighbor!"

Cecil had turned. He had twisted his lean, shy face in an aching grin. "No hard feelin's," he had said.

"Old rabbity boy," he had heard someone say.

He hadn't waited for Florida. He had started home, taking the short cut along the river, past Bride's Folly. He had walked in a nightmare of shame.

THE shame was on Cecil now, as Big Jim baited him. With an effort, Cecil drove the thoughts of his shame from his mind. He tried to concentrate on his hatred of Big Jim. He tried to nourish it. He hoped that someday he would be able to goad that hatred into action. But now, as always, he felt the hatred cooling and misting away. He felt the hatred giving way to his permanent longing for the sweet, quiet scent of the piny woods—for the deep, dark peace of the swamp. He relaxed.

Big Jim Hallet was disappointed. The baiting was bad today. He changed the subject.

"Been out in the swamp?"

"Ever' day, mighty near."

Cecil sprawled his lean, lanky body across the stoop. He waited. He knew that his shy, lonesome ways made idle, foolish talk. Talk that nobody really believed, but laughing talk. Talk about his seeing things in Ounita Swamp that no man had a right to see. Talk about his pining for Ounita, the Bride of the Swamp. Talk about his speaking with critters. Crazy talk. And Cecil, his lonesomeness having gradually given rise to stubborn resentment, had done nothing to discourage the talk.

"See anythin'?"

"Mebbe."

Big Jim was playing him carefully. "Plat-eye? Nixie?"

"Now—that could be."

Cecil knew that Big Jim was fishing for a story to tell at the frolic. He could picture Big Jim's success as he would stand, Florida's hand in his own, perhaps, and roar to an admiring group of his friends: "Say, now, I seen old Cecil today. Old rabbity boy's been out in the swamp. Been out there with the plat-eyes. . . ."

Cecil was bitterly satisfied with the picture. Let 'em talk, dog take 'em, let 'em talk! he thought. I'll give 'em plenty to talk about!

Big Jim was carefully casual. "Seen the Bride?"

"Why, no, I've not."

Big Jim's face fell.

"Said howdy to a critter, though."

Jim brightened. "Say you did?"

"Your critter."

Big Jim Hallet's size-thirteen slippers hit the floor. "My critter?" he roared.

"Boar hog of yours. Said his name was Ralph."

The personal reference left Big Jim wide open.

Cecil's thin face was straight. "Old Ralph, he said he sure doubted it if he ever went on home. He said he never cared for the way you treated him. He said when he was with you he didn't get proper vittles. He said the only nourishment he got was the turpentine he taken out of the trees in the piny woods. He said you was a mighty mean man."

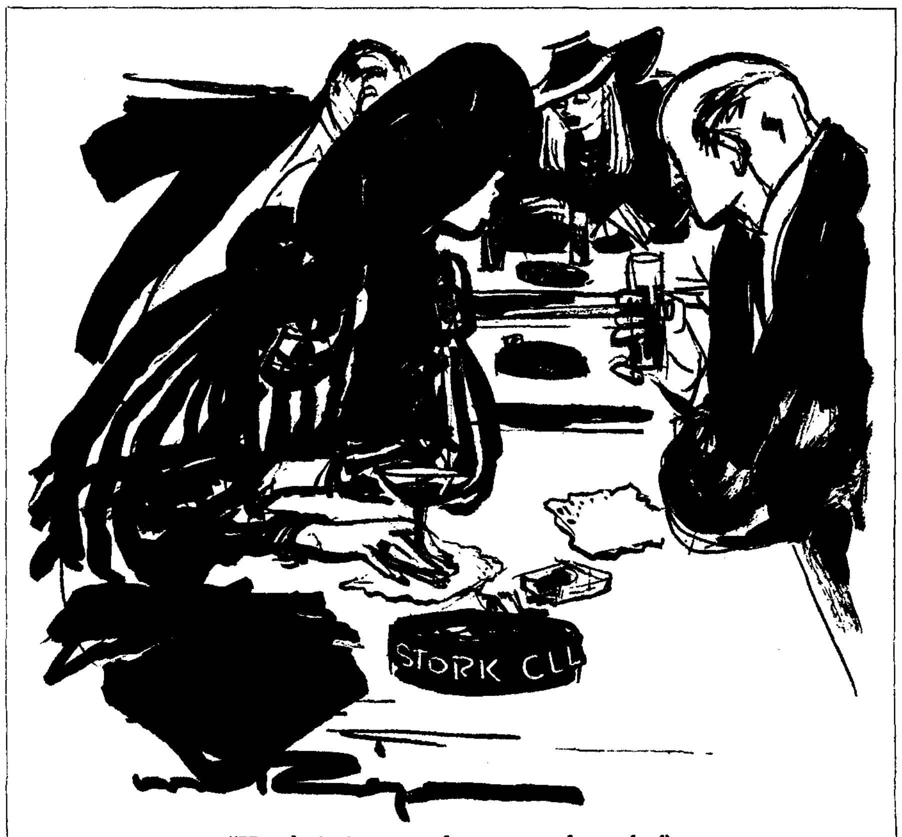
Big Jim had come there to bait. He hadn't come there to be baited. Like most baiting men, his wits left him when the tables were turned. He had had enough. He rose to leave.

"Sad off," he said. "Boy, you are purely sad off! I want to tell you, you've lived here too long by yourself. I want to tell you, you have turned off real loony. You best to go on out and talk to the Bride!"

"Tonight," Cecil said. "Hallet, I'll be there tonight. It's the full of the moon and that's where I'll be. The moon rises at twelve o'clock and the bass will rise with the moon. If the Bride is there, I'll sure see her!"

"Daggone such a crazy!" Big Jim muttered as he left.

Outside the gate he pulled up short. An idea had come to him. A wonderful, beautiful idea. By the time he reached the clay road that led past Cecil's house to Miz Gribble's—where he was to pick up Florida Cason for the frolic—he was laughing. He was roaring. He had



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thought of something very funny. He'd show old crazy-folks who was the baiting man in that section. Big Jim roared. He just didn't know if he could stand it, it was that funny.

Cecil didn't stand as Big Jim Hallet was leaving. He didn't even bother to give him goodby. He went on thinking his lonely thoughts. And his thoughts took him now, as they often did, to Bride's Folly. . . .

Bride's Folly is halfway between Cecil's property and the edge of town; ten minutes walk—either way—for those who know the trail by the river. Bride's Folly is a spring-fed pool of water forty feet from side to side. It is skirted by the river trail and is set in the edge of Ounita Swamp—the length of two coconut palms from the Gulf-bound Caloosahatchee. It is a dark, whispering place of black waters—a place rung around with gaunt cypresses that stand knee-deep at the edge of the black waters like patient sentinels. A place made drunk with the thick sweetness of magnolias, gardenias, azaleas and jessamine.

This is Ounita's place. This is the burial place of the Bride of the Swamp.

Ounita was the daughter of the commander of the old Spanish fort that once stood on the banks of the Caloosahatchee and trained its twelve-pounders on the mouth of San Carlos Bay. Ounita was to be married to a handsome young captain in her father's command. Ounita was young and she was dark and lovely. She was fiercely in love with her captain. As these stories go, Ounita's captain was killed—on the very day of his marriage. Killed and scalped by a raiding party of Seminoles up from the glades. That night, in the full of the moon, dressed in her bridal finery, Ounita disappeared. A week later searchers found her lace mantilla floating atop the black waters of the place that came to be known as Bride's Folly.

The story also has it that strange things happen at Bride's Folly in the full of the moon: the yearning sigh of a maiden; and for those who are quick, a sight of the Bride herself.

This is the place that Cecil loved. This is the place he often went. And this is the story that Cecil, lonely from his years in the swamp and the scrub—from his closeness to things that are felt and not seen—sometimes more than half believed.

For Cecil, Ounita had become a symbol of happiness, of beauty and of peace—of things as they should have been or as they might yet be.

CECIL wasn't on his stoop when Florida walked by with Big Jim. Cecil was in bed—pretending to sleep. He didn't know that Florida looked for him as she walked past his house, looked for him and wondered. He didn't know that Florida, before her bitter disappointment in his rabbity ways, had sensed in him an aloneness, a certain wild yearning, that she had often felt in herself. He didn't know that his weakness at the previous frolic had destroyed for her a growing illusion of strange things sought for—and found. Florida thought of these things and she sighed.

Big Jim said, "Honey, that white frock you're wearin' is sure pretty!"

Florida brightened. Big Jim was handsome. He was big and hearty and gay. Florida knew that she was lucky to be going to a frolic with him rather than with some half-wild, rabbity boy like Cecil. She knew this, yet she wondered.

She took a white lace scarf from around her shoulders and arranged it over her dark hair. She smiled pertly at Big Jim. "Do you like it this way?" she asked.

"Why, I tell you that's the dandiest thing I ever saw. I tell you, that is really fine!" Big Jim roared.

Florida was pleased. She knew that the scarf, thrown mantilla-style over her hair, gave her a certain other-worldly quality that helped make her the center of attraction at frolics and play-parties, and she was pleased at Big Jim's enthusiasm.

The frolic was fine. Florida had bids for every set the minute she walked in the door. The music was loud and lively, and the way old man Strout called those sets was a caution. He called them clear and he called them snappy. He bit the words off on the jump of the rhythm real smart. Florida could have danced all night. She was disappointed when they finished playing Good Night Ladies.

Big Jim led her to the door. "It's a mighty pretty night, honey," he said.

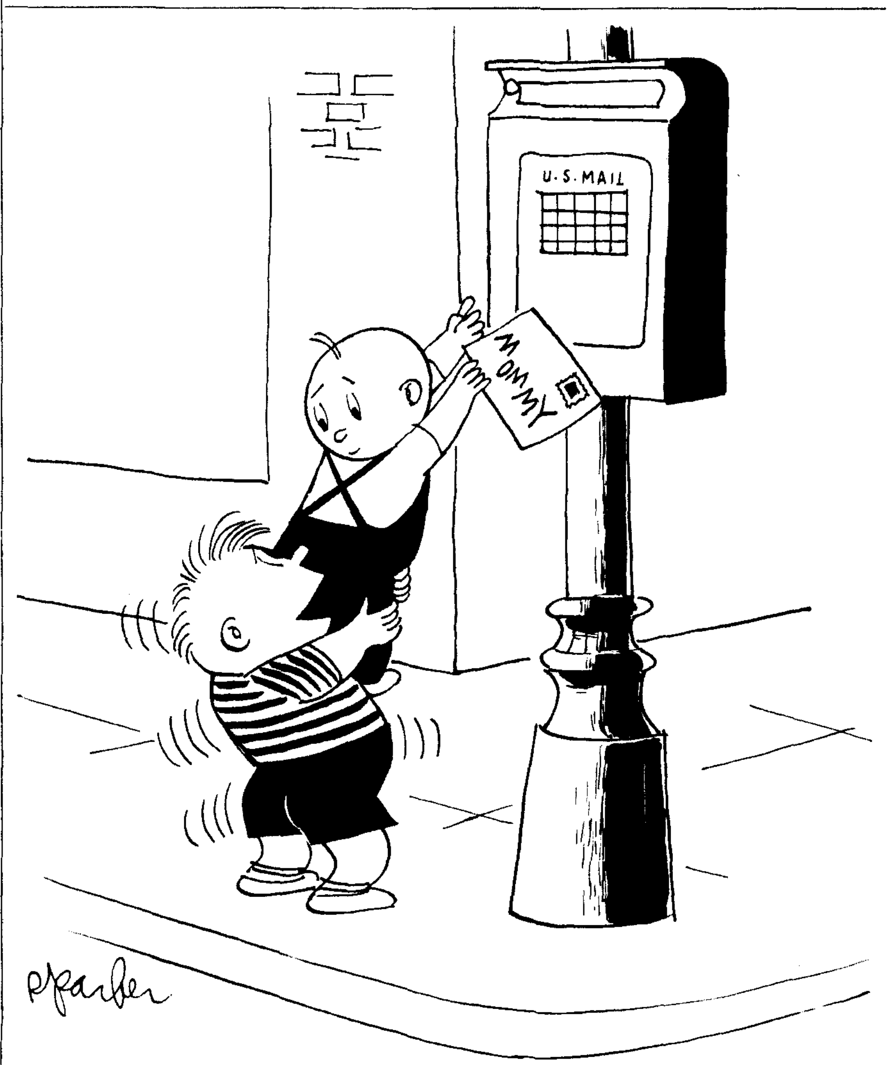
Florida straightened her mantilla.

"It's the shank of the evenin'," Big Jim said.

Florida smiled at him. She wasn't tired. The moon had risen and lay shimmering across the Caloosahatchee. The rhythm of the night sang to her. The strange, wild yearning was in her now. For the first time since she had passed his house, she thought of Cecil. There was something about the night, something about the way she felt, that made her think of the faraway look in Cecil's eyes.

TIMMY

by HOWARD SPARBER



"Let's try it again for Father's Day, Hanky —maybe by then we'll be big enough"

Big Jim said huskily, "There's a short cut 'long by the river."

"Towards home?"

"Towards home—and much shorter. And it goes right past Bride's Folly." Big Jim tried to sound unconcerned. He had watched Florida look for Cecil as they had passed Cecil's house earlier in the evening. He had heard her sigh. If old Cecil's goose wasn't cooked by now, why, he'd sure cook it tonight. Cecil had said that he'd be there, and the chances were good that he would be.

Bride's Folly, Florida thought. Cecil had told her of Bride's Folly. Cecil, mumbling, fumbling for words, had tried to tell her of the beauty of Bride's Folly.

"I'd like that!" Florida said. . . .

They started along the river trail just as Cecil Ransome was taking his seventh sizer bass from among the water hyacinths that clogged the sluggish flow of the Caloosahatchee. Cecil was a boy who didn't believe in taking more bass than he could use. He didn't believe in shooting more birds than he could use. Cecil had a deep-seated respect for all living things. He had all the fish he could use. Or so he pretended.

He pretended to be deeply satisfied with his luck—just as he had been pretending all evening not to notice the muffled strains of music that had floated past him from the frolic in Longo's old warehouse by the river. Just as he had made out not to hear the snatches of laughter and happy shouting, not to feel the rhythm of old man Strout's set-calling. He had pretended that Florida Cason wasn't even there. He had told himself that even if she was there, he didn't care.

And now he was making out that the lights going out in the warehouse, marking the end of the frolic, had nothing to do with his decision that seven sizer bass were all that a man could use.

He pretended not to notice the loneliness gnawing at his vitals as he sculled his narrow, bateaulike boat back to its mooring on the riverbank.

Securing his boat, Cecil shouldered the gunny sack of fish and climbed the bank to the trail that edged the eastern rim of Bride's Folly. He stood there in the trail and looked across Bride's Folly. He could see the trail on the other side of the pool. Tendrils of moonlight filtered through the magnolias and live oaks, spotting the trail with silver. The air was heavy with the scent of flowers that grew too fast. The cypress trees were still and ghostly. The quiet beauty of the night was a fragile thing.

Cecil thought of Ounita, his longing intensified by his suffering. His thoughts poured out to the Bride of the Swamp. Lonely, half-wild, Cecil stood still and aching on the trail by Bride's Folly, and his dreams bathed in the beauty of the night.

The air was split with the crash of palmetto fronds. Cecil's body tensed. He dropped the gunny sack. The wiry muscles of his back and chest quivered as he looked across Bride's Folly in the direction of the noise.

THEN he saw her. Across the narrow strip of black water he saw her. A flickering, leaf-spotted finger of moonlight illuminated her face and the upper part of her body. A lace mantilla lay over her hair and her forehead. She was a shadowy, detached segment of the unearthly beauty of the night. She was dressed in white—more simply than Cecil had pictured her, but lovely. He knew there had never been anything more lovely.

A strength and a sureness surged in his chest. He had found his dream.

"Ounita," he said.

The shadowy figure swayed slightly.

"Ounita—" Cecil spoke without fear.

"Oh!" the girl half sobbed.

"Don't go 'way."

The girl stood without speaking.

"Ounita—I'm comin' for you!"

Cecil saw the girl turn to the empty trail behind her.

"Please don't leave, Ounita!" Cecil said.

"Don't come 'round! Please don't!"

Cecil spoke with a new firmness: "I'm comin' for you."

"Wait!"

Cecil hesitated. Then words rushed to his lips as the thoughts that had stirred restlessly within him for years fought for expression. He spoke with dignity.

"Don't be a'scared. I know you—"

The girl tried to speak—she couldn't.

"I've always known you, Ounita," Cecil said. "I've known you in the piny woods. I've known you in the swamps and on the river—"

The girl wondered at the strange peace that she felt.

"I knew you'd come if I—"

Behind the girl, palmettos crashed. She turned, screaming, as Big Jim Hallet loomed beside her on the trail.

"Old bridegroom of the Swamp!" roared Jim. "Hot, Almighty Dog!"

Cecil stared across the pool at Big Jim. He couldn't believe what he saw. He couldn't believe what he had heard.

"I just can't stand it!" Big Jim declared. "I gonnies, I just can't *do* it!"

Big Jim took the girl by the hand and led her around the trail to Cecil's side of Bride's Folly. As Cecil stood there, waiting, he heard Big Jim bellow, "You done real well! You done mighty well, Florida! I mean, honey, you really put it to him!"

Now Big Jim and the girl faced him.

" 'I've always known you!' " Big Jim howled. " 'I've known you in the piny woods!' Old rabbity boy! Old Cecil Crazy Ransome!"

Florida Cason covered her face with her hands.

"Yaw, yaw, yaw!" Big Jim roared.

Cecil looked at Florida. He reached out his hand to touch her hair, then he dropped it. Loneliness shuddered back into his body. He stared in agony at the ground before him.

"Yaw, yaw—"

"Stop it!" Florida Cason shouted at Big Jim.

"Why, honey—"

"Take me home!"

"Why—"

"You're a bully! You're a fat bully!"

Cecil looked at the girl in amazement. The mantilla had fallen across her shoulders. Moonlight was caught in her dark hair. Her full, red lips were parted in anger. The truth came to Cecil then—prank or no prank, he *had* found his

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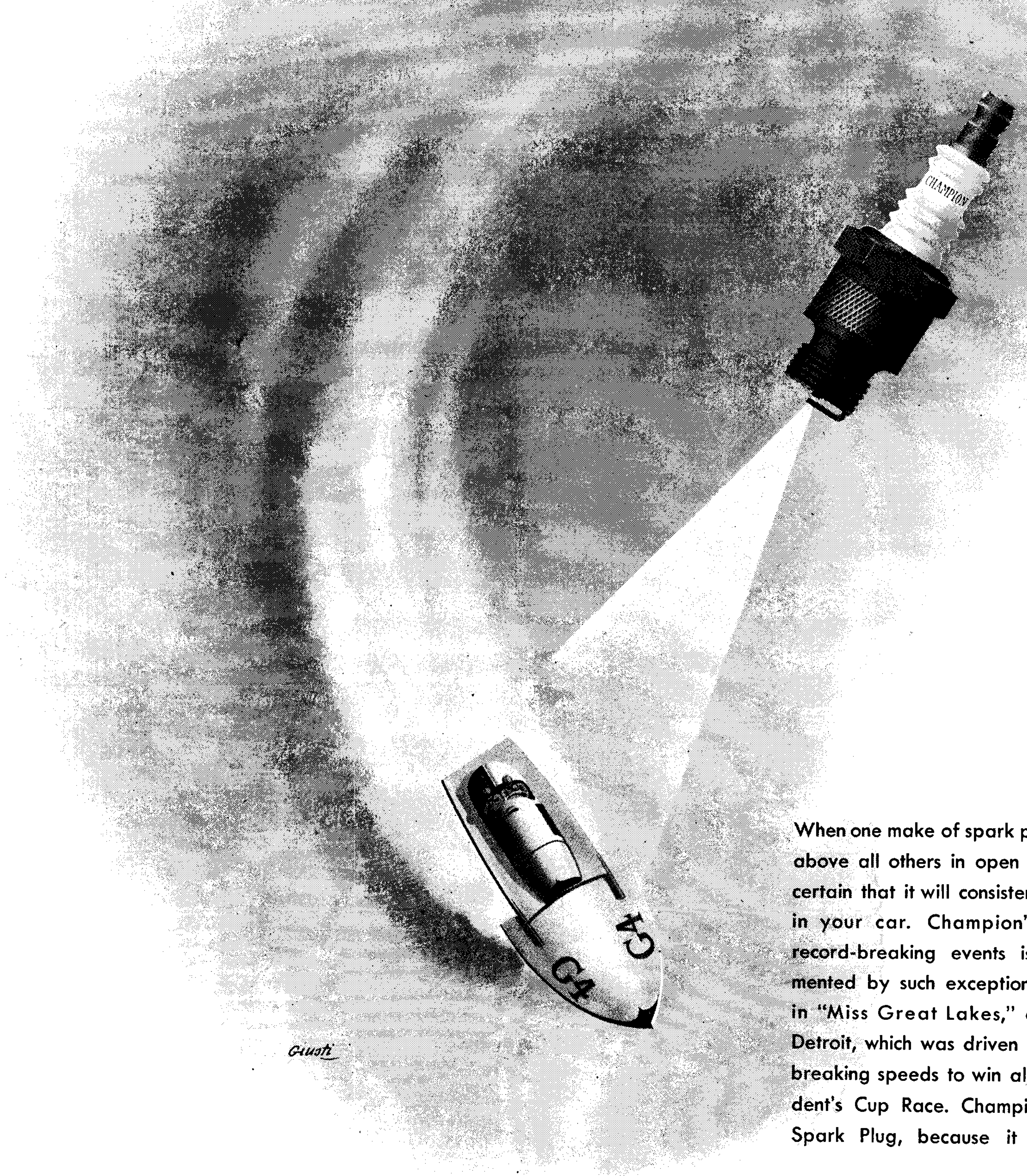

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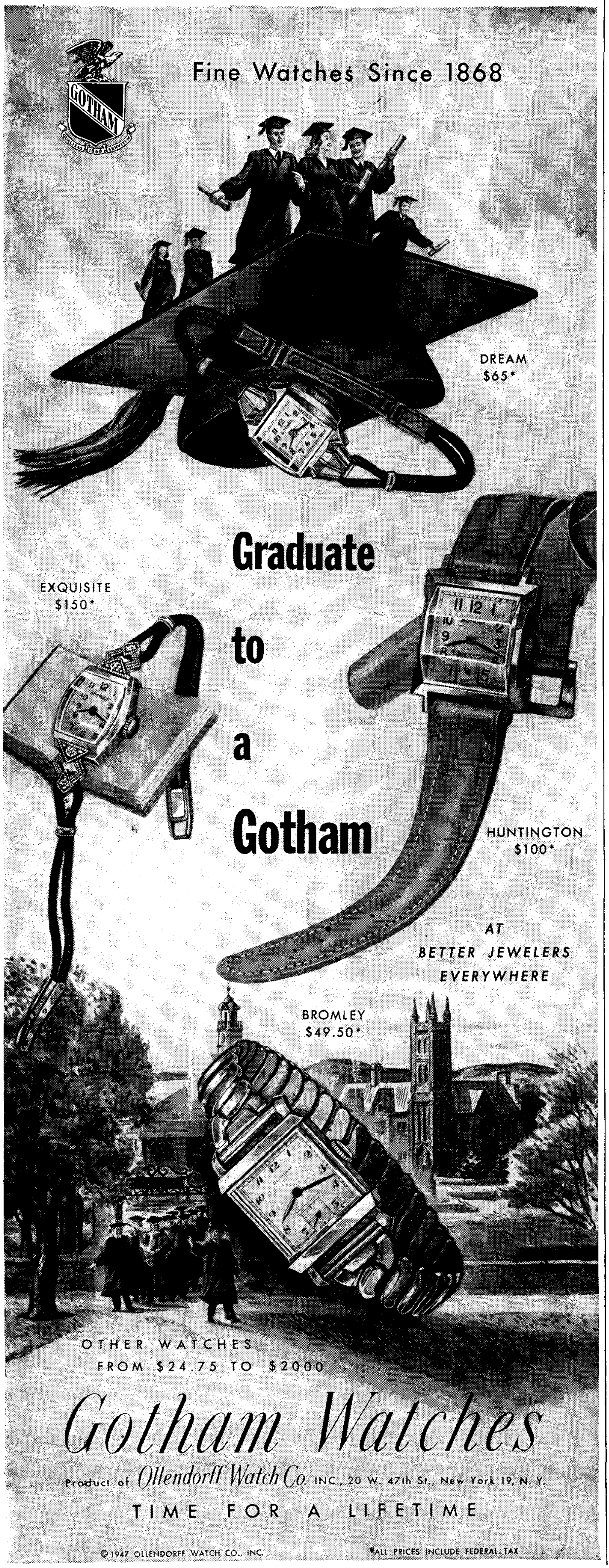

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dream. And there returned to him the strength and the sureness he had felt when he had first seen the girl across Bride's Folly.

Big Jim turned to Florida. "All right, honey. You're just excited. There's no need for you to name-call. I'll take you home." He reached out to take Florida's hand.

Florida shrank from his touch.

Cecil said, "Don't you lay a hand to that girl!"

"Why, you loony—"

"Don't you call him that!" said Florida angrily.

"What's goin' on around here?" the big man blustered. "Who's prankin' who?"

Cecil said quietly, "If you was to reach out your hand again, you'd be like to pull back a stump."

"You're talkin' mighty big for a rabbity boy!"

Cecil crashed a fist to his heavy jaw.

Big Jim shook his head. Barking like a hurt 'gator, he charged little Cecil Ransome.

CECIL was game. He was dead game—and determined. He had finally done the thing that he had always wished for the courage to do. He had crunched a fist into that laughing, baiting face. The satisfaction was fine. It was mighty fine—but short.

Cecil stood his ground. He wouldn't give way an inch. He stood there and threw futile blows until Big Jim had smashed him to his knees. And he stayed on his knees, smiling crookedly and defiantly, until Big Jim, with boots and fists, had stretched him unconscious upon the dark ground.

Cecil fought for consciousness. And as he fought, the dreams came back. Dreams that haunted. Dreams that somehow seemed more real than ever. Dreams of cool hands smoothing away the pains of his bruised face—

He moaned. His eyelids flickered. The dreams faded.

Cecil opened his eyes. Shaking his head to clear away the hurt, he fought his way to a sitting position. He stared straight ahead into the somber shadows of a sweet gum tree, stared at the figure leaning against the trunk. He shook his head. He had had enough of dreams. He was through with dreams. He shook his head and then he stared into the shadow of the tree again.

Florida laughed softly.

Cecil struggled to his feet.

Florida came and smiled up at him.

An aching, lopsided grin twisted Cecil's face.

"Big Jim?"

Florida laughed. "It took a heap of name-callin' to get under that thick skin! That boy will never know who was baitin' who. That boy will never know how he lost a fist fight by winnin' it. I gave him goodby. He said I was crazy, too!"

Cecil was filled with wonder.

"Cecil—now that we're alone—am I prettier than Ounita, you reckon?"

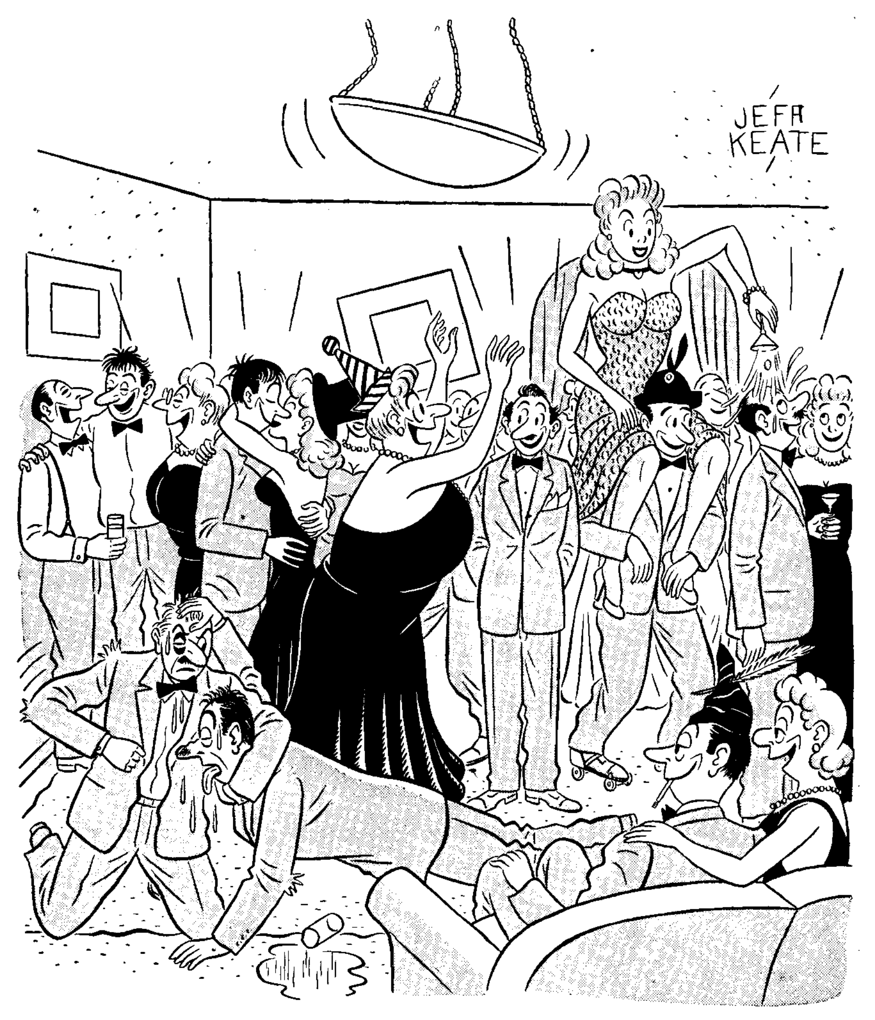
"Prettier, I'd say. A long sight prettier." Cecil took her and he held her close. "And right on hand, to boot."

THE END

RITUAL

Again it is springtime so let us decide
To clean up the corners in which we reside;
We'll snarl at the hoarded and valueless junk
That clutters each closet and dresser and trunk,
And kick at the lot on the floor in a stack,
And then we'll put ninety per cent of it back.

—William W. Pratt



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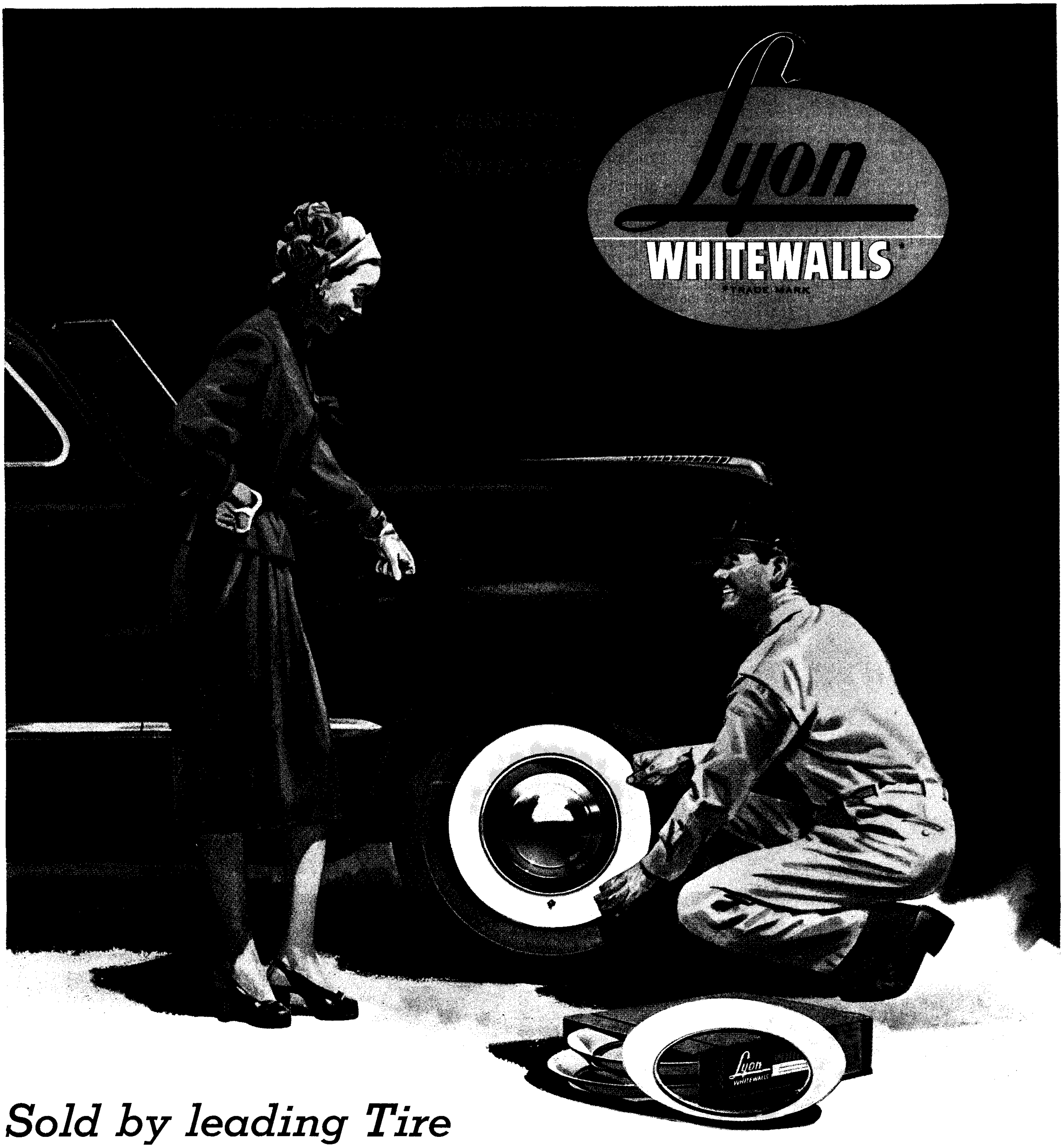

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PROUD LADY

Continued from page 13

of her towering mast and the location and tautness of her standing rigging. She was more of a boat, much more of a boat, than a paunchy man with soft moist hands should have. He thought of that with a little bitterness, and he thought, too, of the hundred dollars he had lost with the dice cup, and the recollection of the split commission washed most of the bitterness from his mind. A little remained, colored by the image of Drue's scornful shoulders. He shook his head angrily and turned away from the rail and then looked down in some astonishment.

There was a small boy standing beside him, looking up at him—a short, thin little boy, with sun-bleached hair and a smooth brown face and adoring eyes.

"What do you want?" said Wick.

The boy said, "You're Wick Gardiner."

Wick nodded.

"I'm Jody," said the boy. "Jody Thomason."

"So?"

The boy nodded. "I've got a boat," he said. "A knockabout. She's named Scamper."

Wick grinned. "That's a good name."

Jody shook his head soberly. "Only she doesn't," he said.

Wick considered the matter. "That isn't good," he said finally. "What's wrong with her?"

"Nothing's wrong with Scamper," said Jody stoutly. "It's me." There was a long pause. "Scamper wants to win races," Jody said finally. "And so do I. But we never do." He was looking hard into Wick's face. "You always win. I thought maybe you'd tell me how."

WICK got out his cigarettes. He lighted one and puffed on it deeply. "Well—" he began.

A commotion at the end of the porch and the sound of scrambling stopped him. Around the corner of the clubhouse came a small, woolly black-and-dirty-white dog, barking furiously into the turn, digging with desperate urgency for traction on the smooth wood. Wick watched him. The dog came into the straightaway, altered his course, put on a sudden burst of speed and then braced all four feet and skidded to a stop at Jody's side. His pink tongue hung out. He looked up at Jody and he looked at Wick inquiringly. "This is Mike," said Jody. "He sails with me." He looked down at Mike. "This is Wick Gardiner," he said. "He's goin' to tell us how to win races." Mike looked happy. He sat down. They both looked at Wick and waited.

"Well," said Wick. He shook his head and contemplated the end of his cigarette. "It isn't easy to tell," he said finally.

"Oh," said Jody. He frowned in concentration. Mike watched him, worried. "Maybe you could show us," Jody said finally. "Maybe you could go out for a sail with us and show us how."

Wick considered this possibility. "Maybe I could do that," he said gravely. "That sounds like the best idea." Mike brightened visibly.

"When?" said Jody. "There isn't any breeze yet. But it'll come up." He searched the sky with a knowing glance.

"Not today," said Wick. "I can't do it today." He saw Jody's sudden disappointment. "But someday, someday soon, we'll do it." Jody brightened, but Mike looked skeptical. "We'll have a good sail," said Wick.

He watched them, the boy and his dog, walk off down the porch. Jody's back was straight and happy; Mike trotted gaily alongside, looking up into Jody's face. As they rounded the corner of the clubhouse, Mike looked back at Wick. There was reproach in his eyes. Wick went into the clubhouse reading room and picked up a yachting magazine.

He was still turning pages idly when a steward came to find him. "Telephone for you, Mistuh Gardiner."

It was Walter. "I hoped you'd be there," Walter said. "You're ready to go out?"

"Sure I'm ready to go out," said Wick. "I said I would, didn't I?"

There was a pause. Then, "You were sort of strange last night," Walter said. "What's the matter with you?"

The remorse solidified into anger. "There's nothing the matter with me," Wick snapped. "There's not a damned thing. I'll sail the Windward and show your pigeon—"

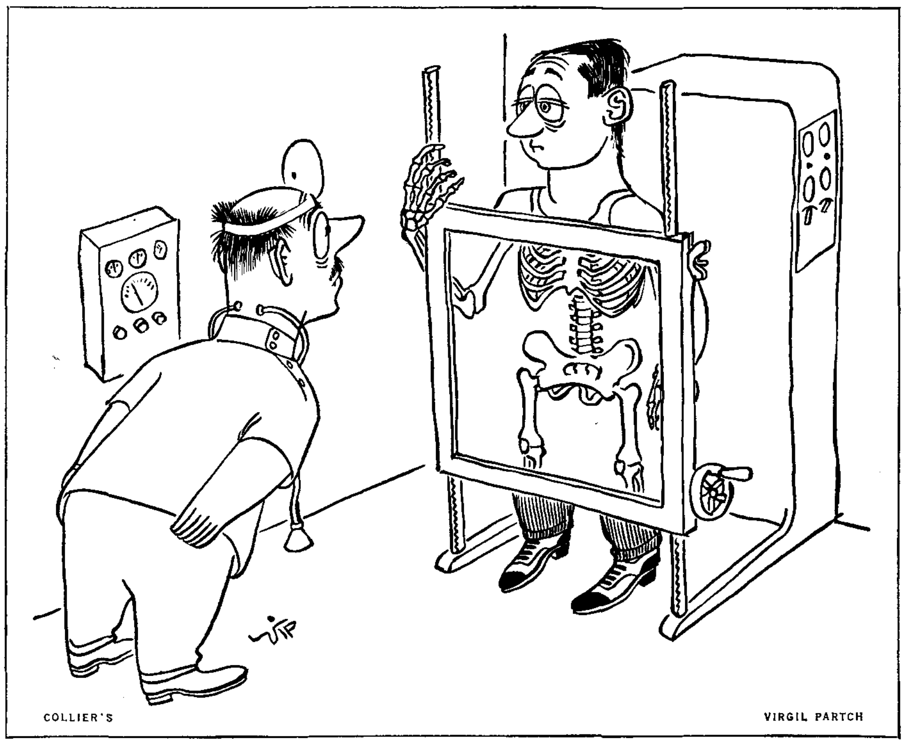
"Okay," said Walter, "okay. Drop up here this afternoon when you're back. We'll do some talking."

"I may," said Wick. Then he realized how childish that was. "I'll come," he said.

"Good," said Walter soothingly.

Wick returned to his chair and to his yachting magazine.

It was quarter of ten when Drue appeared, in denim shorts and sneakers and a woolen shirt. She saw Wick and she came across the reading room and sat down in a chair facing him. He looked up from his magazine. "I thought you might be here a little early," said Drue. In her manner there was none of the friendliness that Wick had seen briefly the night before.



"Where's your father?" he asked.

"He'll be along," said Drue. "I came ahead. I wanted to talk to you." There was even the tinge of contempt.

Wick said nothing.

"About the Windward," said Drue. "She's a beautiful boat. I sailed on her once, when Henry Gordon owned her."

"So?" said Wick.

A little frown touched Drue's forehead and then was gone. "What I'm getting at," she said, "is that she's too much of a boat for Wimp, much too much."

"Oh?"

The frown appeared again. This time it remained. "Wimp has never sailed on anything larger than the knockabout he bought me once in Santa Barbara. Years ago. Now he's all excited about sailing. He's even talking about the Honolulu race next summer. Walter has convinced him that the Windward's just the boat for it."

"She probably is," said Wick. "She's fast, and she's a good sea boat."

"That isn't the point."

Wick raised his eyebrows. "What is the point? You want me to be your father's guardian?"

Drue stood up. Her eyes were bright with anger. "After four years of what you've been doing in the Navy," she said, "this sort of work must give you a lot of satisfaction. And self-respect."

Wick was standing, too. "How do you know what I've been doing?" he demanded.

"That," said Drue, "doesn't make any difference." Her scrapbook, at home, was none of his business. "You've been doing what you're supposed to do, what you used to want to do. Now you come back here and fall right in again as Walter's—"

"Tout?" Wick suggested softly.

"Flunky is the word I had in mind," said Drue. "But tout will do nicely." She turned away and marched out of the reading room and the contempt was plain again in the set of her shoulders.

Wick got out a cigarette and sat quietly, smoking and looking out of the window over the porch and the mooring. He saw Bill, the club launch driver, help Jody push a sand dolly loaded with a centerboard knockabout into the water. Mike hopped briskly about supervising the job. The empty dolly was pulled back up on the beach and Jody disappeared into the locker room to return carrying sails, which he bent to mast and headstay with practiced efficiency. He shipped the rudder with care. Mike sprang aboard as Jody pushed off, clambered in and sculled out of the lee of the clubhouse. The first, faint morning breeze filled the sails. Jody trimmed them deftly, Mike staring aloft until the operation was completed. The little boat gathered way, heeling ever so slightly. Jody slumped down on the end of his spine, his knees raised and crossed, the tiller held lightly over his shoulder. Mike sat on the floorboards with his forepaws on the centerboard well and his small black nose working gently, sampling the breeze.

Watching, Wick felt a small pang of envy at the sight of their obvious, blissful ecstasy. He thought of his own sailing during the years preceding the war, sailing which had long since changed from sport to work. He thought, too, of the Windward and of Mr. Peterson and of Drue and of Walter and of the dice game in the bar. He flipped his cigarette into the fireplace and stood up, his eyes still on Scamper's sails. "Hell," he said with feeling.

Promptly at ten-thirty Mr. Peterson, in dungarees and striped T shirt and yachting shoes and yachting cap, appeared on the porch. With him were three younger men. Wick went through the formality of introductions but he ignored the names, knowing that when it came to orders he would have to shout, "Hey, you!" anyway, and then probably lead the man to the line and put it in his hands and tell him when to pull.

Drue appeared at the last moment and stepped into the shore boat without aid. Her face was still unfriendly. Wick forced himself to be affable with the crew. He agreed that the Windward was a beautiful boat, that she sailed well and that she was seaworthy, that it was a beautiful morning and that a breeze would most certainly come up and that they would have a magnificent sail out beyond the jetties. He sat quietly, there being nothing else to do, while Mr. Peterson dwelt long and lovingly on the Wick Gardiner racing successes; and he bore, with outward equanimity, the wide-eyed admiration of the crew. He felt Drue's cool eyes on him, too, but he said nothing.

BILL laid the shore boat neatly alongside the Windward. He and Wick steadied the boat while Mr. Peterson and the crew, scrambling vigorously, got themselves aboard. Drue made it easily, unassisted. Wick shoved the shore boat off and sprang aboard himself.

Mr. Peterson had the keys. Wick showed him how to open the hatch and then carried the hatch cover below and stowed it on one of the cabin seats. He took up the engine hatch and found the bilge dry. He went on deck and started the engine blowers and let them run while the crew and Mr. Peterson gathered around and demanded, enthusiastically, to be told what they could do. Wick had a suggestion in mind, but he left it unsaid. "We'll go outside under power," he told them, "just to be perfectly safe. We'll hoist sail when we've got the whole ocean to point upwind in. Until then, there's not much to do." He looked at Drue. "The tide is going out. We'll cast off the bowline first and the current will swing us away from the can." Drue nodded. She started forward.

"How about the back line?" asked Mr. Peterson. "The stern, or whatever you call it? You want that undone?"

"I can handle it, thanks," said Wick. He had a vision of Mr. Peterson, his foot fouled in the stern line, going grandly over the taffrail, carrying Wick's split commission with him. He shut off the blowers and started the engine and let it idle for a few moments. Then he reached aft and freed the stern line, leaving a round turn on the bitt and holding the bitter end in his hand. He nodded to Drue, who stood by the bowline, and he shoved the engine lever into forward position and advanced the throttle a trifle to give Drue a little slack. "Cast off," he said.

Drue cast off. The bow swung gently with the current. "All clear!" Drue shouted.

Wick flipped the turn off the bitt and let the line go overside. He touched the wheel gently and advanced the throttle another notch and the Westward slid smoothly away from her mooring. "We're off!" said one of the crew. There was awe in his voice.

They slid deftly among the moored boats and out into the channel. Drue came aft and seated herself in the cockpit. She said nothing, and Wick kept

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his eyes on the water and his thoughts on the wheel. They rounded the island point, swept past the ferry landing and headed for the jetty. Ahead, the tiny sails of Scamper were sharp against the blue of the water. Wick could see Jody, stripped to swimming trunks, his chin resting on his hands and one slim leg extended aft, toes gripping the tiller. Beside him sat Mike, his whiskers stirring gently in the breeze, his small black nose working conscientiously.

Wick cut his throttle a notch and swung wide. He said softly, not really meaning for Drue to hear, "A boy and his dog and his sailboat."

"Yes," said Drue, and Wick looked at her sharply. She was smiling as she moved to the boom. Then the smile was gone again. Wick followed her glance. One of the crew stood in the bow waving the Scamper away. He turned and shouted furiously, "Why are we turning out of that kid's way? Why doesn't he move?"

WICK was silent for a moment. He felt Drue's eyes on him. He said slowly, "Because we're the overtaking boat and because the boy is under sail alone and we're under power and because we're responsible for any damage done by our wake." He looked at the crewman. "And, besides the law, it's good manners."

The crewman looked superior. "The kid obviously doesn't know what he's doing. That's no way to sail a boat. He's a menace."

Drue was watching Wick openly. Her face was blank. "The boy," said Wick, "has probably forgotten more about sailing than you'll ever know." He held the spokes of the wheel tightly, to keep his hands out of trouble.

The crewman flushed. "Now look here—" he began, but something in Wick's face stopped the words. He stood silent for a moment in uncertainty, and then he turned away and went below.

"As a salesman," said Drue quietly, "you're terrific." She rose from the cockpit seat. "Shall I start taking off the sail covers?" Her face was turned away, hiding the little smile that was lifting the corners of her mouth.

"Dammit—"

"The sail covers, sir," said Drue, "shall I start removing them?"

"Yes," Wick snapped. He watched her go forward, balancing smoothly against the gentle roll of the boat, and he shook his head angrily. Four years, he thought, can do a lot toward souring a man, toward making of him a misfit. He bent back to his steering and moved the wheel a touch. He looked over at Scamper. Jody waved and Wick raised his hand in reply. Mike barked once, a short, warm welcoming sound. Drue was watching from the forward deck, but she said nothing and turned quickly back to the jib club so that her smile could not be seen. She undid a few snaps more and then paused. She glanced briefly at Wick's face. Then she refastened the snaps on the jib cover and came aft without a word and disappeared below. Wick watched her, wonderingly.

When she reappeared, there was a light in her eyes and the merest ghost of a smile around her lips. She faced Wick. "I went forward into the sail locker," she said. "The Genoa jib is there. Shall we hoist that instead of the club jib?"

Wick frowned. "That means two sheets instead of one," he said, "and work, plenty of it when the breeze freshens, every time we come about."

"Yes," said Drue. She stood still, watching him, waiting.

Wick shook his head slowly. "We're not racing," he said. "Your father and his friends didn't come along to work. I don't think—"

The crewman who had criticized Jody popped his head out of the hatch. "Gardiner," he said. "Where are we now? How long before we're out of this damned harbor?"

Wick opened his mouth. Then he closed it again. He looked at Drue. "About ten minutes," he said slowly, and his voice was mild, almost obsequious. He looked at the man. "Will you give Miss Peterson a hand with the jib, please? It's stowed forward in the sail locker." His face was expressionless.

"Yes," said the man. He disappeared.

Wick looked at Drue again. There was no hint of triumph in her face. "You know how to rig it?" he asked.

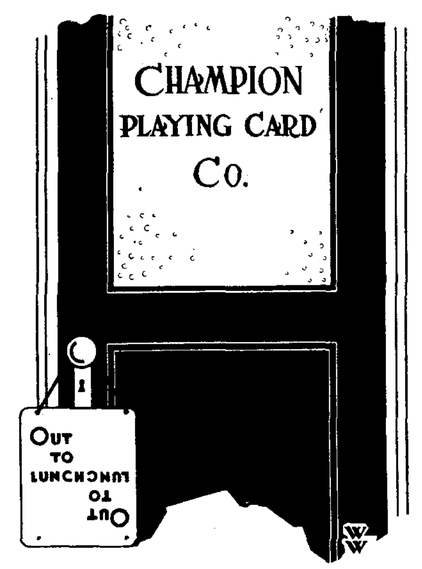
"Yes," said Drue.

"The sheets go outside the shrouds."

"Yes," said Drue. And then she smiled, a brief, brilliant smile that lighted her face and her eyes and filled Wick with the same warmth that Jody's wave and Mike's short bark had produced.

"Hop to it," said Wick. He felt, suddenly, as if a restraint had been broken, shattered. He looked astern, toward Scamper, and he waved his arm like a small boy. He saw Jody wave, too, and then he turned back to his steering again.

The setting of the Genoa jib was an eventual triumph of bumbling persistence over allegedly inanimate matter. Under Drue's supervision, one crewman and then two and finally all three and Mr. Peterson fought some eight hundred square feet of canvas up through the forward hatch to the deck. They turned it and pulled it and twisted it, searching for the head cringle and the luff, much in the manner of four strange dogs trying to get at food wrapped in a folded blanket. They lost the halyard, after freeing it from its deck shackle, and only Drue's agility prevented it from rising grandly to the top spreader, some fifty-five feet above the deck. They fouled the jib hanks on the stay and attempted to attach the double sheet to the clew of the sail before the mess was straightened out. In their zeal they neglected rudimentary precautions of grip and position and balance and the first ground swell almost swept the forward deck clean of all humanity except Drue, who leaned securely against the mast and watched without expression.



COLLIER'S LLIAM WILLIAMS

When the jib hanks were eventually secured to the stay, and the halyard to the head cringle, and the double sheet to the clew, and the sheets threaded through their leads and coiled on either side of the cockpit—this last was Wick's doing—when all of this was accomplished and the jetties lay far astern and the broad ocean surrounded the Windward, Drue led her working gang to the mast, laid the halyard in their eager hands and then backed off. "The jib," she said solemnly to Wick, "is ready for hoisting."

Wick nodded. He turned the wheel and pointed into the eye of the wind. "Hoist away," he said.

Eight arms heaved eagerly. The jib rose four feet. Eight hands released their grip and reached for a new one. The jib sank back to the deck. Drue leaned over the rail and coughed desperately, and Wick, searching the ocean, found a floating box to concentrate on. The crew tried again, with some success, and again, and again, and the sail crawled painfully up its stay. Drue watched with interest, and when the jib was to the proper point, she explained the functioning of the winch mounted on the mast and she supervised the sweating out of the final slack and the eventual securing of the halyard around its cleat and the coiling and stowing of the excess line. She turned proudly to Wick. "The jib is set," she announced.

Wick nodded. He eyed the four perspiring faces without a smile. "Now the main," he said.

It was done eventually. Mr. Peterson and his three friends clambered into the cockpit and sank wearily onto the seats, and the boat, with main and Genoa set and luffing, continued dead to windward, under power. The jib lay along the starboard rail. Wick leaned down and shut off the engine. "We'll fall off to port," he said, "and I'll show you how to trim the jib." He beckoned to Drue and she came to take the wheel.

Wick tautened the starboard backstay. He moved over to the port sheet and took a full turn about the deck winch. Then he nodded to Drue and she put the wheel over gently. The bow began to swing. The jib stirred lustily, lifted along the foot. The clew moved forward, cleared the mast and began to swing, and Wick, braced against the coaming, hauled smoothly on the sheet. It looked easy. Of the five persons watching, only Drue realized the desperate speed and the magnificently co-ordinated strength that went into the operation.

THE boom swung; the mainsail began to fill. The boat heeled gently and then more urgently. Wick braced one foot waist-high against the coaming. He tailed the sheet with his left hand and worked the winch handle in half turns with the full strength of his right arm and shoulder and back and leg. It was done and the jib was taut and filled. Wick cleated the sheet and turned around to look at the crew. They nodded in unison; what one man could do so easily, four could accomplish without effort.

"We'll try it, then," said Wick. "I'll handle the backstays." The crew got to their feet eagerly.

"Ready about," said Drue. The boat, close-hauled, had gathered speed; white froth hissed under her counter.

"Ready," said Wick.

"Hard alee," said Drue and she put the wheel over.

The boat rose from her heel. Wick flipped loose the starboard backstay. He crossed the cockpit and set the port backstay and cast loose the port jib sheet in one long, smooth motion. The jib was luffing and the main slatted thunderously. The foot of the jib lifted. The sheet hissed out through its leads and the clew crossed the mast and the boom swung and the main began to fill. "Haul away!" Wick roared.

The winch chattered feebly. The main filled and the boat began to heel and the jib partially filled and waving gaily out over the ocean luffed madly, shaking the mast until the deck beneath their feet trembled. The four men at the sheet hauled and strained. They trampled on one another's feet and canceled out one another's efforts. They grunted and they heaved, and foot by foot they conquered the flapping monster and drew it down and winched it taut and, under Wick's scrutiny, cleated it securely. Then, with sore feet and aching hands, they draped themselves around the cockpit and looked at Wick as men look at the Great Pyramid.

Wick nodded pleasantly. "A little

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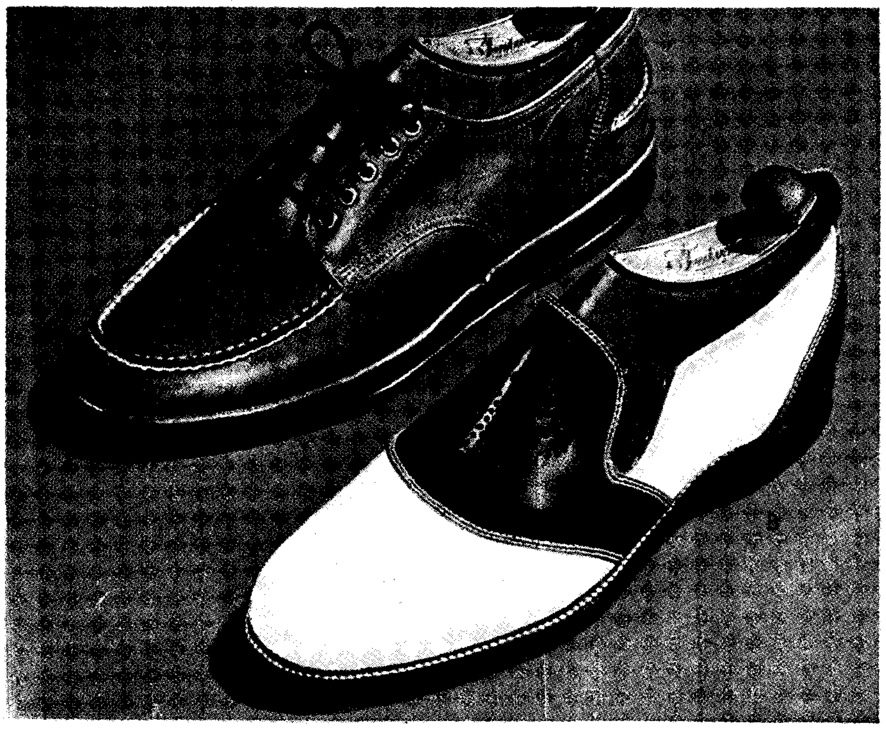

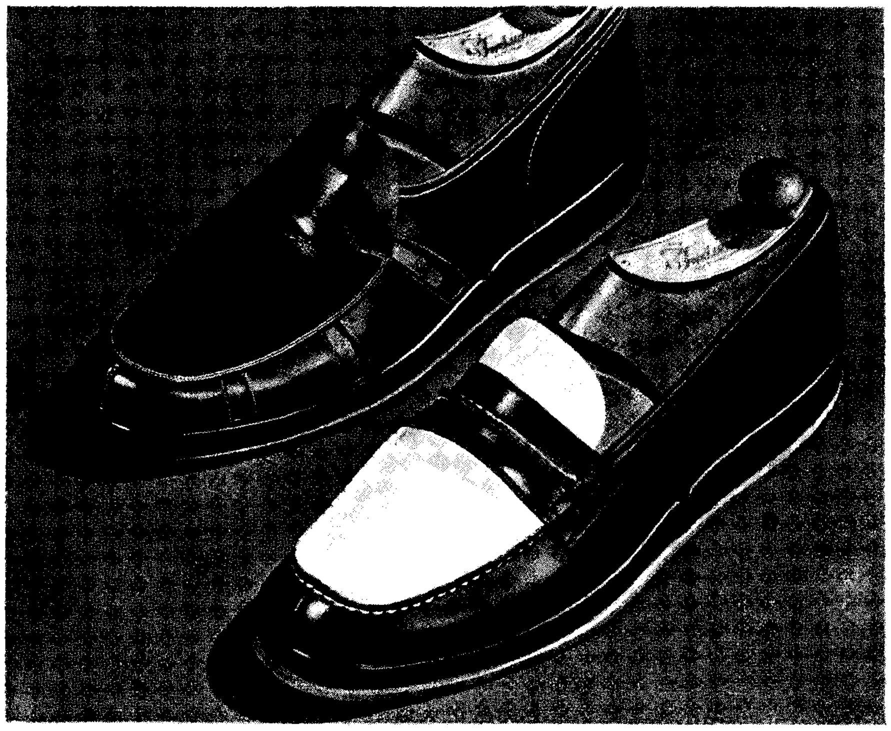

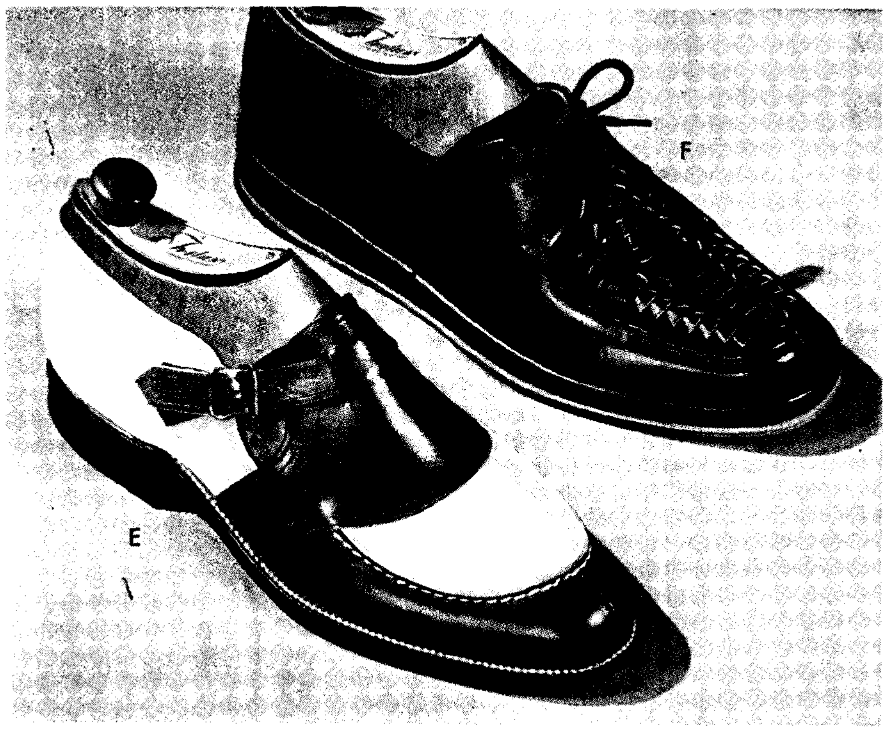

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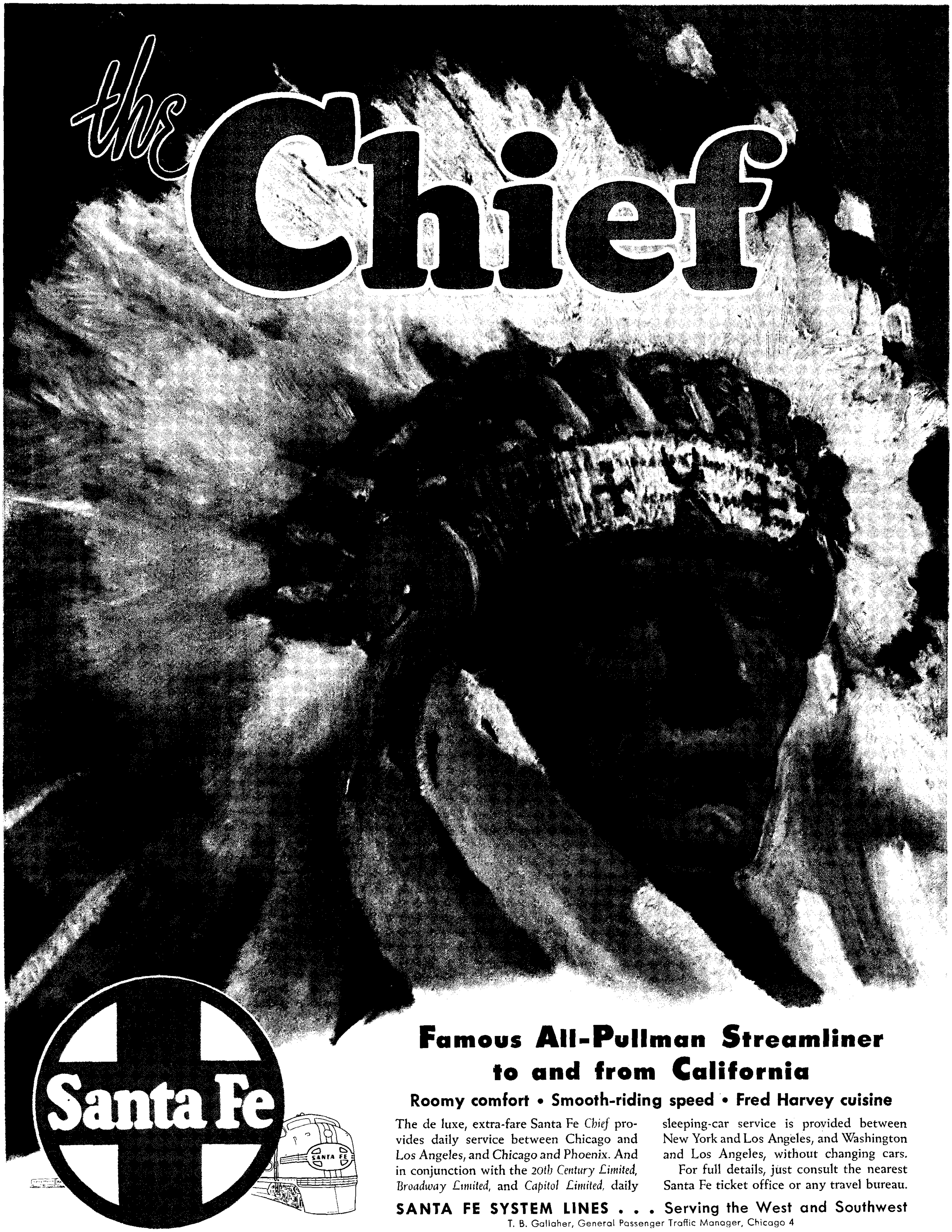

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slow," he said, "but you'll get onto it. We haven't much breeze today, so it's easier. He was talking directly to Mr. Peterson now, although his eyes took in them all. He was talking directly to Mr. Peterson and he was talking away the split commission and he knew it, but, somehow, it didn't matter. The restraint was gone and he felt as free as the air, he felt like a man again.

"When it's blowing," he continued, "a jib the size of this one has authority. Then, if you have to split tacks, come about often, say every five, six minutes—" He left the sentence unfinished, but his meaning, he knew, was plain. He smiled at them. "It gets a little rugged sometimes, but that's part of the fun; that's what you can talk about in the bar afterward."

Mr. Peterson stirred. He clasped his soft hands and hoped that the ache would go away. "Uh," he said, "uh, is there much of that in the Honolulu race?"

Wick nodded, soberly. Behind him, he heard Drue cough. "There's a fair amount," said Wick. "You go to windward at the start of the race." He paused. "For a few days," he added and he saw the hope in Mr. Peterson's face and eyes disappear like a thief in the night.

"The last of the race," said Wick, "is a run. Downwind, under spinnaker." He looked aloft to the towering masthead. Four pairs of eyes followed his gaze.

"The Windward's spinnaker," Wick said, "is about half again the size of this jib." He looked directly at Mr. Peterson. "It pulls pretty hard," he added. Behind him he heard a small, hissing sound from Drue; it went unnoticed by all but him.

"Now," said Wick, briskly, "let's try it again." He raised his head reflectively. "The breeze is freshening a bit," he said, "we'll have some fun yet."

Drue said, in a very small, choked voice, "Ready about."

"Ready," said Wick promptly.

The crew climbed to their feet and converged reluctantly on the port winch.

"Hard alee," said Drue and she put the wheel over.

IT WAS late afternoon when the Windward, jib carefully stowed and mainsail secured in its cover, crept up the channel under power, and sought her mooring. Wick, at the wheel, shouted his commands in a voice previously reserved for racing, and Drue, supervising her exhausted work gang, displayed an eye for meticulous detail normally found only aboard certain of the more taut Navy ships. When the mooring was secured to her satisfaction, and the cockpit cushions were neatly stowed below, and the hatch was closed and locked, they all crowded into the shore boat and headed for the club. Drue, sitting beside her father, was ecstatic. "Wasn't that fun, Wimp?" Her eyes were bright and there was happy color in her face.

Mr. Peterson held his aching hands close to his sore paunch. He looked at his daughter and he looked at his three friends and he said nothing.

Wick said brightly, "In eight months or a year of that, Peterson, you'll be amazed how much you've picked up. And with a little study, say three or four courses in seamanship, piloting, celestial navigation, and some practical experience crewing on somebody else's boat in some ocean races, why, heavens—"

Mr. Peterson's eyes dropped like a St. Bernard's; Mr. Peterson's hands were blistered and aching; Mr. Peterson's right leg was wet to the thigh where he had gone partially overside in the operation of taking in the jib; Mr. Peterson ached from head to toe and the words Wick spoke were probably English, but certainly unintelligible. He smiled blankly and said nothing.

Drue was peering through the gathering dusk. "Walter is on the float, Wimp," she said. She said it loudly and she turned to look at Wick.

Wick was grinning. "Good old Walter," he said.

Walter caught the line Wick tossed him. He threw a clove hitch over the float cleat. He extended his hand and pulled Mr. Peterson up out of the shore boat and he steadied him for a moment until his balance was adjusted. Mr. Peterson mumbled something and leaned forward and got his legs moving and headed for the clubhouse. His crew stumbled after him. Walter looked at Wick. He ignored Drue.

"Will you tell me," Walter demanded, "just what in hell you've been doing?"

Wick's grin did not fade. "I've been giving Mr. Peterson a practical demonstration of the Windward's sailing ability."

"We had a gorgeous sail," said Drue. "A good breeze came up."

"That's a well-cut Genoa the Windward carries," said Wick. "It really pulls. Why, we must have logged—"

"Genoa?" said Walter. His eyes were wide. "Genoa? You made them work that?"

Wick looked pained. "You certainly didn't expect Peterson to win the Honolulu race with a clubfooted working jib, did you?"

Walter took a deep breath. "Just what in hell do you think you are, Wick?"

BEHIND him a small figure moved impatiently, waiting. Beside the small figure sat a small dog, watching anxiously.

Wick grinned. He said to Walter, "In the Navy, I wore three full stripes. I dug a lot of ditches."

"And what did it get you? Peanuts!"

Wick shook his head. "Self-respect," he said. "I sort of got into the habit of thinking of myself as a man instead of as a tout."

Walter opened his mouth and then, like the crewman earlier in the day, he saw something that made him close it again. There was only resignation in his voice when finally he spoke. "You're through racing, then?"

Wick was looking beyond him. He lifted his hand to Jody and Mike who came out of the shadows. "No," said Wick, "I've got a few more races. I'm going to crew, though. I'm not going to be skipper." He grinned at Jody. "How about it," he asked, "will you take me on in the Midsummer series, Jody? Let me crew for you and Scamper and Mike?"

Jody's eyes suddenly were like soup plates; Mike's whiskers curled and his entire body began to wag around the stationary stump of his tail.

Wick said, "I sort of think we can take the series in the Knockabout class, Walter. I sort of think we'll just trim hell out of your new Encino Shipbuilding boats. The fancy ones, I mean, the ones with the shiny chrome plating." He looked at Jody. "How about it, Skipper?"

"You're mad as a hatter," said Walter.

Wick ignored him. He was still talking to Jody. "I'll have to go up to town for a few days," he said. "Maybe even up to San Francisco. I met some people while I was in the Navy and they offered me jobs. I think I'll take one of them." Jody's face was worried. "I'll be back, though," said Wick. "That's a promise. I'll be back here in plenty of time to do some practicing before the series. And between us we'll make Scamper a proud little lady."

"That'll make two of us," said Drue. Wick turned to look at her. "Two proud little ladies, I mean."

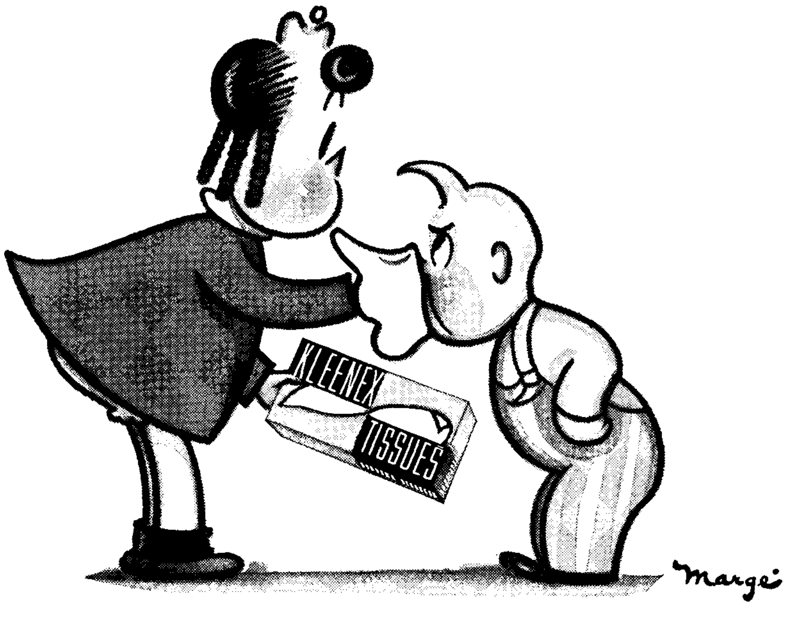
"There's some talking I want to do when I get back here," said Wick.

"We'll be waiting," said Drue. "Both Scamper and I."

Walter snorted. Drue looked at him. "Why, Walter," she said, "what you're thinking!"

THE END

LITTLE LULU



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THE VETERAN SAYS: "AW, NUTS!"

Continued from page 11

more swiftly and with a lot less difficulty than we expected. Every day I suspect more and more that it wasn't the soldier who was maladjusted; it was the wartime civilian. There are still considerable obstacles to overcome before we can say we've done a thorough, maximum job, but on the whole the conversion from soldier to civilian has been fast and good."

The general's crack at the civilian is justified. The G.I. was made a helpless target of oozy sentimentality, wild speculation and utterly shameless exploitation for commercial gain. He was employed as a peg for every project that popped into the brains of the trend makers.

The old pie gag, so thoroughly kidded, is an example in point. The battling G.I. was pictured by the copywriters as a man who was storming that beachhead for the right to boo the Dodgers, to raid the icebox of apple, blueberry or cherry pie, in that order. He was fighting for the right to ride the railroads, fly the airplanes, listen to Crosby, and buy Krunchy-Krackly Krispies from the Kozy Korner Store, Inc. This and a lot of other damned nonsense turned the stomach of the dirty, bearded, smelly G.I., who was bored, mad, scared and bewildered, and who was inching up that beach largely because he got a "Greetings" from the President or, recognizing its inevitability, beat the draft board to the punch and enlisted.

It is amazing, really, that a great many cases of simple assault, by Demobilized Joe, against his loving parents, friends and wife were not recorded. Joe was itchy and uncertain when he got out, and they smothered him with sticky sentiment and ill-conceived recipes for turning him back into Mama's own dear little baby. They "understood" him to distraction. They pampered him in the wrong directions, and censured him the same way. Everybody had a finger in it, but the amateur witch doctors really won the Battle of the Discharge. There were issued enough weird instructions for the reprocessing of Battle-Scarred Bill, who had perhaps spent most of his war chasing girls in Texas, to guarantee permanent maladjustment.

Simply Inundated With Advice

On Monday, some double-domed soul-prober would say, "Coddle the veteran," and on Tuesday his opposite number in a barber's college would send out a directive to treat the veteran rough. Some told him to get married quick. Some told him not to get married for a while. Others told him to marry old, motherly women. Parents were instructed (1) to ask Willie about his experiences, and (2) not to ask Willie about his experiences. Mamas were enjoined to ignore it if their pearl came home sobbing drunk three nights in a row, to encourage him if he didn't want to work, and to pardon him if he bashed the baby with a flatiron in a fit of momentary pique.

They were also instructed to deplore such things and tell Will he was getting to be a bum like his old man, who was ruint in the first big scrap. There was one fine and fancy rat race for a while, with the wives and families trying to remember all of their instructions. The fact that the veteran lived through it without blowing his top, or at the best re-enlisting, is a monument to his wisdom, tolerance and sobriety.

Take the crime angle. I recall a number of treatises which undertook to prove that Junior would return a grim killer, a complete beast, and that the coppers would be busy hauling in sheaves of reformed heroes forevermore. And true enough, there have been veterans who were shot for heisting hotels. There was one who carved his initials on a lady with razor blades and punctuated the artwork with cigarette burns. There were others who got drunk and beat their wives and stirred up a ruckus generally. These sins were pointed up, somewhat, by the newspapers' habit of overplaying the "vet" or "ex-G.I." aspect.

But the F.B.I. tells me that, while crime is still on the rise, it is the old offender, the wartime juvenile delinquent, who is responsible. There are, says F.B.I., no ironclad figures on veterans' sins before the law, but the indications are that the malefactors of today are largely the young, wartime civilian punks who have grown into manhood without reforming.

An operation as vast as the pressing of between 15 and 20 million men was bound to yield a percentage of rotten apples, since the caliphs of the draft board rarely peered deeply into the morals of their candidates. Some of these varmints remained untamed, and returned to prey on their neighbors. Many, however, straightened up under the firm hand of military restriction.

Many a thousand more, potential wrongdoers if left to the free-for-alls of unsupervised civil existence, were steered away from a life of freebooting by their Army and Navy experience. And finally, a healthy respect for organized authority was branded deep into hundreds of thousands of border-line cases—boys who might have gone wrong, or not, according to the way the cards dropped. It is likely that time will show World War II to be one of the greatest factors for the enforcement of domestic law and order.

There was a brief period, soon after war's end, when the veteran was riding a perilous tide of slobbering sentimentality, which might have sponsored a general disregard for the penalties of lawbreaking. The test case was centered on an ex-Marine named Earl McFarland.

McFarland was a thoroughgoing bad hat, before the service, in the service, where he spent a deal of time in the brig, and after he returned to the States.

Convicted of the rape and callous strangling of a Washington government girl named Dorothy Berrum, McFarland was sentenced to death. During his stay in the death house, a group of bleeding-hearts started a heavy campaign for commutation or lightening of his sentence.

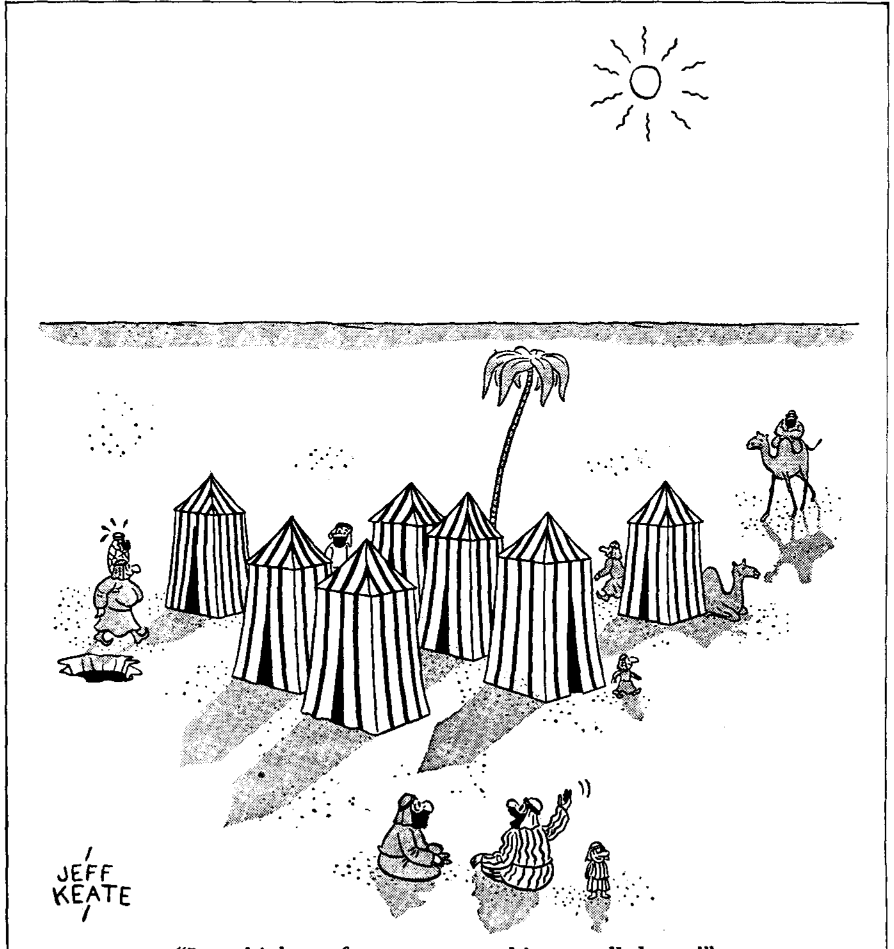
One man, a juvenile court judge, sent an appeal to Washington, saying that the killer's selflessness in volunteering to fight for his country made him too "precious a commodity to be electrocuted." The pro-McFarland campaign had reached a fever pitch of mushy thinking, and the murderer was better than even money to dodge the District's electrotherapy course when a columnist pointed out that if McFarland beat the rap, an unwritten law was made: A serviceman can get away with murder, by virtue of his past service.

A Dangerous Precedent Averted

F.B.I. Chief Edgar Hoover chimed in an endorsement, calling McFarland a confirmed criminal, and the well-organized effort to spring him died short of the White House. Mr. Hoover said later, after McFarland had been electrocuted, that the whole relationship of law to serviceman would have been upended if the Marine had got off, and that from this point on, the vet would have had a tacit preference over the civilian in court.

Henry has been different since he got out of the Air Force. He doesn't seem very interested in anything, any more. He's drifted through three jobs already. Can't seem to get along with the people at the office, and doesn't seem to care whether he gets another job or not. He says the unemployment pay will buy him all the beer he needs, and he can always live with us . . . I wonder if he's going to turn out like my brother Harry? Harry never was himself when he came back from France in 1918 . . . And . . .

52-20 Club. Kids making bums out of themselves. They'll be marching on



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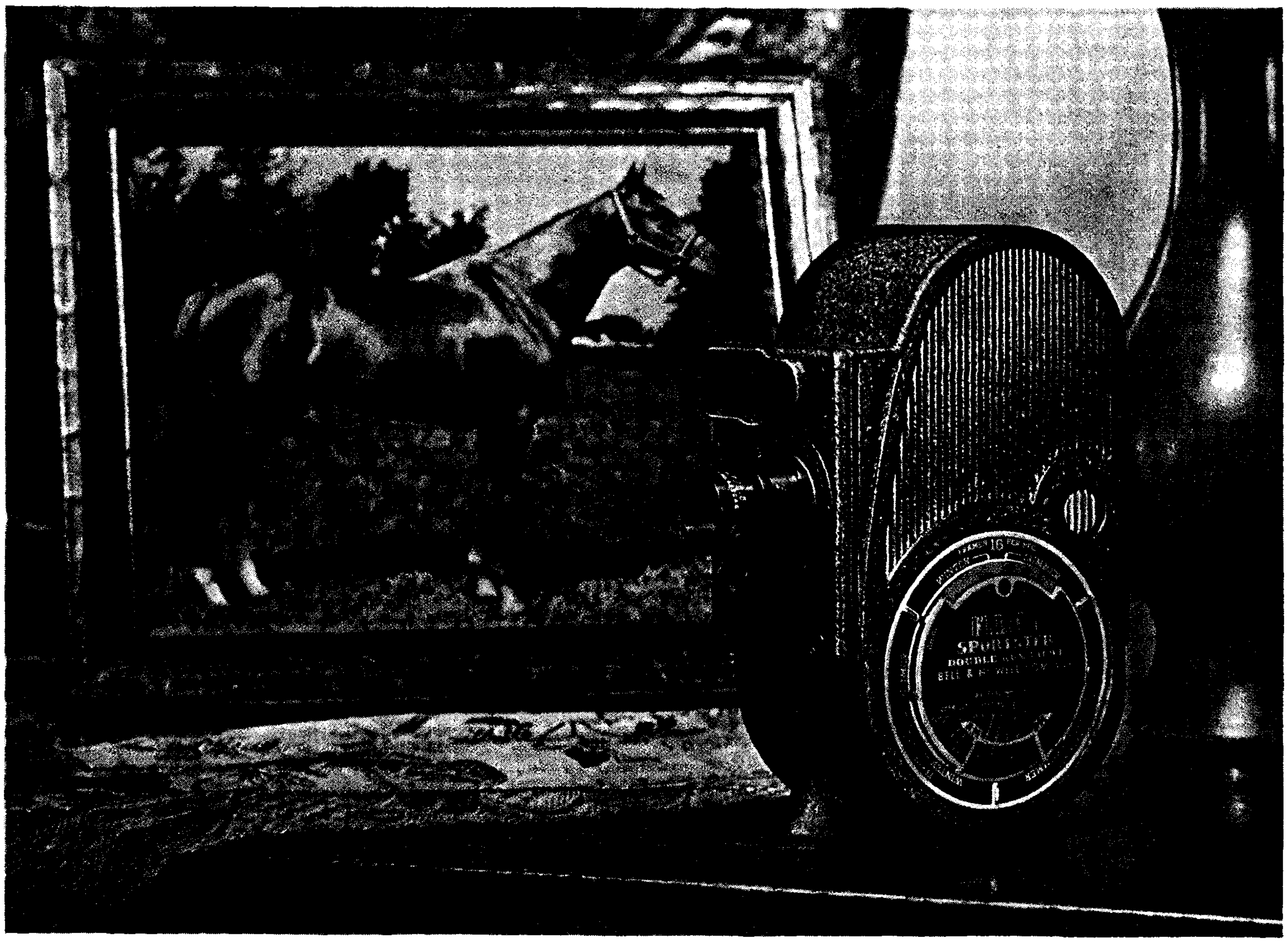

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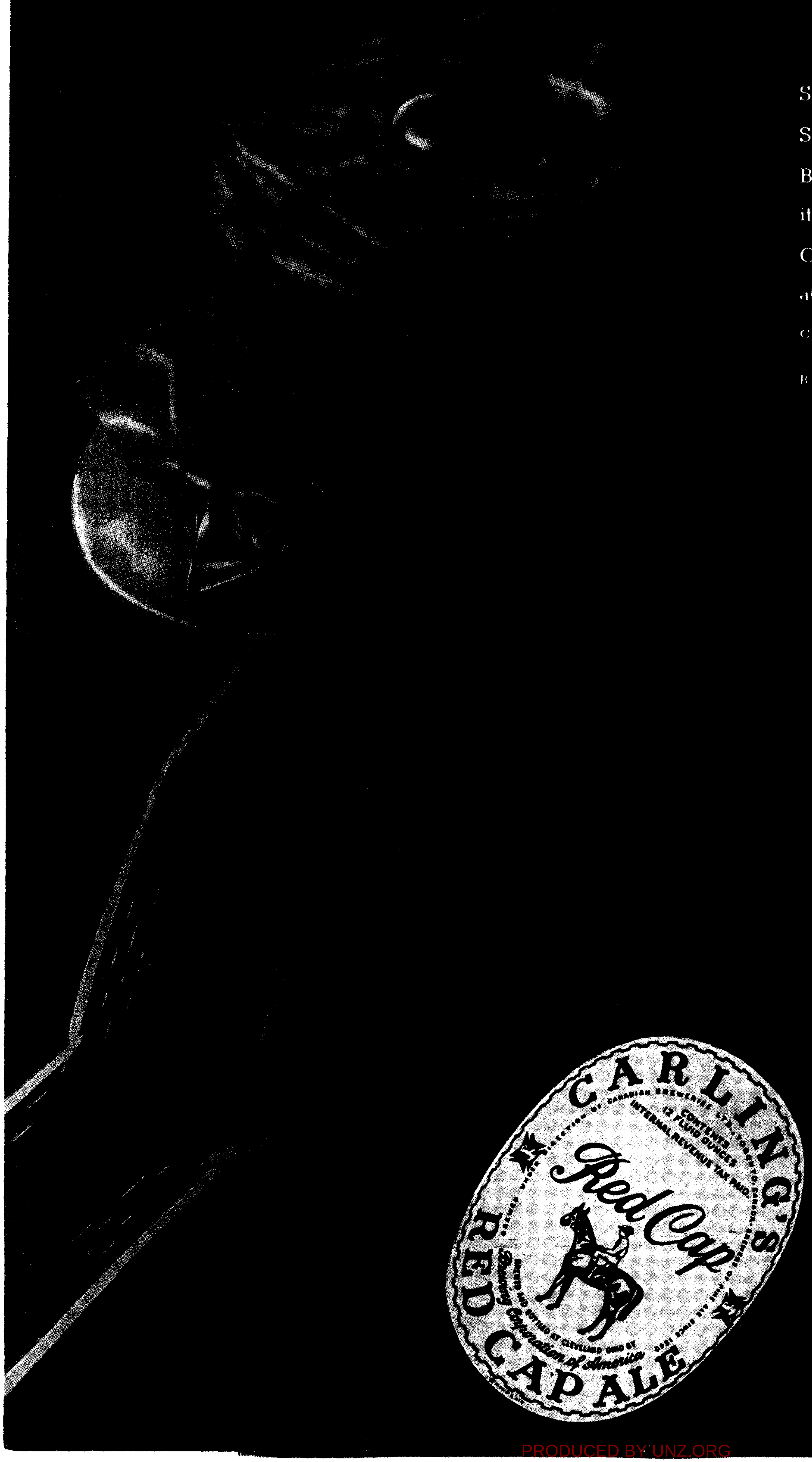
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Washington looking for another handout like they did before. Something in the Army ruins a man for hard work when he gets out. Get too used to having somebody else run their lives. Ain't careful we'll have a nation of bums.

Hold on for a minute. Let's see just who's a bum and how many. In February, the Veterans Administration carried 18,000,000 veterans, male and female on its books—veterans of both wars. There are 14,341,000 products of World War II.

Out of the total, 11,600,000 are working full time. Over 150,000 are in veterans' homes and hospitals. A little over a million claims for unemployment pay—"readjustment allowances"—have been filed through last January. This does not mean, however, that a million men have stuck out their hand to Uncle Sam and said, "Gimme the 20 bucks." General Bradley explains that this figure includes all applications—that a man may have been on and off the rolls half a dozen times, and each time he reapplies he swells the total. There are no figures on the number in the 52-20 Club.

Comparatively Few Are Loafing

Let's look a little deeper. We've got 2,200,000 men taking vocational training. We've got 200,000 taking vocational rehabilitation. We've got 1,600,000 in schools and colleges. We are paying disability allowances and pensions to 2,186,000 veterans. Some fast addition would show that an enormous majority of our young men are either working or studying—and, if not, it is because they are physically incapable of either.

The 11,000,000-plus figures on employed veterans are Census Bureau statistics, and do not include female veterans or part-time workers who are receiving government aid. According to Census, there are only 900,000 male veterans out of work at the moment, a figure which would seem to indicate that Joe didn't waste much time getting back to the grindstone when he shucked that khaki. Generation of bums and triflers? Somebody had it figured wrong.

Bill can't seem to concentrate. Won't even read the papers any more. Snaps on the radio and snaps it off again. Used to keep his nose buried in a book, but I never see him reading now. Just fidgets.

H'mmm. How many Bills did I say were in school? Over a million and a half, hey? Invariably, surveys reveal that the veteran shows greater diligence than his civilian seatmate.

General Bradley was laughing about one survey.

"When they got it boiled down," the general said, "it came out like this: Veterans as a class made better grades than nonveterans. Married veterans made better grades than single veterans. Veterans with children made better grades than childless veterans. And veterans with children who were forced to live in trailers made the best grades of all. I presume," General Bradley added, "that the last category spent most of its evenings in the library, in search of a little peace and quiet."

One professor says: "I am awed by these kids—by their capacity for work and their quick assimilation of facts. They ask me questions nobody ever asked before the war; they seem impatient with the youngsters who are just breezing through. They accept practically nothing as fact—they keep asking, 'Why, why, why?' They catch me up quick on everything. I have learned to watch my step. I have to study harder than the students. If I don't come to class prepared they shoot me full of holes in the first 15 minutes."

John seems awfully sour these days. He's bored by the office. Keeps talking about re-enlisting or going back to Australia to farm. I guess running around to all those strange places has ruined him for routine business. If he could just get interested again.

A lot of Johns have been dissatisfied with the daily grind in the office or the factory or the cornfields. They kicked over the bars at the prospect of a lifetime of pallid routine. So they quit.

Prefer Their Own Businesses

They did not, however, wind up three weeks later in Samoa with a blonde and a full beard, nor did they flock to the filling station and the chicken farm. They started trucking lines. They bought surplus airplanes and went into the airline dodge. Let's just reel off a few more: frozen foods and furs, fluorescent lights and ladies' handbags. Candy and photo equipment. Dentists' supplies and cosmetics. Brassières and refrigeration. Direct-mail service and collision repairs. Laundries and ship repair. Whisky and fish. Flowers, greeting cards, baby-sitting services, oil burner service, jewelry, women's hats, beauty parlors, flying schools, model planes, air purifiers, podiatry, and restaurants.

That's where the G.I. loan came in. We've made 639,000 of them, worth $3,421,000,000 so far. A total of 8,660 guaranteed or insured loans have been repaid. Only 2,650 have been reported in default, and of that number only 803 have resulted in claims against the government guaranty. Irresponsible young punks with no thought beyond the next drink? Maybe not.

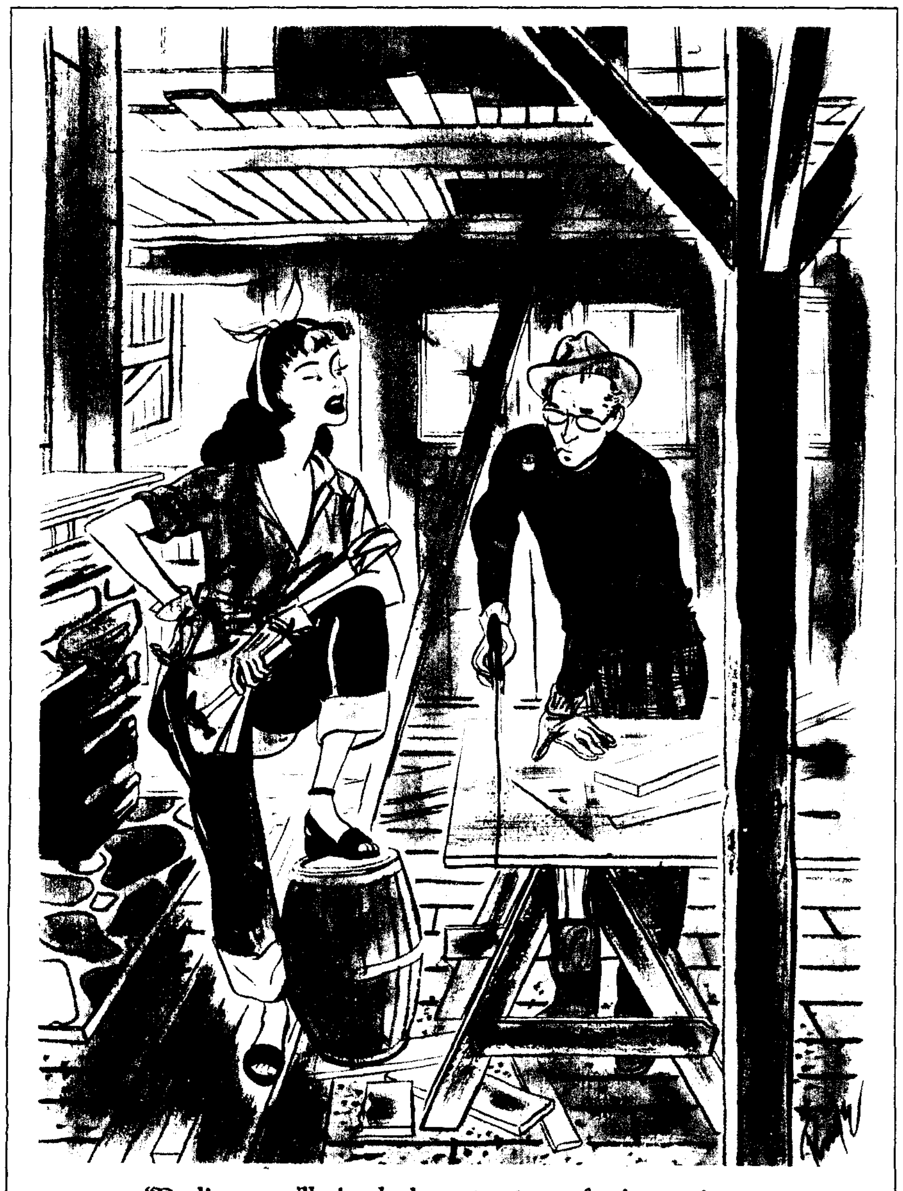
Yo-ho, the Navy had a merry life. It ate good and slept clean and there was a new dame in every port and, baby, a liberty in San Francisco was something out of this world. It's going to be awful dull in Dubuque, with the kids squalling and the old lady nagging all the time, and nothing better than a double-feature to relieve the monotony. Man stands so much of it and then he ships over again. They tell me it's great in peacetime.

Now hear this. Navy and Marine Corps' combined personnel listed 189,361 people in 1940. Its peak personnel was nearly 4,000,000. Of that vast number, less than half a million re-enlisted or voluntarily stayed on. Counting the trade-school kids and the long-termers, you have only 607,148 hands in the Navy today.

In the face of frantic public relations and glamorized advertising, Army has collected 1,130,923 total enlistments—largely new, young faces—since June of 1945. Army's campaign to snare recruits was regarded as wildly successful, and was bolstered by the lip-service crackdown on caste, the enticing emphasis on foreign duty, the humanizing of the top officers, and a hysterical effort to glamorize the enlisted man. Aiding the campaign were high prices at home, housing shortages, strikes and assorted civilian frustrations. But figures would seem to show that the veterans' nostalgic urge for the glamor-packed days in the barracks has not been insurmountable.

Says ex-Lieutenant Blank, U.S.N.R.: "When I got back, I like to went crazy. The kids hollered until I thought I couldn't stand it any longer. I had forgotten about the rent and taxes and catching the bus to work. I wasn't getting along too well with the old lady. Half a dozen times I thought I'd go back into the service. I kept remembering how peaceful it was at sea, and all the hell I raised around half of the world. I kept thinking about what a neat operation we ran during the war.

"But after a little bit I got to know the kids and they still hollered some, but it didn't bother me. Sue and I scrapped



"Darling, you'll simply have to stop referring to it as 'the hog-pen' and get used to calling it the guest house"

COLLIER'S JOHN RUGE

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Want better looking hair? Want to avoid the embarrassment of falling dandruff scales? Itching scalp? Then you need a Vitabrush and you need it *now!* Doctors and competent scalp authorities have long recommended *brushing* . . . vigorous, frequent, regular *brushing* as the approved and sensible way to care for the hair. Vitabrush gets your scalp *really* clean and stimulates the life-giving blood supply *in your scalp*. Not just theory—you see and feel the results right away.

Vitabrush is *not* a vibrator. It is an electric-powered scalp brush that makes easy, quick and pleasant the *kind* of *brushing* needed *to get results*. By electric power it turns 20 minutes of tedious, tiring hand-brushing into 3 minutes of fun. Restful, pleasant, satisfying. Appreciated by the entire family.

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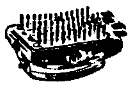
Brush your scalp to aid your hair. Brush it vigorously, frequently, regularly. Brushing cleans scalp—stimulates blood supply.



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Turns drudgery of scalp care into fun. Takes but a few minutes a day.

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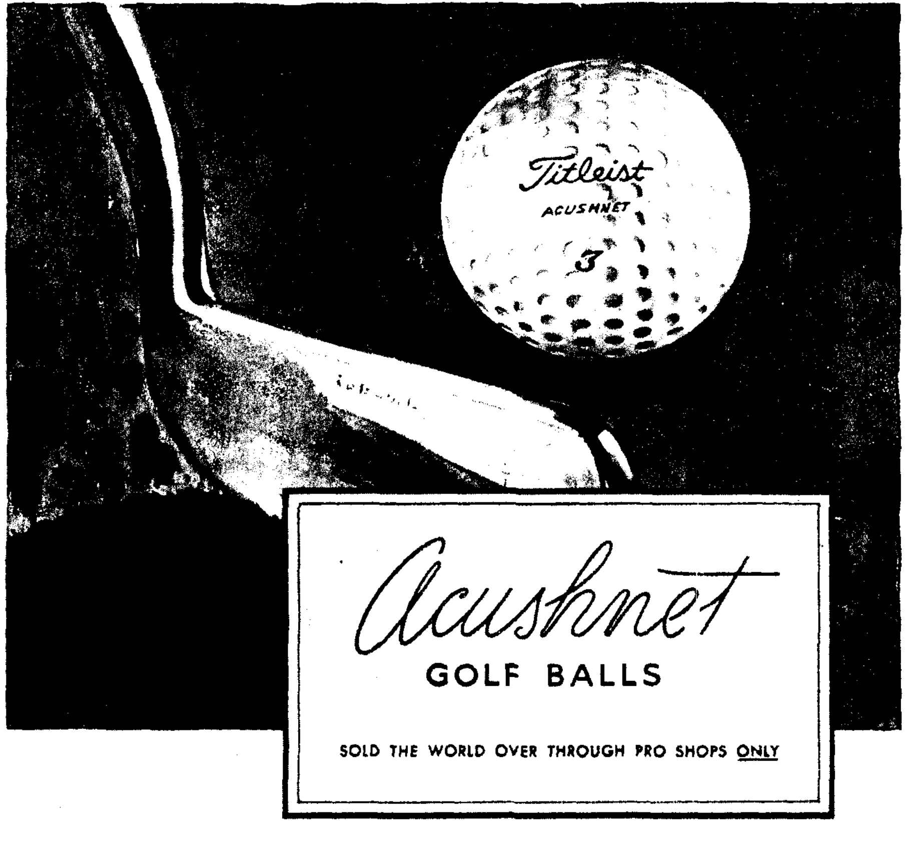
When you're on the green in three and the pressure is on —

And a par four would start you one up on the second nine —

Boy, oh boy! — how an Acushnet Titleist helps!



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ACUSHNET PROCESS SALES COMPANY, NEW BEDFORD, MASS.

more, but we got it ironed out. I began to get interested in the work again. I finally figured that Navy was all right in a war but I couldn't use it in the peace. Now everything is pretty much like it was before the war."

Things will be different after the war. We'll tell Congress where to get off. There will be pretty near 20,000,000 of us and all our wives and kids and relatives and when we get squared away we'll run the country. Lookit that Lewis. Calls a strike just before we start the Sicily campaign. We'll fix his clock when we get back. All them war profiteers, too. Just wait. Us guys gotto stick together, and when we do, we can knock over anything gets in our way. They had theirs when we were overseas. We get ours when we get back . . . And . . .

Shades of Hitler and Huey!

Sometimes it scares me, Mac. I keep thinking what can happen when all those crazy kids get home. Shove 'em all in one organization and the first glib spellbinder who pops up can squeeze them into the most potent pressure group the world ever saw. Remember, Hitler was working with disgruntled ex-G.I.s too. Can you imagine what Huey Long would have done with a potential like that to play with? I hope they get the wrinkles out of their bellies before things get tough again, because it spells nothing but trouble. All those guys who know how to use guns, and killing reduced right down to simple mechanics . . .

Uh-uh. There were some fellows down in Athens, Tennessee, who didn't like the shape of their local government, and they reformed it with homemade hand grenades and guns. Their aim was noble, their resentment just, and their rebellion neat. But somehow, it didn't make a hit with a good portion of the country. Folks felt that you couldn't use a gat to clean up politics, because if you did, you would soon reduce the nation to a smoking shambles. Gangsters quiet the opposition with pineapples. Citizens don't. It takes longer, maybe, but they start down at the bottom and by-and-by the snakes get shaken out of the haystack.

Some of the politicos started waving their good-conduct medals as soon as they got back. This technique was employed strategically by Harold Hoffman, former governor of New Jersey, and opponent of Alfred Driscoll for the Republican gubernatorial candidacy. Mr. Hoffman, a former Army officer, pulled all the stops, rhapsodized about his war record, and released his ruptured duck to fly over the heads of the constituents. Mr. Driscoll, who was not an alumnus of the armed forces, for sufficient reason in his draft board's eyes, walked over Mr. Hoffman's heroic carcass to the tune of a 70,000-vote majority, and is governor of New Jersey today. A lot of people thought that was a pretty good sign.

Lump together in one body, to provide the most forceful pressure group in history? Merciless before the wiles of a shrewd demagogue? Well, there are the American Legion and the Veterans of Foreign Wars and the Amvets and the AVC and the Disabled American Veterans and the Army and Navy Union and the Catholic War Veterans and the Fleet Reserve Association and the Jewish War Veterans and the Marine Corps League and the Military Order of the World Wars and the Regular Veterans Association and the Disabled Emergency Officers of the World Wars and the Military Order of the Purple Heart and the National Tribune and the Navy Mutual Aid Association and two solid typewritten pages of various state organizations. The Legion battles within itself and fights with the AVC and the Veterans of Foreign Wars, which wrangle within themselves. They shriek, "Communist!" and "Tory!" and "Reactionary!" and "Fascist!" at one another—and there are many veterans who say, simply: "I wouldn't be caught dead in any of 'em."

General Bradley thinks that the split in the veterans' ranks is healthy. "It provides no united front for any one man or agency to exploit," he says.

So far, eleven states have introduced bills to provide bonuses for the veterans of World War II. New York State passed a $400,000,000 measure without a dissenting vote. The bonus up until now has not degenerated to its undoubted destiny, that of a purely political football. Peak employment, high wages and a benevolent Congress have prevented too much emphasis on whether veterans should be paid, over and above the $10,000,000,000 allotted this year for their care and rehabilitation, for their sacrifice during the war years.

As boss of the Veterans Administration, Bradley has successfully sidestepped an outright statement on whether he feels the participants of the biggest conflict rate a bonus. He will say, however, that "a different complexion is on the matter now, as opposed to World War I. In the recent war the pay was so much greater, so many more people were involved and the postwar benefits so much broader and expensive, that considerable thought must be given to the granting of a blanket bonus." The bonus business is due to assume considerably more eminence three years from now, when a huge flood of currently being educated G.I.s gushes forth onto the employment field—especially if, by that time, we have experienced the economic recession everyone keeps talking about.

Soldiers lead a rough life, dear. They are not like us. They have so little time. They drink whisky and chase women. A Navy man told me once that he never knew a married man in Australia who was true to his wife. Not only that, but all these wartime hurry-up marriages and all those girls in England and France and later in Germany. The stories I hear about the occupation troops would curdle your blood. There'll be a heap of trouble when the husbands come home. They'll get that old roving eye again, and a lot of the boys won't be able to settle down. My cousin Joe was a model husband until . . .

Easy-to-Marry—and Vice Versa

Some figures came out the other day showing that marriages had climbed an all-time peak. So, unfortunately, have the figures on divorce. The veteran's record as a home-loving husband and father is not written in neat statistics, but the unhappy suspicion is that Joe is not the very best risk in the world. Been around too much. Edgy, from time to time. Can't keep his eyes off other dames. Played too much when he was living on a short-term basis, and it didn't make much difference what he did on his night off.

A man could build a lot of social character in France and England and Belgium and Australia and Italy and Africa with a carton of cigarettes and a pocketful of Issue chocolate.

General Bradley says regretfully that he is afraid that the G.I. married awful quick and awful easy. A girl gets to look good around 3 A.M. when the whisky is singing in a fellow's innards and the troopship is shoving maybe tomorrow, maybe day after. She looks mighty pretty and the two-day honeymoon is fun and the guys all say "woo-woo" when they see her picture on the bulkhead or tacked to your locker. But you get back and find you don't know her very well and she does a lot of little things that grate on your nerves and she feels the same way and it's a pretty close race to keep even with the rent and the baby costs more than you ever thought a baby could cost.

Then, too, a guy gets thinking about how old Uncle Sugar used to foot the board bill and about the Saturday-night crap games when all the money that wasn't stuck in the allotment for back home was your money, free and clear, and you could blow it or burn it or chuck it out the window. You get to thinking about those two-day passes into Auckland; Berlin was fun for a foot-loose doughfoot. Paris . . . ahhh.

Things are dreary in Jackson Heights, living in a couple of rooms or stuck off as half charity with his folks or her folks, and it seemed like every time you got to talking it wound up in a row. There wasn't much background to lean on, either, when she called you this and you called her that—with not much remembrance of shared fun and work and stuff to counterbalance the hard words.

A lot of things were mixed up in it. She made more money than you, or she got sore when the kid came and she had to quit, or she was plain sick of living on that $90 per while you were finishing up the degree, or maybe you just didn't like each other any more. Maybe, with your own house, it would have been different . . . Maybe . . . maybe.

Divorce is up to nearly one third of all marriages, and still soaring. Joe can't wiggle out of his responsibility there. All those millions of Joes, who were married before, married during, or married just after, are a powerful cipher in our present divorce incidence. Joe is no bargain as a groom. He isn't meek enough.

How's that personality coming on anyhow? What about the war nerves? Pete still tearing up his handkerchief? Still pacing the floor of his bedroom? Drinking too much? Quick to quarrel? Or did he settle down?

He settled down . . . some. Very probably he never will settle down to his prewar level. You can't take a man by the seat of the pants, hurl him halfway around the world, show him sights he never expected to see, expose him to boredom and blood and lust and often filthy, bestial living, and expect to produce a caroling bobolink. He didn't come home a killer, sure; he is not a chronic neurotic, sure; he works, yes; gets married, yes; plays with the kids, yes; is a useful citizen, yes. Yes.

But he left some boyishness in Okinawa or even Camp Davis, North Carolina. He shed some naïveté in New Orleans and Aachen. He acquired some hardness in Guam and Fort Dix. He picked up some taut nerves at Manila and Fort Riley. He learned some tough truths at Iwo Jima and Camp Blanding. He came of weary age on a destroyer; cast off his milk teeth in tanks; lost his adolescent pimples in chow lines and F6Fs and jeeps and USO shows. He has some permanent souvenirs of the war—keepsakes which are not hung on the wall or stowed away in the corner of the old, battered footlocker.

But he is not so nervous, now, or so impatient with civilians. He drinks harder, possibly, than before the war. Healthily, he has quit thinking of himself as apart from the people in serge and tweed, and he leans less and less on his ribbons. He likes to talk with old buddies, but the bride and the old man don't have much conception of the warm comradeship he continually strives to recapture. He has forgotten most of the rough spots, and dwells largely on the liberty in Naples or the five-day pass in Brisbane.

He has pretty well stopped writing wild-eyed letters to the newspapers. He doesn't call a man a slacking so-and-so, or think of former noncombatants as 4F-ing sons of such and such. He was all excited over the atom when he first got home, and indignant about the war profiteers, and sore at the congressmen. He still gets irked at the congressmen, but up to now it has been an impotent impatience. The G.I. who shot off his mouth about the state of his nation, during the war, has calmed down a lot.

Housing Program Criticized

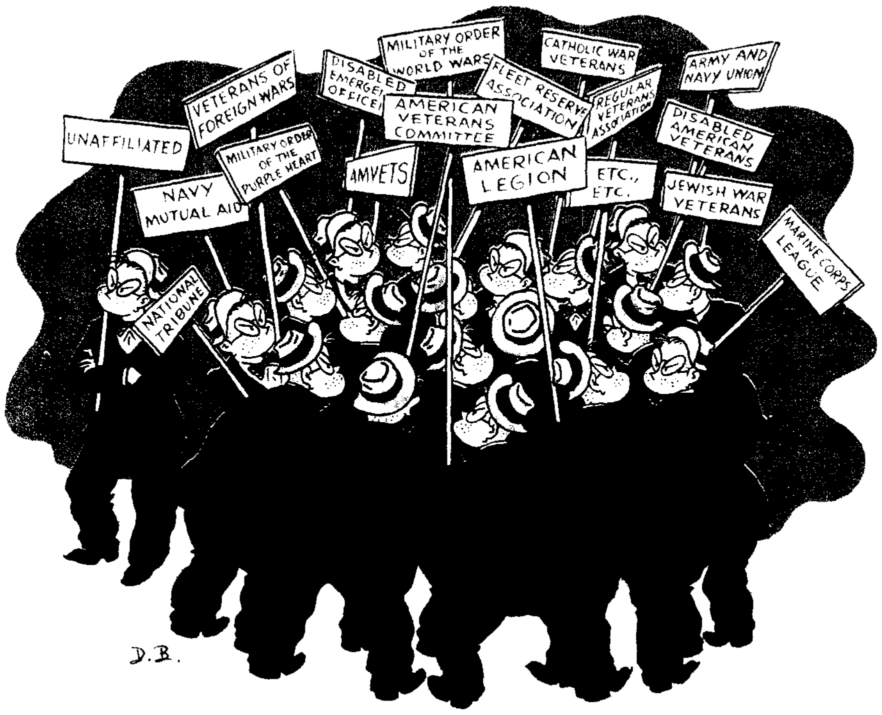
Like everyone, he has been hampered and galled by housing shortages and high prices and strikes and slowed production and all the other things we have enjoyed as the spoils of global victory. According to General Bradley, the G.I. housing program was ill-conceived. It offered houses to young men who couldn't afford houses, didn't want houses. What they needed was housing—shelter, apartments, rental units—and the bottlenecks in putting up even those jerry-built $10,000 numbers were so frequent, and production was so slow.

Joe got exploited by the tradesmen, and the leeches fastened onto his G.I. privileges. They took him for a sucker often. He fought with his old lady and flunked out of school. He mooned and he sulked. He loafed and shamelessly accepted handouts from the government.

That is, a few Joes did. Fortunately for the rest, and for the country, the majority of Joes have done just about as well as their predecessors. In about one year they have, as a class, become citizens. It is an achievement which testifies to the short memory of man, and to the innate sturdiness of the kids whom we labeled 1A.

It now would appear that not only is it possible to take the man out of the Army, but it is also possible to take most of the Army out of the man.

THE END


MILITARY ORDER OF THE WORLD WARS
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ARMY AND NAVY UNION
VETERANS OF FOREIGN WARS
DISABLED EMERGENCY OFFICERS
FLEET RESERVE ASSOCIATION
REGULAR VETERANS ASSOCIATION
UNAFFILIATED
AMERICAN VETERANS COMMITTEE
DISABLED AMERICAN VETERANS
MILITARY ORDER OF THE PURPLE HEART
AMVETS
AMERICAN LEGION
ETC., ETC.
NAVY MUTUAL AID
JEWISH WAR VETERANS
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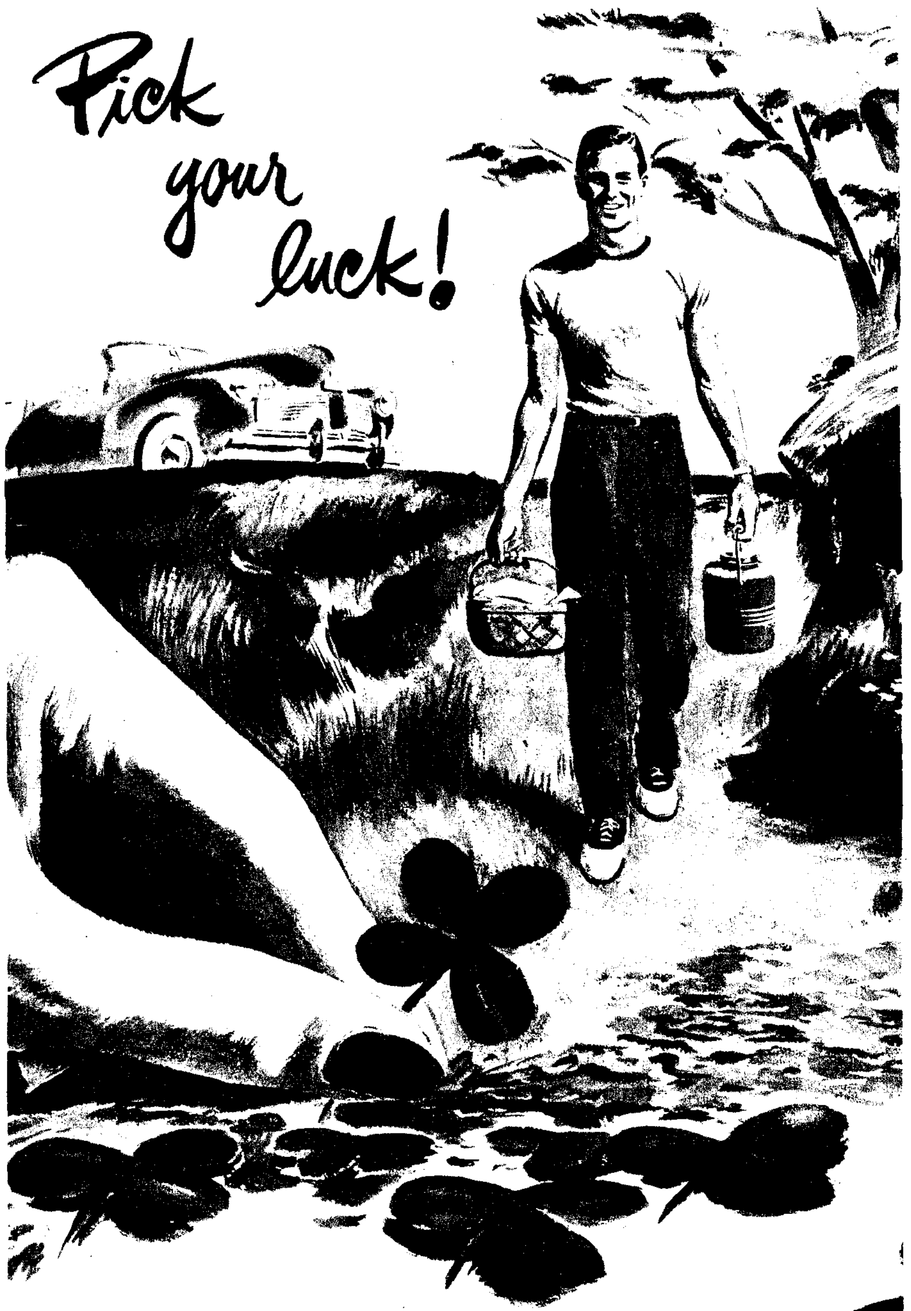
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Continued from page 4

Britain and Russia, you would probably be in a worse mess than they are.

Remember that old adage: "Pride goeth before a fall." You may be good on the production line; but in my opinion you are morally and spiritually bankrupt. Get wise to yourselves before it's too late.

M. W. MANN, Victoria, B. C.

TRICKTIONARY WORD

GENTLEMEN: Can you tell me in what dictionary I can find this word "preventative" (Block That Stroke, page 28, Mar. 15th)? It is in italics yet "preventive" is an old and familiar word to me, but this upstart, is it something new?

MRS. A. H. ESBENSHADE, Ashland, Ohio

Webster okays "preventative" both as noun and adjective, calls it an irregularly formed doublet.

THE SHRIMP

DEAR SIRS: I read the story of The Shrimp yesterday in my new Collier's (Mar. 22d). Then today I was looking through some old Collier's magazines (I hate to throw them away) when I found the counterpart of The Shrimp in a little Jewish boy waiting for a train in Berlin. Don't you think the two have a lot in common? The old Collier's was for May 4, 1946.

MRS. J. B. GILKEY, Seminole, Okla.

ALFRED, THE SNERD!

DEAR SIR: I note by The Week's Mail that some of your readers think that Mr. Humfreville's Alfred is purposely being dumb to get things he wants. Maybe he isn't dumb but I heard he hasn't voted in fifteen years because he thinks the election booth is a shower. He reminds me of the panhandler who mooches ten cents for coffee and a dollar for sleeping tablets because coffee keeps him awake. Alfred may not be a dope, but he should use perfume. That's the only way he'll have something behind the ears. TIM MARKS, Jamaica, N. Y.

CORRECTOR CORRECTED

DEAR MR. DAVENPORT: As a genealogist, I must take exception to the statement of Millard H. Ashton of Buffalo, N. Y., in The Week's Mail, Mar. 29th, that "The backbone of the Pennsylvania Dutch were so-called Hessians captured by the American troops."

The first Pennsylvania Germans came to this country in 1709, some sixty-five years before the Revolutionary War. They were refugees from earlier wars of continental Europe.

Many, of the descendants of these early German emigrants, the real Pennsylvania Germans (miscalled "Pennsylvania Dutch"), fought on the side of the colonists in the American Revolutionary War.

Also, between 1719 and 1777, some thirty thousand Germans with their families landed at Philadelphia, as the original ships' lists, still preserved, attest.

Mennonites did settle at Germantown quite a while before the Revolutionary War. Mr. Botsford was quite correct in his triangle placing of them between Harrisburg, York and Reading.

MRS. JOHN IRWIN ZERBE, Boston, Mass.

IT SHOULDN'T HAPPEN TO A DIRTY DOG

DEAR SIR: Re Beware of the Dog Racketeer (Apr. 5th): One of the pedigree fakers who used to roll his own gave us many a laugh. We checked the antecedents of a Boston bull with the American Kennel Club and uncovered a modern miracle: Both the parents of the pup were females! In another instance an English setter was sired by a beagle and dammed by a chow. The owner cursed, too.

FRANK W. BROCK, Special Investigator,
Astoria, Long Island

NO, WE'RE 90% DEMOCRACY!

DEAR SIRS: Let's Talk Business, by Mr. Ruml (Mar. 29th), in which the national income is discussed with authority, poses the following (somewhat unrelated) question:

The national income in 1944 was estimated as 160 billions; actually, 40 billion dollars were paid to the government as income taxes in the same year.

Does this not indicate that the U.S. is distributing one quarter of its income via governmental agencies? Are we a quarter-Socialist state?

G. E. DENNIS, Avon, N. J.

MINER MATTER

DEAR MR. DAVENPORT: Mr. Belden, in his article Independence Has Its Headaches (Mar. 29th), is in error in asserting "Mining is dead, for lack of equipment and capital." On the contrary, the Philippine mining industry is making a noteworthy comeback.

Benguet Consolidated, biggest prewar gold producer, has been employing 2,000 men for 13 months in rehabilitation and construction, and will be milling 1,200 tons a day before fall.

Surigao Consolidated is already producing about $50,000 gold a month, with further increases planned.

WILLIAM F. BOERICKE, Former Chief Valuation Engineer, Philippine Bureau of Mines, New York, N. Y.

FLOATING FEAT

GENTLEMEN: Being an enthusiastic fan of Miss Markova's, I have no wish to discredit her ethereal qualities. However, I note you state Alicia Markova "is said never to touch the floor" during her performance of Giselle (The Week's Work, Mar. 22d). You further state she "wears out a pair of $10.50 ballet slippers floating around in each Giselle." Quite a feat!

BARBARA L. PREBLE, Allston, Mass.

Since all God's chillun got shoes, it's obvious there must be some wear and tear on the elevator type of slipper Miss Markova wears.

TIME ON HER HANDS

DEAR EDITOR: In your next issue of Collier's, if possible, would you please run an article on what teen-agers can do to entertain themselves? What I mean is that there are many towns that are quite small and do not have teen-age centers or things like that. And just going to the movies and on picnics gets very monotonous. I am 14 and will be 15 next month and I and a number of other girls would like to know how to entertain ourselves.

STEPHANIE PACKARD, Broken Bow, Neb.

Well, Stephanie, after you've helped with the dishes, and cut the lawn, and knitted your dad a new pair of socks, and tatted Mother a babushka, you might try reading a few best sellers, studying your chemistry, practicing some baking and cooking recipes from your daily paper. If you have any time left over, let us know—we'll shoot you and your fellow teen-agers some more suggestions for entertainment.

INSIDE THE LINDBERGH KIDNAPING

Continued from page 19

ring. I had my meals sent in. I didn't dare leave that phone for an instant. I didn't dare make an outgoing call, for fear the kidnaper might call and get a busy signal. I wanted to seize the phone in my hands and shake it and make it ring.

We were licked.

Lindbergh returned with dead, vacant eyes from his flight to Gayhead, on Long Island Sound, his abortive search for the "boad Nellie" aboard which the kidnaper, in a note given to Jafsie in return for the ransom, said Lindy would find his first-born son. He shook his head. Bitter disappointment and anger blanched his face as he said, "We've been double-crossed."

During the doldrums of April a few of the ransom bills turned up, but they led me nowhere. Banks that found them didn't know who deposited them, or storekeepers didn't know who spent them. I ran down dozens of suspects, a bootlegger, a spiritualist, a hermit on a houseboat, a Bronx woman who had a "strange baby" in her apartment.

A Boatbuilder Offers a Clue

Then a big, bluff backslapper named John Hughes Curtis, a boatbuilder from Norfolk, got Lindbergh's ear and high-pressured him into believing the baby was on a schooner off Cape May, New Jersey. He got Lindy to go to sea with him several times. The last time was a day I will never forget—May 11th.

I was at the fraternity club mulling over some transcripts of wire taps we had put on key suspects, when Breckinridge telephoned. He talked as if he were sending a telegram, "Be downstairs ten minutes. Got to go Hopewell immediately. Report baby's body found." I simply breathed, "Okay," back into the telephone. When a man talks like that you don't waste time asking questions.

We were talking about it at the Lindbergh home—how a truck driver who had to make a comfort stop found the baby's decomposed body in the woods just a few miles away—when Lindy's car came crunching up the gravel driveway. He walked in. His gray suit was unpressed. His hair was knotted from the salt wind. He had spent a strenuous day at sea with John Hughes Curtis.

Colonel Schwarzkopf threw it straight from the shoulder: "Better come into the study. We've got some bad news." He was alone with Lindbergh for five minutes. When they came out we all expressed our sympathy and Lindbergh simply stood rooted and said, "Thanks." He started to walk away, then pivoted and said in words frosted with disgust, "Curtis is out in the car."

"Don't worry about that fellow now. Leave him to me," I said, half under my breath.

I pumped Curtis until three o'clock in the morning—and marveled at the way he clung to his tissue of bunk. But the next day he broke and made a clean breast of it. He had gone publicity crazy and made up a pack of lies about the schooner off Cape May. For this he got a year's jail sentence.

The realization that her baby was dead, after those ten weeks of vacillating hope, brought a tremendous pressure upon Anne Morrow Lindbergh. It took all her resources to withstand it. One day I had lunch with her at Hopewell. She toyed with the food, seemed intent only on telling me more and more details that might help solve the crime.

The question of the nursery window came up. Was it locked? No. Just how much was it open? When I had finished my plate, Mrs. Lindbergh said, "Come up to the nursery with me. I want to show you exactly how the window was."

I followed her into the nursery. The crib was gone. All the baby's toys were gone. As she walked toward the window I saw her eye dart for an unconscious moment to the corner where the crib had stood. Then she set the window just as it had been the night of March 1st.

We walked through an adjoining bedroom. My eyes roved to the walls and I stopped short. Mrs. Lindbergh paused at the door and watched me as I studied the flowered wallpaper. There was something strange about it. I couldn't tell just what it was at first. Then I noticed that on one side of the room the wallpaper had flowers with brightly colored centers; on the rest of the wallpaper the centers of the flowers were plain.

"Oh, that," said Mrs. Lindbergh. "I've been touching up the centers of the flowers—I haven't finished yet. It's comforting to have something to do."

I think that, more than anything else, made me realize the battle she was putting up.

The case, from a detective angle, was entirely different once the baby's body had been found. It wasn't just a kidnaping. It was a murder. And we didn't have to fear endangering the baby. We could charge ahead with every trick and device in our power to bring the killer to bay.

Naturally the house staff was suspect. The Lindbergh and Morrow families gave us unstinting help in making our check-ups. We cleared Betty Gow, the nurse. We cleared Olie Wheatley, the butler, and his wife. But there was still timid, mousy Violet Sharpe, the maid. Violet found it rough going with the police because she had made the awful mistake of telling a white lie. She said she had been at a movie in Englewood the night of the kidnaping, but the movie she named wasn't showing there at the time. Sometimes an overzealous cop will leap a long way from a false alibi like that. Some of the boys were willing to hang a murder rap on Violet.

Colonel Schwarzkopf asked me to take over the questioning. Lieutenant Buster Keaton, of the Jersey state police, and I arranged for a session with Violet at the Alpine station. We sent a state trooper to the Lindbergh house to get her and, while he waited, Violet slipped upstairs to her room and drank enough silver polish to kill an ox.

Wiseacres said, "There's your proof. What more do you want?"

Tragedy Caused by a White Lie

I went into the life of Violet Sharpe with scalpel and forceps. She hadn't the slightest connection with the case. She told the white lie about the movie because she had a pickup date with a young fellow in Englewood and was ashamed to admit it. All the rest stemmed from that. She was a weak girl emotionally and the interrogations were too much for her. She developed a phobia that the kidnaping was being pinned on her, that she was being framed, and suicide was her irrational escape.

Nothing as pat as that was going to break our case for us.

I spent weary months trudging from bank to bank, urging tellers to keep a lookout for the ransom money. I schooled them, put them through their paces, checked their lists of serial numbers.

On the theory that the kidnaper had known Jafsie before, Keaton and I combed lists of 12,000 former students of the Bronx schools where the old fellow had taught since 1900. The New York police and the F.B.I. turned up photographs of every ex-student who had a record and I showed these to Jaf-

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sie. But not one resembled the "John" to whom he had paid the ransom.

Finally I got interested in the nails in the rough wooden ladder the kidnaper had left behind. I located the mill in Pittsburgh where they had been manufactured. Under the microscope these nails showed a slight imperfection, the very twin to an imperfection we found in one of the nail dies at the mill. Records showed just when that die had been used. We turned to sales ledgers for that period and, sure enough, one shipment of nails from this die had gone to a hardware store in the Bronx.

There the trail ended. But who knew when it might open up again? I sent confidential word to all officers working on the case to search for nails on the premises of every future suspect. The microscope, the flaw, and that telltale die were destined to pay a dividend later on.

Another trail opened in the spring of 1933, a year after the kidnaping, when President Roosevelt called all gold certificates out of circulation. The public was given thirty days to trade them at the banks for other kinds of money. The proclamation was music to my ears, for $20,000 of the ransom money was in gold certificates.

But even sweeter music was a phone call from the Federal Reserve Bank in New York, intoning the words I had waited so long to hear: "Somebody brought in a wad of that Lindbergh ransom money—$2,980!"

I rushed down there like an antelope with jet propulsion. The teller handed me an exchange slip which had been turned in with the money. It read, "J. J. Faulkner, 549 W. 147th St."

Of course there was no Faulkner at that address. For days we checked Faulkners all over New York City, and as far north as Albany, as far south as Washington. We pored over death records. We squinted through city directories. Way back twenty years before, in the New York directory for 1913 we found a "Jane Faulkner" at that very address in the Bronx!

But again a blind alley. Not even the oldest tenants remembered her, nor the neighborhood grocers, nor did her name turn up in the voting registers. Had she moved out of New York? We vainly checked city directories for 1914 and '15 as far afield as San Francisco.

Had Jane Faulkner got married?

We dusted off the records of the New York Marriage License Bureau and sure enough we found our gal. She had married one Carl Giesler in 1914. My eye raced over both their signatures on the marriage application. Jane's looked nothing like the "J. J. Faulkner" on the bank slip, but when I measured Giesler's against the photostat I carried in my pocket, I blurted out, "That's our boy!"

The next day a handwriting expert in Washington strengthened my suspicion, declaring guardedly that Giesler's writing and the writing on the bank slip "appeared to be similar."

Tax Checkup to Mask Suspicion

Carl Giesler was easy to find. He was a partner in a Madison Avenue seed store. I crept up on him cautiously, cloaking my moves as a routine tax investigation, but collecting gobs of his handwriting. We found out he had a son living just a block away from Jafsie and then, hotter still, that his daughter, Phyllis Leopold, was making hasty plans to leave for Canada.

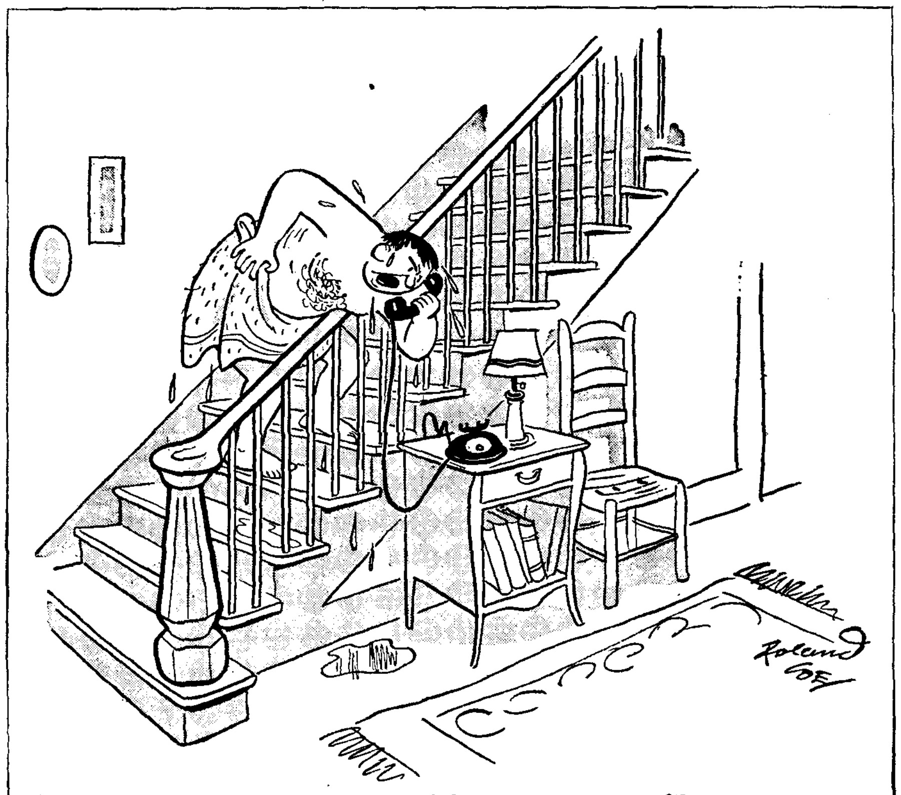
I high-tailed it to Montreal. I told the Canadian officials what was up and when Phyllis crossed the border at Rouses Point she was searched as no ordinary traveler is ever searched. She must have wondered what kind of neighbors these Canadians were when matrons even insisted she take off her clothes.

Phyllis, with me never far behind, visited some friends in Canada and then returned to New York—a picture of perfect innocence all the way. I chalked her off my list.

But it seemed time to call the hand on Giesler, so we brought him in and began questioning him directly on the Lindbergh case. He was a surprised cookie and turned out, after thorough investigation, to be as blameless as a cherub. We called in his wife, the former Jane Faulkner, and she too was above suspicion.

Just when I was about to throw the "J. J. Faulkner" lead in the ash can, I learned that Phyllis' husband, Henry Leopold, was a native of Germany (the ransom notes indicated our man was a German) and he once had worked as a landscaper at Woodlawn Cemetery, where Jafsie had his first rendezvous with the kidnaper. I went to work on Henry, but again no dice.

The "J. J. Faulkner" goose chase had worn me to a shred and my spirits were low. I said to Judith, "Three months'



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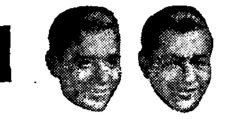

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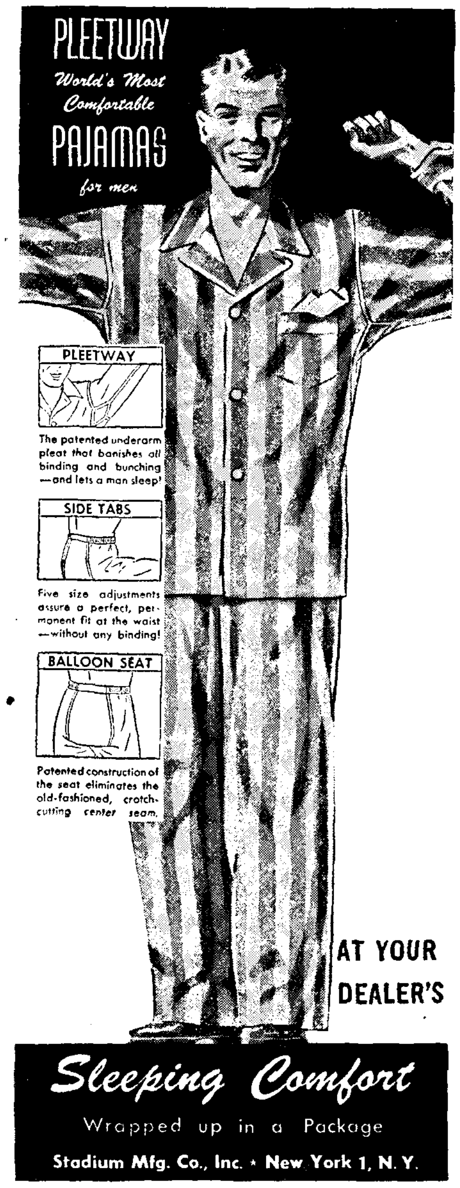

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work shot to hell," and I ran off with her to Buffalo and Canada.

There I was, vacationing, when Giesler phoned the police that his son-in-law, Henry Leopold, had shot himself. That woke things up all over again. I tore back to New York and ran the scalpel into Henry's past—but no, Henry's case was something else again. He was a paranoid type, always imagining cops were after him, and when we questioned him the first time it was more than he could stand. He kept telling Phyllis, "They're after me," "We're being followed," until his troubled brain couldn't stand it any longer.

Six months after "J. J. Faulkner" exchanged $2,980 in ransom money at the Federal Reserve Bank I closed my books on the most tantalizing, heartbreaking—and fascinating—false lead it has ever been my bad luck to follow.

Watching for More Ransom Bills

Everybody felt beaten and bankrupt about the Lindbergh case. The New Jersey State Police, the New York City Police and half a dozen other law-enforcement agencies had done their level best to solve it. They had certainly given me magnificent co-operation in my end of the deal. There wasn't a thing left to do but sit back and wait for more ransom money to turn up. In the autumn of 1933 the government shifted me down to New Orleans to take up the scent of a fellow named Huey Long and I was working on that case in September, 1934, when the teletype clicked out the arrest of Bruno Richard Hauptmann. I took off for New York.

In the Bronx jail I set my eyes upon this square-faced German. He looked, even then, more like a rock than a man, utterly cold, seemingly inanimate. How simply he had been caught! He paid for some gasoline with a ten-dollar bill, and the gas-station man, worried about counterfeits, had jotted Hauptmann's car license number on the face of the bill. When the bill reached the bank it was spotted as ransom money, with Hauptmann's license number scrawled upon it. He was picked up the next day and $14,600 more in ransom money was found hidden in his house and garage.

"How did you happen to have that money?" I asked the stolid carpenter as he stared at me from his cell.

"Never had it," he grumbled like a bear.

"Have you ever been out to Hopewell?"

"Don't know where it is."

"Aren't you the man Dr. Condon met in the cemetery?"

"No."

After Hauptmann was indicted I tried to question him again. "How come you had all that money in your garage?" I began.

"Please leave me alone," he said morosely. "My wife and I are in a lot of trouble. We didn't do anything wrong. My lawyers told me not to talk to anybody."

"Yes, but for the sake of your wife and that little boy of yours, you should explain things. Maybe we can help you," I persisted.

Hauptmann looked up through those lifeless eyes of his, like a pair of onyx marbles, and said with a protruding lower lip, "I don't talk to you."

In the weeks preceding the trial I went to work on Hauptmann's financial history of the past thirty months. If he had received $50,000 ransom on April 2, 1932, and $14,600 had been recovered on his premises, there still was $35,400 to account for.

Hauptmann, his Germanic training more fortunate for us than for him, had been a meticulous record keeper. I studied his methodical accounts with their day-by-day disbursements and receipts and easily established that in March, 1932, he was worth not a penny more than $5,000 including a used car and a little stock.

But in that month of the kidnaping the records stopped, broke off abruptly; there were no more entries. I checked banks, brokerage houses, travel agencies, auto companies, stores—anywhere Hauptmann could have spent or deposited substantial sums. Agents Bill Frank, Rudy Hartmann and Eddie Hill helped me reconstruct Hauptmann's entire dollars-and-cents history since the ransom payment.

By January, 1935, when the trial opened we had a financial Odyssey accounting for thirty months and $35,000. Hauptmann had opened several brokerage accounts, had lost close to $9,000 on the stock market. He had sent his wife vacationing to Germany. He had bought a car. He had gone to Florida. Yet in *all this time he had been unemployed,* without income.

Flemington, New Jersey, was a smug, somnolent town in monotonous gray with carefully trimmed shrubbery. It was a town that wanted nothing more than to be left alone, a desire that was dashed 100 per cent when the Hauptmann trial descended upon it.

Its streets were choked with sound trucks and automobiles with tripods on their roofs. Its hotels were aflame with lights all night and vibrant with the stomp of feet taking two steps at a time. The taverns were agog with strange contests, everybody trying to get everybody else drunk in hopes of catching a loose word or two. The courthouse, unpainted but stanch and somewhat majestic, had suddenly come into the pin-point focus of an entire nation.

At the trial I took the witness stand to prove that the $14,600 found in Hauptmann's house and garage was the very money we had packed in the ransom bundle. That night of recording and witnessing serial numbers at the J. P. Morgan office paid off at last.

But through the entire juridical jamboree, our ace witness was the quiet old man who looked like the face on a beer mug, Dr. J. F. Condon.

His testimony was clear as a bell. If anything, *he* confused Edward J. Reilly, Hauptmann's chief counsel. Jafsie told the jury, and he told it to them straight—beyond peradventure of a doubt—that *Bruno Richard Hauptmann was the man* he sat with on a bench at Woodlawn Cemetery and later paid the ransom to at St. Raymond's. He could not be shaken one iota.

Jafsie was dished up to the public as a kind of clown, an absent-minded professor who'd pour sirup on his head and scratch the pancakes. The press was down on him from the start. One reason was that Jafsie played ball with the Bronx Home News (the neighborhood paper that had given space to his poems) and its scoops of the case made the great inky giants of Manhattan roar and writhe.

The Mass of Cumulative Evidence

I know that many people, even today, have an uncomfortable feeling about the Lindbergh case. They are not absolutely satisfied that Hauptmann was guilty. He *was* guilty, 100 per cent guilty, and *alone* guilty. Let me give you my own chain of evidence, from a detective's eyes:

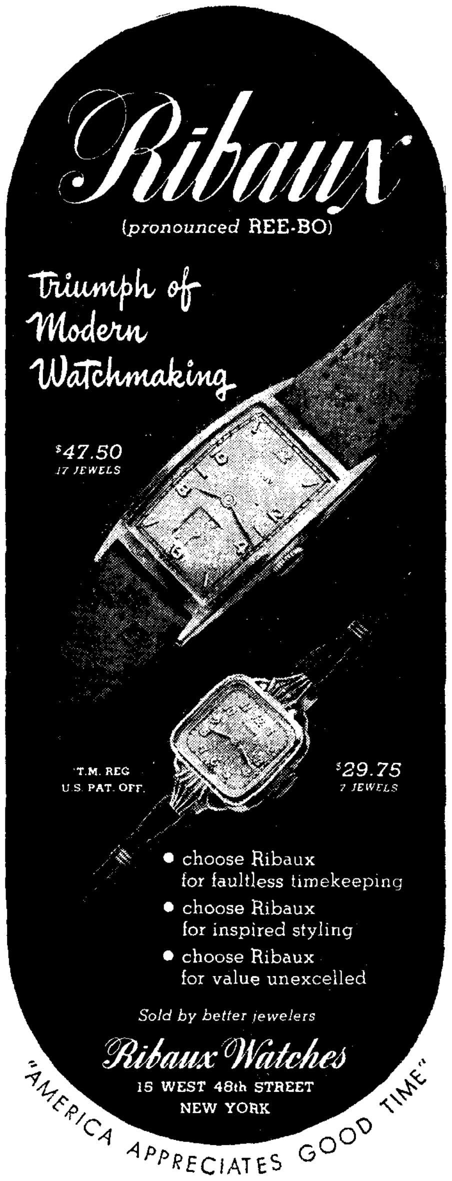
1. Hauptmann passed a $10 ransom bill at a gas station. When arrested he had two more ransom bills in his pocket and $14,600 more hidden away.

2. He had Jafsie's telephone number written on the wall inside a clothes closet.

3. Part of the kidnap ladder was made of wood ripped from Hauptmann's attic floor.

4. The ransom notes were in Hauptmann's handwriting.

5. Lindbergh said it was Hauptmann's voice he heard *behind the wall at St.* Raymond's Cemetery—and Jafsie said it



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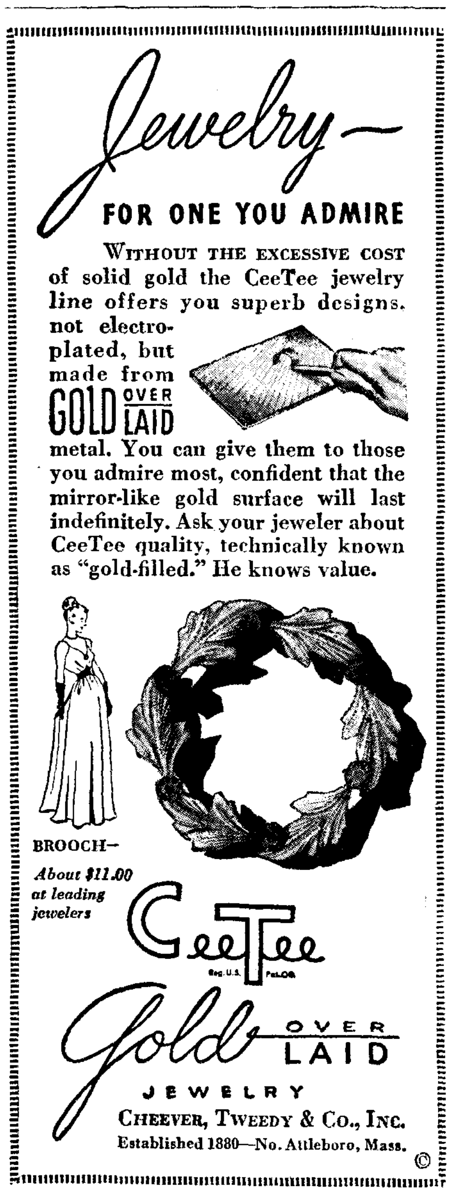

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was Hauptmann he *talked with and saw.*

There was yet another skein of evidence that never got into the trial. I told you how we traced the nails from the kidnap ladder to a Pittsburgh mill. We found a keg of nails in Hauptmann's garage and under the microscope each one showed the precise flaw we had found in the ladder nails. Each one came from the scarred die we had found in the Pittsburgh plant. What's more, we found that Hauptmann traded at the Bronx hardware store to which an order of these telltale nails had been shipped.

Attorney General David T. Wilentz held this evidence in reserve, ready to explode it upon the courtroom if the going got tough. It was still in reserve when the case went to the jury.

That Hauptmann *alone* was guilty, that he had no accomplice, is established by the fact that he got all the ransom money himself. We accounted for $49,600. If there were accomplices Hauptmann's own lawyers would have dragged them in, hoping to lighten his sentence, or Hauptmann would have blabbed at the last minute to win an appeal.

Though Hauptmann was guilty, his death with sealed lips left a good many questions unanswered. For example, just when was the baby killed?

My theory is that Hauptmann killed the baby in its crib. He struck the infant on the head, probably with a hammer, to avoid the risk of crying or squalling which might bring the nurse. I believe he planned it this way, since he made absolutely no preparations to care for the baby until the ransom was paid.

How come no one saw Hauptmann prowling around the Lindbergh house, "casing the job"? I believe he came at night, probably with binoculars. The house was still unfinished. There were no shades or curtains, no concealing shrubbery. Hauptmann could sit on the wooded hillside near by and observe the movements of people inside the house.

Could Al Capone have helped—even if he wasn't in on the job, could his underworld boys have found the baby? They might have found it, but they could never have saved it. At the time Capone offered to bring the baby back alive, its tiny body already lay in a shallow grave in the woods. Medical study showed the baby was killed either on the night of the kidnaping or very shortly thereafter.

A Theory For the Faulkner Angle

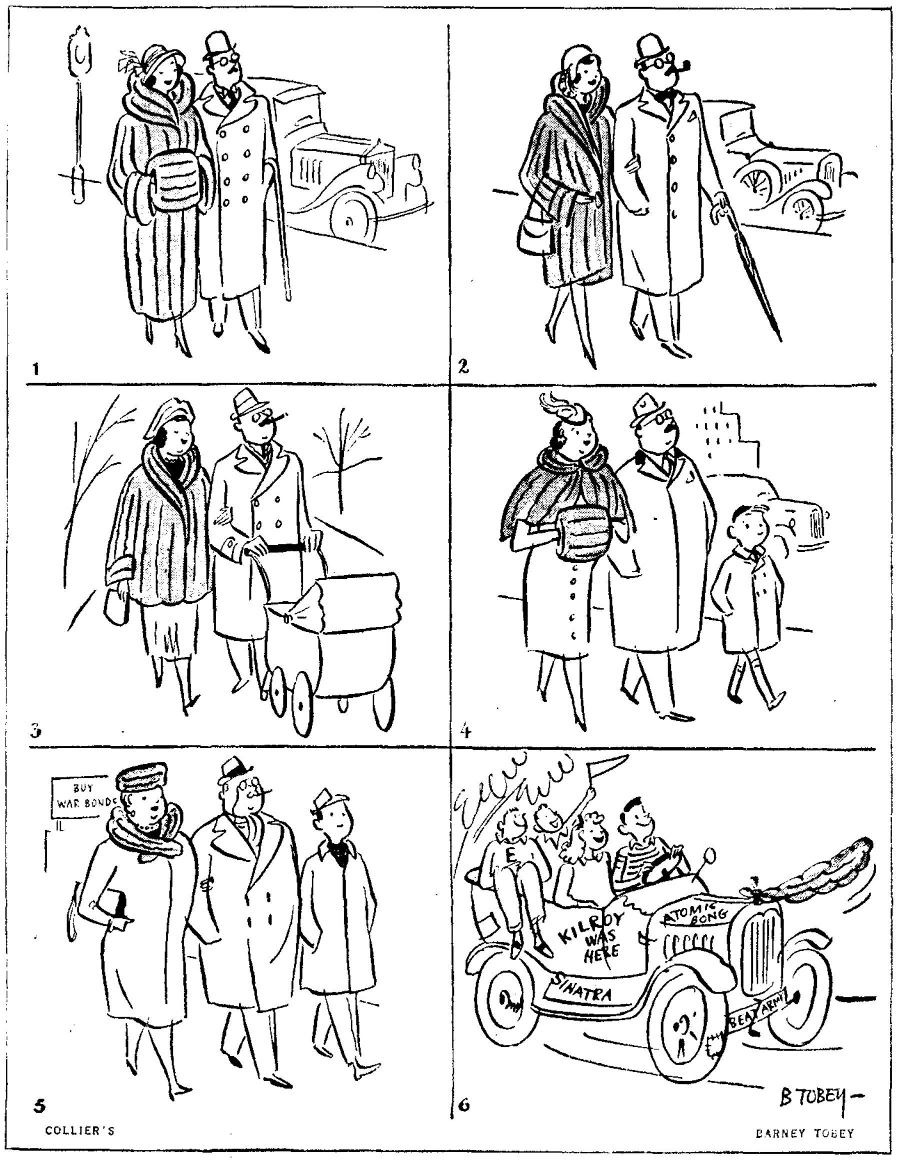
What about the "J. J. Faulkner" mystery? My theory is that Hauptmann went to the Federal Reserve Bank, probably with his hand bandaged or with the excuse that he had forgotten his glasses, and asked someone in the crowd to make out his exchange slip for him. It was not in his handwriting. I think he simply pulled the name and address out of a hat, and mere unhappy coincidence put us on the trail of Jane Faulkner.

It was also a coincidence that Giesler's handwriting was enough like the Faulkner signature to throw me—and my Washington expert—off the track.

How could Hauptmann have spent $35,000 of the ransom money without being caught? That's the heartbreak of being a detective. Tellers got tired of meticulously inspecting every bill after the first flush of excitement had worn off. A year after the kidnaping I was still going around to banks giving pep talks, and always getting the answer, "Oh, yes, we're keeping an eye open. You bet." But when I slyly asked, "Have you got your list of serial numbers handy?"—they'd get nervous and mop their brows and start looking. Sometimes they couldn't find the list at all. Sometimes it was buried in a dusty bottom drawer.

Because of that big gap between good intentions and performance, Hauptmann almost got away with murder.

Editor's Note: The next installment will take Mr. Wilson into the bayou country of Louisiana, on the trail of Kingfish Huey Long.



COLLIER'S

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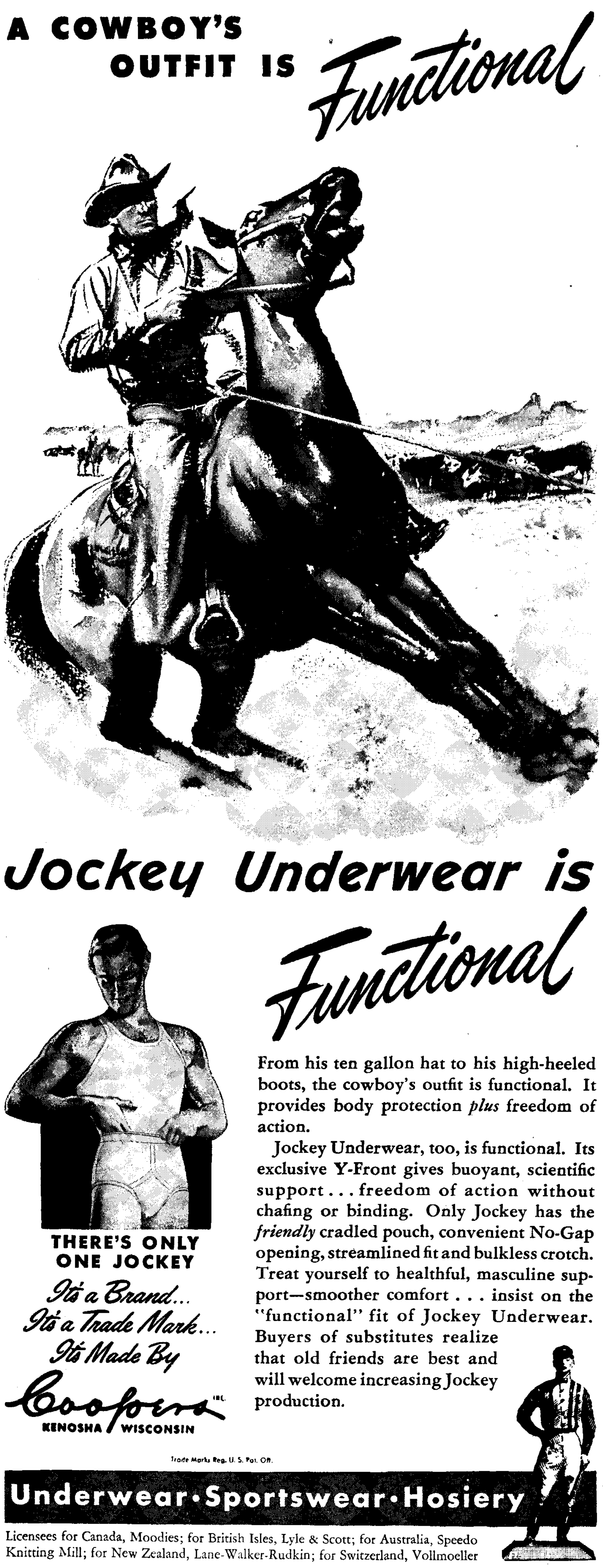
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DITHERS AT THE DARDANELLES

Continued from page 21

arises whether the Americans can tie the loan to a realistic, long-term policy which will influence the Turks to fit their government more snugly to Secretary Marshall's definition of democracy. This will take some delicate doing.

Already Moscow Radio's daily Turkish broadcasts are accusing Ankara of selling out to a "capitalistic, imperialistic U.S.A." and betraying the precepts of the Atatürk revolution, which was fought to rid Turkey of foreign domination. The ruinous "capitulations" which the sultans granted Western powers are still a sore point with the Turks. They welcome anything that will bolster their strength against the Russians but they'll want a minimum of strings attached.

Pressure on the White House

There is reason to believe that our Army and Navy people, quietly capitalizing on the situation in Greece, had more to do than anybody else with getting the White House to wrap up a request for aid to Turkey in the same package, on the grounds that, although her situation might not yet be so desperate, it is Turkey, not Greece, which is the key to the defense of the eastern Mediterranean. They argued—and appear to have won the argument—that virtually every dollar of the loan should go to Turkey's armed forces.

Military missions, however, may find the going tough in weaning Turkish generals away from old-fashioned ideas, and economic experts may have similar difficulty in their fields. There are many obstacles to overcome, and all Turkish policy is spun with a nervous glance northward.

Since the days of Peter the Great it has been an old Turkish custom to fear Russia. In the past 100 years the two nations have tangled on the battlefield five times. Now that Moscow demands a half share in the defense of the Straits, every hint of trouble strikes the Turkish general staff on an especially sensitive crazy bone.

Behind all this nervousness lies the fact that the republic of Turkey is, strategically speaking, one of the most valuable pieces of property on the globe. By geographical accident it is both a bridge and a river—a land bridgehead between Europe and Asia, and a waterway linking the Black Sea, via the Bosporus and the Dardanelles, with the outside world. Many nations, including Germany, have long coveted the country for these strategic charms, but for the past 300 years, on and off, Russia has been the most persistent.

The Turks dismiss as thinly veiled "expansionist ambitions" the Russian argument that administration and control of the Straits should be a joint Russo-Turkish affair. This instantly stirs visions of Russian technicians and Russian garrisons installed in Gallipoli, and Istanbul, for instance, becoming gradually but inevitably a sort of suburb of Moscow.

Washington and London have admitted that the Russians have a particular interest in the Dardanelles for security reasons. And, with Turkey, they agree some technical changes need to be made to the Montreux Convention (the rule book governing navigation from the Black Sea through the Bosporus to the Aegean) to bring it up to date. However, they emphasize that if the Dardanelles were openly threatened or actually attacked, it wouldn't be simply a Russo-Turkish matter—it would be the Security Council's baby. (And the Truman party implies, quite bluntly, that, as things stand, the only real danger of an attack on the Straits stems from Russia herself.)

Not long ago an alert, American-educated Turkish editor named Ahmet Emin Yalman unearthed in Paris eight fat volumes of comment on the Near Eastern Question and Russian policy—all written nearly 100 years ago during the period of the Crimean War by a student of politics who later was to achieve a stormy fame.

"If Russia gets hold of Turkey," one of these comments ran as reprinted in Yalman's newspaper, Vatan, "its power will be doubled and it will become the master of all Europe Such an event will constitute a misfortune of indescribable magnitude."

Historians may toy with the irony of the fact that the author of the comment Vatan quoted was a fellow named Karl Marx. He wrote it in the spring of 1853 in exile in London while working as correspondent of the New York Tribune.

"Russia may seem to be obstinately and deeply attached to certain fixed ideas," Marx said in another dispatch with the startling ring of a think piece that might have been filed from U.N. headquarters, "but as soon as the other powers resist in a determined and united way, they will find that Russia will ac-'cept a modest retreat."

There is currently plenty of crossed-fingered comment about certain Russian retreats in policy from the Balkans to Berlin, from the consulate in Tabriz to the councils of the United Nations—making a belligerent Soviet whack at Turkey seem anything but plausible now, despite Washington alarms. But the Turks are strictly from Missouri on this one and they aren't sure they can afford to believe it even if they're shown.

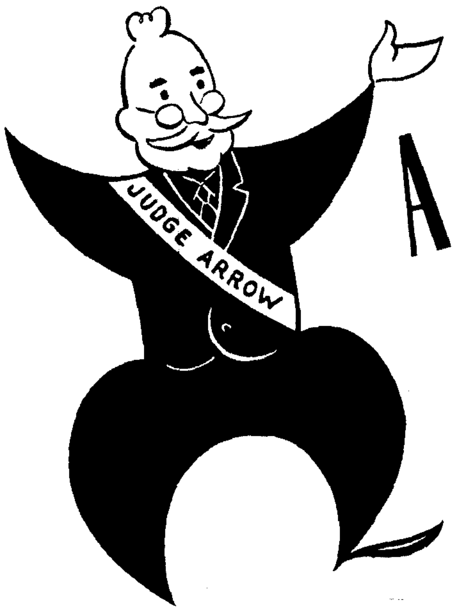
This historic distrust of Russia—Czarist and Communist regimes alike—may well be one of the nation's sources of strength; Turkey is the only country on the periphery of the Soviet Union where the pointed tactics of Russian penetration have been blunted, where Communism, so far, has been almost completely squelched.

Consider Tekin the Taxpayer

But the price? Paradoxically enough, this strength is steadily becoming a dangerous weakness. Preparedness is wearing the nation down, and Osman Tekin, Turkey's John Q. Taxpayer, is feeling the pinch. Nearly *40 per cent* of the 1947 budget will go for defense. Taxes are the highest in the republic's history and the combined national debt is approaching 2,000,000,000 lire. (That's $750,000,000—a drop in the bucket by American standards but a big load for a country of scarcely 19,000,000 population.) Tekin and his neighbors are finding more fault, daily, with the government.

"With a setup like that," an American foreign-affairs expert observed, "why should the Russians worry about springing anything so big and expensive and impracticable as an invasion? If an assortment of off-stage noises around the borders can keep the Turks too nervous to dare trim their military expenditures, the nation will be headed for the economic skids. In the ensuing political collapse the Russians would certainly do their artful best to see that at least a little more pliable government was installed in Ankara."

As one observer put it, Turkey today reminds you of a man who leaps from bed after dreaming he is being squeezed to death, rushes out and buys himself a huge life insurance policy and then proceeds to go broke trying to meet the premiums. Nobody argues the country shouldn't have insurance; Russia's inscrutable behavior has furnished nightmares to more than one state. But fear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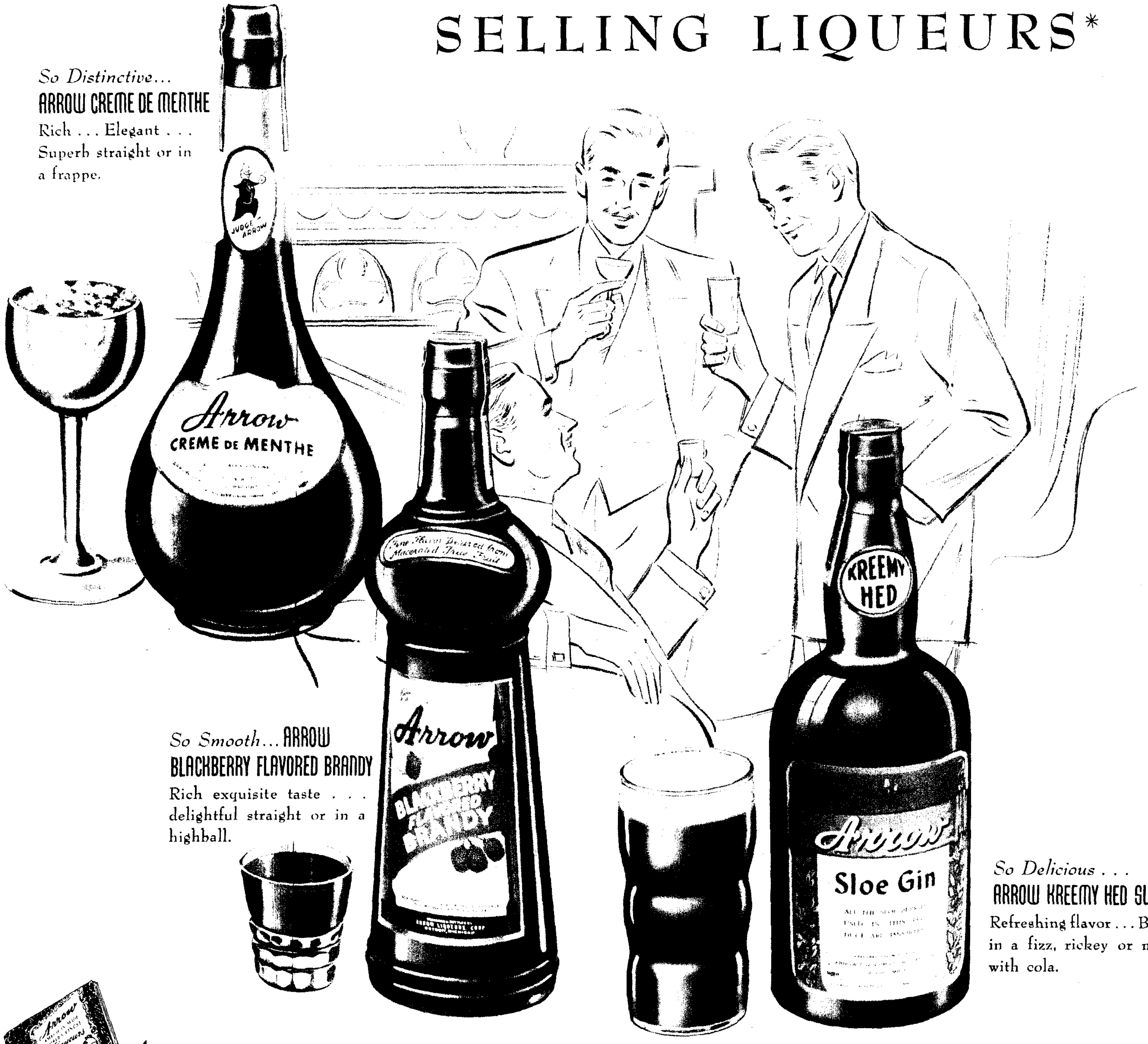
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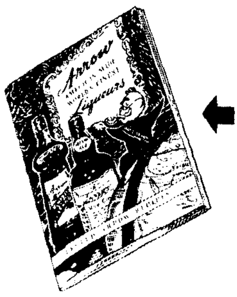

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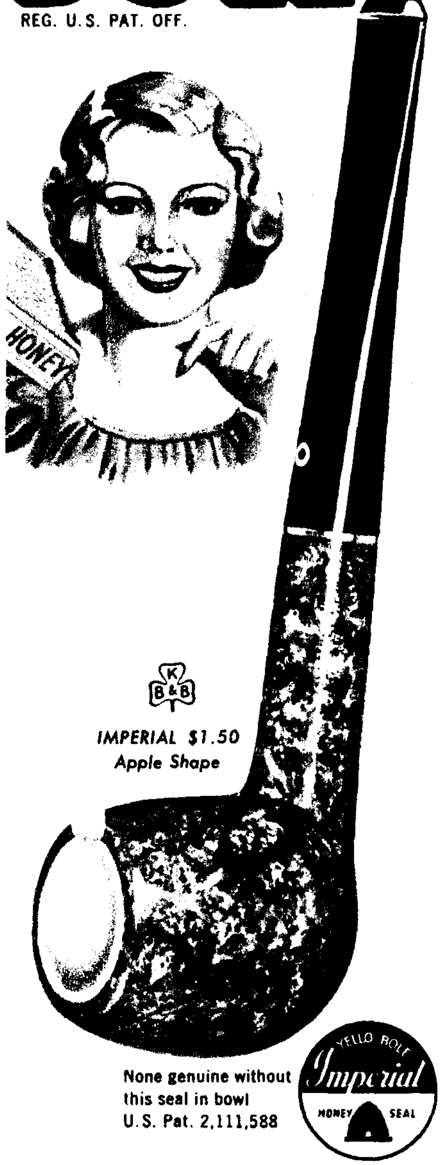

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and politics have pushed the policy into a lopsided investment. Despite the huge outlay for its upkeep, most military observers agree that the army is little more than a "damned good 1918 army"—disciplined, spirited, brave, unmodernized.

If the army moves on wheels it is nearly as likely to be wagon wheels as a ten-ton truck or an armored car. The British are helping the Turks install and operate a limited amount of radar equipment and have sold them upward of 300 army planes, but the air force is still in a weak and untrained infancy. To Westerners, the army's mental equipment, with its Oriental pattern, appears as strange as the machinery on the field.

Turkish Military Efficiency

Once, late in the war, it looked as if the Germans in desperation might attack Turkey. The Allies were informed. They replied they would try to support the Turks but that they would need certain simple but vital information about terrain, disposition of forces, etc., within 24 hours. This was agreed. The 24 hours passed and there was no answer. A check revealed the queries had been marked urgent, all right, and dispatched to Turkish field commanders—by mail.

To the Turks, the pinch of preparedness comes not only in their pocketbooks but in man power. The Turkish army has been mobilized for seven years. Conscription continues; a three-year hitch in the armed forces faces every male citizen turning 20 years of age—this is twice the prewar stint for the army. The class of 1927—125,000 men—was recently called up six months ahead of schedule to relieve the class of 1924—80,000 men—which had served beyond its term. Even if the latter is completely demobilized as planned, the army's strength will still top 600,000 men. For lightly populated Turkey that's a mighty big army—proportionately more than twice the size of the U.S. Army at its wartime peak.

Turkish security is so tight that a soldier is not even supposed to say howdy to a foreigner, but nothing can hide the fact that the country is still an armed camp. From the cold and lonely Russian frontier to the border of Thrace, a thousand miles away, you see soldiers everywhere, sturdy, awkward-looking boys in their shapeless, mouse-colored uniforms. East of Kars, cavalry patrols plow through the snow along the edge of Azerbaijan and the U.S.S.R.

In Ankara a platoon of draftees swings into the street past the Ministry of Defense, singing a Turkish marching song. The green banks and blue waters of the Hellespont echo to the crack of gunnery practice. In the Taurus, troop trains carrying soldiers back to their bases after maneuvers rumble past the express from Bagdad. The state of siege in Istanbul and the six western provinces has been renewed for another six months.

These Turkish G.I.s lead anything but the life of Riley. As a buck private, Osman Tekin's son, Riza, is paid 25 kurus (about nine cents) a *month*—less than enough to place an option on a glass of beer. His food is plentiful if severely plain and his uniforms are satisfactory. But even in the coldest weather he may have to sleep in a tent, and on the ground unless he can scrounge some straw. If he's going to enjoy the little extras any soldier wants, including cigarettes, the money must come from home.

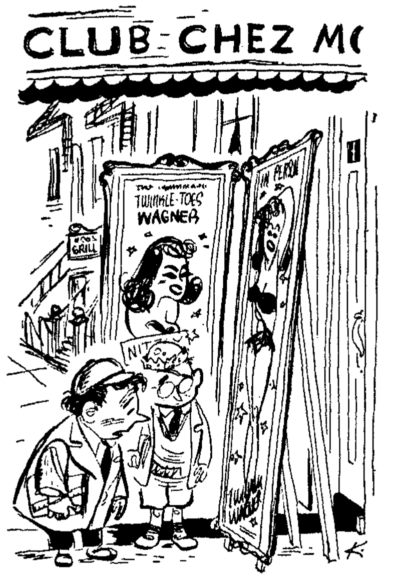
The army realized how unpopular conscription really was when it resurrected a curious measure (canceled in 1938) called a military exemption tax. It allowed a man to buy his way out of all but six months' service by paying for his own uniforms and their maintenance; paying for his board, and making a cash outlay of 270 lire to the national treasury.

Never was a tax so warmly welcomed. In no time some 60,000 youths of the class of '27 filed notice of intention to pay for the service exemption. This was nearly half the total class strength. Dismayed generals saw their man-power pool drying up like a puddle in a high wind. The government covered its confusion with the explanation that the tax had suddenly been found undemocratic, favoring rich over poor, and the whole idea was abandoned. But the incident heightened public discontent.

This growing restlessness provides some nourishment—but not much yet—for the skeleton leftist movement struggling to strengthen its organization in Turkey. Over a milky glass of raki and a saucer of toasted hazelnuts in Taksim's Snake Pit bar in Istanbul, a swarthy gentleman from Athens will whisper to you that money for a "Communist underground" is coming through the Rumanian embassy, or the Bulgarian consulate or perhaps a courier from Belgrade.

The Turkish security police tail all strangers, whether their political complexion is ruddy or pale, with the perseverence of the Royal Canadian Mounties and the complicated cunning of Charlie Chan.

The government still has dictatorial powers and uses them boldly to squash any threat to "national security," but there are increasing indications that the Red scare is being deliberately exaggerated to divert public attention from the government's own sins and deficiencies.



"So Miss Wagner, too, has been forced to supplement her teacher's pay"

COLLIER'S HANK KETCHAM

Take, for instance, the events of last December 16th, in Istanbul. While good Moslems stood washing their bare feet in the icy troughs outside the mosques before going in to pray, squads of plainclothes men scattered through near-by Babi Ali Caddesi, the city's Fleet Street. In 24 hours they raided eight newspaper and magazine offices, padlocked them all, outlawed two fledgling "Socialist" parties, disbanded several incipient workers' syndicates, arrested nearly 50 alleged Communists and placed several score more suspected "radicals" under surveillance.

The operation was purportedly the biggest single roundup of leftists ever staged in Turkey, but despite broad hints that "important documents" had been found "implicating a foreign power," nearly all the suspects were released within a few days—presumably for lack of incriminating evidence. ("Our main ambition," a leftist intellectual confided to me shortly after the raid, "is to force a more 'realistic' policy toward Russia—more like Sweden's and less like Spain's; after all, we and the Russians are neighbors.") It just so happened that the roundup came while the government was under heavy fire on internal matters.

What little the people have tasted of democracy they like and are clamoring for more. But the pursuit of liberty involves some fascinating inconsistencies: after the antileft drive you could still buy editions of Moscow's New Times in three languages on the Pera, Istanbul's Fifth Avenue, but if you failed to register your cigarette lighter with the government match-and-lighter monopoly you could be packed off to jail.

Mustafa Kemal Atatürk's People's party has been in power for 23 years, however, and even the most patient Yankee Republicans will admit that's a bit long. The synthetic, recently formed opposition, the Democratic party, is growing steadily stronger and more genuine. Thus far its platform differs but delicately from that of the administration, and in the best American tradition it has launched little more against the government than a name-calling attack on official personalities and a clarion cry for economy.

Charges of financial bungling hit the government where it hurts most. More than 80 per cent of Turkey's citizens are peasants. What with wartime boosts in food prices, they haven't done so badly and some of them got rich. Devaluation of the lira last fall to increase exports was in their favor. But a peasant's average earning power is still only about $33 a year. He and his family live in a miserable hut and subsist on bread, cheese and buttermilk, plus maybe some onions and olive oil. He seldom indulges in the luxury of meat more than twice a year, and then for religious festivals.

His city cousin, particularly if he is a fellow with a fixed income, is even worse off. He catches the full impact of inflation.

So why, even before the prospect of American aid became real, didn't the government abolish conscription, let two thirds of the army out, distribute subsequent savings in reduced taxes, silence the opposition, concentrate on economic recovery and generally fix it so every Turk would live happily ever after?

The answer resembles a kind of surrealistic vicious circle.

What a Small Power Is Up Against

"It's my private opinion," a Western-educated Turkish editor said, "that we'd do better with a mobile, modernized army of 200,000 releasing the rest on reserve. If a big power wants to invade a small power, an army of a million wouldn't stop it. Besides, we haven't any air force, no array of supermodern weapons, and we won't have these things, even with your help, for some time. Mind you, we'd fight Russia or anybody else who challenged our territorial integrity and we'd die hard, but we'd lose. Our only real hope now is the United Nations, with continued British and American support until U.N. really gets going.

"But things are in such a mess internally, that even if the government did reduce the army it would only partly clear them up. Then the opposition could say, 'See, even with a saving on defense the administration can't run the country.' Don't forget, Turkish politicians are human too; they want to keep their jobs. So the army stays big and in a monotonous but sort of hypnotizing chant the government reiterates that the international situation is threatening, that the country must be prepared and that the economic crisis is something to be borne manfully under the circumstances.

"And the opposition doesn't dare challenge the administration on the international question. If it did it would immediately be accused—and here the vicious circle comes full—of selling out to the Russians. That's proved by the fact that on foreign policy the two parties' planks are almost identical."

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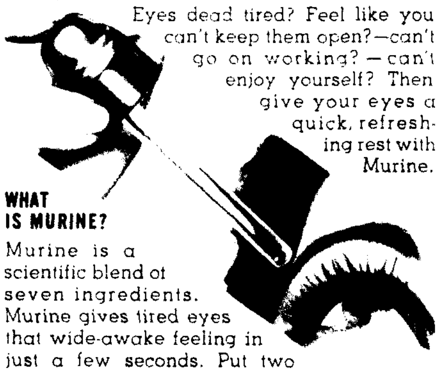

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More than a few people find it hard to swallow the idea of serving up a large helping of financial assistance to a country which fought on Germany's side in World War I and which, according to popular belief, afforded Hitler at least a benevolent neutrality in World War II. It can't be denied that Turkey played both ends against the middle and that a lot of Turks made fortunes thereby.

However the Turks' side of the story has been only partially told. At least twice, according to American sources, the Germans tried to get passage for the *Wehrmacht* through Turkey, without success: once when they began to crumble in the Caucasus, and again when Rommel needed relief in the desert.

Turkey wanted to avoid a shooting war completely if possible, but in January, 1943, President Inonu asked Winston Churchill, apropos the Anglo-Turkish alliance, what the Allies were going to expect of Turkey; he said that before the Turks could come in they would need a long warning, a lot of preparation and a lot of assistance in supplies and weapons. Churchill replied, in effect, that the Turks should sit tight, that the pact still held, but that the British didn't have either supplies or weapons to spare at the time.

Inonu Compared to Franco

Then after the Teheran conference, when the Big Three did press Turkey to get into the war (there was an implication that Stalin was more eager for this than either Churchill or President Roosevelt), Inonu replied that he could swing it only if he had substantial aid, especially in defenses against *Luftwaffe* attacks. (One observer recalled that Inonu's position with the Allies was a little like Franco's with the Axis—each had his toes in the water but didn't want to plunge until he could see a big life preserver handy.) Turkey finally did declare herself in a state of war with Germany and thus was allowed a hand in the founding of the United Nations at San Francisco, but she remained extremely uncomfortable over being made an "ally" of Soviet Russia.

Lately, a series of interesting little events indicates that some people, not the least among whom are the British, are fondling anew the idea of a Turkish-Arab "anti-Communist bloc." The prince regent of Iraq visits Turkey aboard a British warship. Next Nuri As-Saïd, who later resumed the premiership, comes and negotiates an Iraqi-Turkish treaty of friendship and assistance in Ankara (although Bagdad still hasn't ratified it). Then King Abdullah of Trans-Jordan, a pocket-sized nation created and controlled by the British, comes to Ankara and Istanbul on a royal tour, and returns with a pact of friendship tucked under *his* robes.

Abdullah, a bitter rival of Arabia's Ibn-Saud, dreams of a bigger kingdom embracing the Levant states and maybe part of Palestine as well. He wouldn't mind having Turkey's support. But there are confusing cross currents; Syria has ambitions of its own to combine the Lebanon into a Greater Syria and is trying to get the port of Alexandretta back from Turkey, to whom the French grudgingly ceded it in a treaty before the '39 war.

"And what would Turkey get out of such a bloc except responsibility?" a former cabinet minister retorted when asked his reaction. "We shall be gendarmes for the Arab states against Russia? No, thank you."

Partly due to a defensive reflex in which the attraction of friendship is in inverse proportion to distance between frontiers, partly due to admiration for our wartime achievements, the Turks are looking more and more to the United States for support and inspiration. They hope that U.N. machinery works, but they figure that we, more than any other nation, will determine whether it does; meanwhile they think Washington's policy of "tough realism" toward Russia means they can lean on our power as a buffer against threats from the north, but they are not sure how hard they can lean or how long. The fact that they may be able to lean $150,000,000 worth in 1947-48 is reassuring, but they don't know what Congress may do after that. And the more conscientious Turks realize that in the interim they must hasten their own reforms, that a real thriving democracy, not just emergency dollars, is the only effective answer to the threat of Communism.

There is a wealth of good will toward America in Turkey. It's been more than a year since the battleship Missouri brought back the body of the Turkish ambassador from Washington to Istanbul, and his excellency has long since been laid to rest, but the citizens fondly recall the visit of American bluejackets as if it were yesterday. The call of the squadron headed by the carrier Randolph to southern Turkish ports caused another sensation.

On both occasions authorities all but had to abandon official festivities; the public took over. Sedate Turkish girls learned to jitterbug overnight. The streetcar service of Istanbul was extemporaneously altered to suit the sightseeing whims of gobs who commandeered the cars. An enterprising manufacturer put out a new line of brassières boldly labeled "Missuri," and the Lord knows how many youths decided seriously to pursue a naval career.

Turkey is showing signs of relaxing its rigid exchange restrictions to encourage the inflow of foreign capital. "What we need most right now," almost any Turkish businessman will tell you, "are capital goods and technicians to help us get our internal economy on its feet. We are particularly anxious to do more business with America."

Whether the present administration can strike the proper balance between the country's historic and expensive security problem and the growing demand of the people for relief from taxes and inflation, not to mention a house cleaning of grafters, is doubtful. Predictions are multiplying that although the next elections aren't scheduled until 1950 the opposition may wax strong enough to upset the regime in a special vote before then—or at least force Inonu to accept a coalition cabinet.

Share-the-Grief Policy Suggested

Some careful observers suggest that if the Red Army of occupation is actually pulled out of Bulgaria and Rumania, now that the peace treaties with those former Axis stepchildren have been drawn, the Turks may decide on a substantial cut in their army. "But the only lasting solution for us," a Turkish editor friend remarked, "is to convince the West of our strategic importance to them and get them to share our troubles.

"There is a story about our legendary national jester, Nasreddin Hodja, which points up what I mean. One night Hodja couldn't sleep and as he tossed in his bed his wife demanded to know what ailed him. He finally confessed that a large debt to his neighbor, Mehmet, fell due in the morning and he was broke.

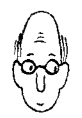
"The wife got up and shouted across the courtyard until Mehmet came to the window. 'Mehmet,' she called, 'my husband won't be able to repay your loan in the morning because he has no money.'

"Then she returned to bed. 'Now,' she said to her husband, 'you can go to sleep, and let Mehmet do the worrying.'

"We don't propose to go to sleep ourselves," the editor added, "but it will help us a lot to have somebody sitting up with us."

THE END

My boss is plenty smart!



My boss keeps his eye on tire pressure, changes the oil when needed, and best of all, he sees to it that I get a complete Nor'way* Radiator Service job in the spring.

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TWO ACRES FOR YOUR LIFE

ROBERT BAGBY

Every person in the world has two acres of productive land to keep him alive. No more. Slowly, certainly, that two acres is producing less and less, warns the president of Kansas State College

BY MILTON S. EISENHOWER

SOMEWHERE in the world there are two acres of land that are keeping you alive. They may be fine, fertile, productive acres or they may be skimpy, eroded acres, but whatever they are, they're yours. And they're all you'll ever have. Two for you, two for me.

Only 11 per cent of the world's land can be used for food production—a total of 4,000,000,000 acres. The world has 2,000,000,000 inhabitants, hence the two acres per person. It is not enough. Before the war two thirds of the world's people didn't get enough to eat. Today *more* than two thirds don't. The reason is simple: Today people don't know how to produce enough food to fill their own stomachs.

As things now stand, they're not learning how, either. Your two acres are not producing more food and fiber for you each year; they're producing less. All over the world men are fighting hard to make their acres produce more. Their weapons are scientific developments to provide better crop varieties, better production methods, better machines. But working against them are powerful destructive forces—accelerated erosion, depletion of soil fertility, man's ignorance and neglect. Slowly, but with an awful certainty, the destructive forces are winning.

Originally your two acres—and everyone else's—had an average of about seven inches of topsoil. Those seven inches were all that stood between you and starvation. They still are—only in too many places on the earth the seven inches have been reduced by erosion and neglect to five or three or zero. Extend the zero area to all the productive acres of the earth and man would die. The zero areas *are* being extended.

It took Nature several hundred years to build each inch of that topsoil. Man and Nature have been destroying it recklessly. Three fourths of the world's productive acres are subject to erosion, and all to fertility loss. Meanwhile the world's population is increasing: It has gone up half a billion in the last forty years. So pretty soon you won't have two full acres. A dramatic description of what happens when land is abused is contained in David E. Lilienthal's book T.V.A.: Democracy on the March:

"The 'played-out' farm lands of the South, now in the process of rebuilding, were 'mined' to grow a single crop of cotton: they are one more illustration of the remorseless arithmetic of Nature. Here once-lovely manor houses stand seedy and deserted because their foundation, the soil, has been exhausted, romantic monuments

(Continued on page 89)

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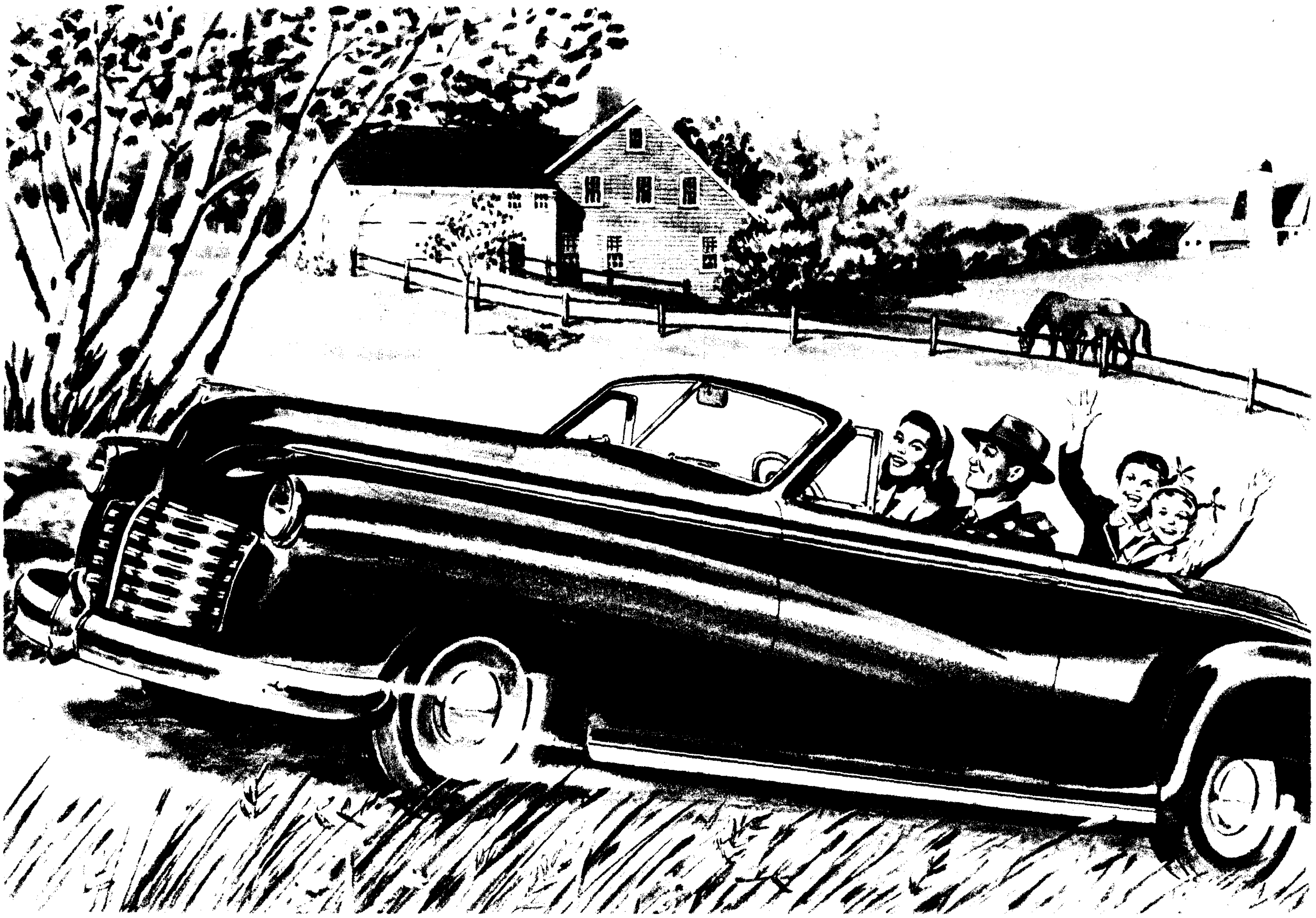

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THE WAY I HEARD IT

It was the way everyone in town heard it. And Miss Jennie never denied it

BY MACK J. MATTHEWS

I SUPPOSE the really awful thing was that the Ellisons had always been considered above reproach in the town. If they'd had even a little touch of raffishness, other people would have shrugged and doubted. But when you finally do hear something about a family like that, it's only natural to accept it as gospel truth.

They had one of the nicest homes in the town. On summer afternoons you'd see Mr. Ellison out mowing the lawn, as quiet and decent a man as you might hope to find anywhere. Or you'd see Miss Jennie, the aunt, on her way to the movies, looking just like a picture of old-fashioned charm. Not that looks aren't sometimes deceiving.

When Mrs. Ellison died, about two years before all this happened, her sister, Miss Jennie, came to look after the children and the house. Not that the children needed much looking after then. Janice, the girl, was going to college and she'd turned out to be a very pretty girl, after all. You never can tell how a girl will turn out. Sometimes the prettiest baby will make the ugliest woman. With boys it doesn't matter.

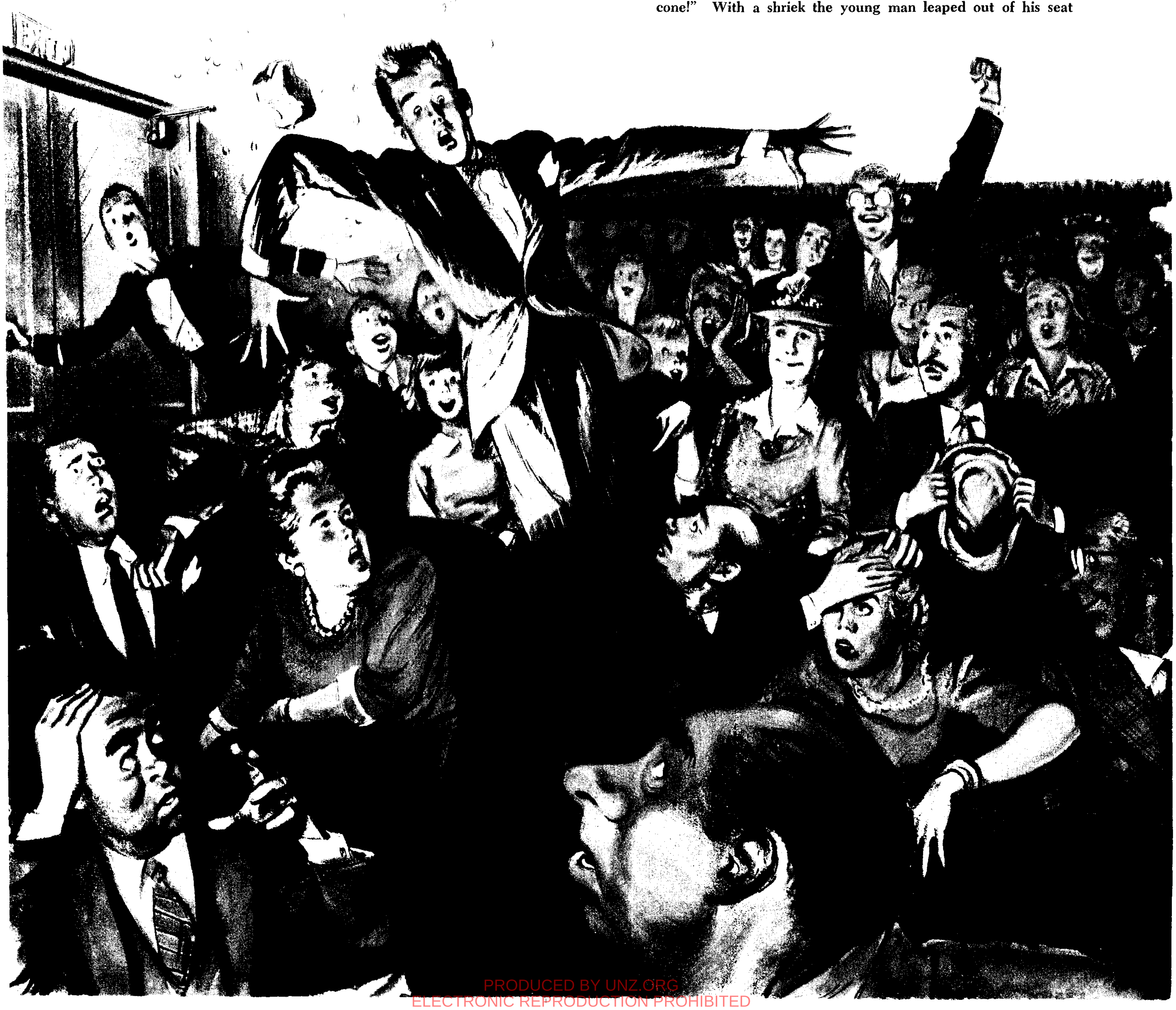
Young Howard—that was the son—was like that. He looked just like all the other boys in high school. He seemed to spend most of his time playing football, and you know how those uniforms make people look even more alike than they really are. All lumpy and muddy. Isn't it funny, even in dry weather, they manage to be muddy? And always the boys are just at the age when the minute they get in the house, you are on edge waiting to hear something breaking.

Mr. Ellison was a fine-looking man, and there were lots of people looked to see him marry again. He could have done it, easy enough, because he had a good position in the town—he was some kind of broker—and was in the prime of life. But after Miss Jennie came and took over the house so quietly and gently, the talk died down about him marrying again. She was a tiny woman with a sweet face and soft brown hair. She moved so silently around the house that she was almost like a ghost. Not that there was anything to frighten you about Miss Jennie. She just seemed kind of faded and vague, and you hardly noticed she was there.

But she did like to go to the movies

ILLUSTRATED BY LEON GREGORI

"Young man," said Miss Jennie, "you are sitting on my ice-cream cone!" With a shriek the young man leaped out of his seat



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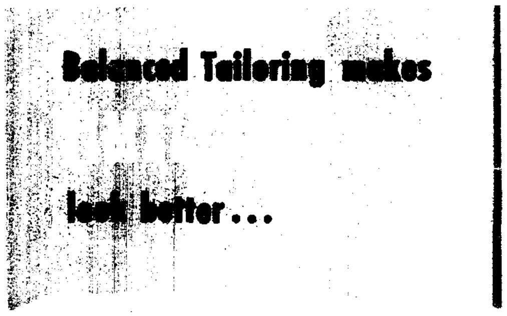


Ask to see Plateau—"The Suit With the Weightless Feel"—fabric by Pacific Mills.*

—I don't *think* she's missed a single one since she came to live here. And it didn't matter to her what kind she saw—gangsters, or cowboys, or high-society types. Never said a word about what she thought of them. Just bought her ticket, went in, and came out when it was over.

As a matter of fact, the whole thing might be said to have started at the movies. Miss Jennie had gone to one of those pictures where everybody suffers a lot, especially the audience, and she sat ignoring the sniffs and tears of the people around her, simply watching the strange antics on the screen without comment. Then a young man came in and sat beside her.

NOW Miss Jennie might not have thought much of some movies she went to, but she did like to keep track of what was going on on the screen. But the young man beside her was not to be ignored. He started right off crackling his sack of popcorn, making a noise like machine guns do in the war pictures. Miss Jennie turned and glared. All she saw was a prissy-looking fellow dressed up like something in a shop window, with the crease in his trousers carefully arranged and his bow tie set just right. His blank, unconscious face was turned to the screen and he did not even seem to know there was anyone else in the theater.

Nobody knows what came over Miss Jennie just at that moment, but it was certainly the start of her queer actions. She nudged the fellow with her elbow very gently.

"Young man," she said in a distinct and reproachful voice, "you are sitting on my ice-cream cone." She couldn't have said anything more calculated to get action. He jumped straight out of the seat with a noise that was more like a shriek than anything else. Heads on all sides were turned in his direction, curiously or indignantly. Low murmurs, questioning, arose in the audience. An usher came hurrying over to them.

"What's the matter, did a rat scare you?" he asked courteously but with some suspicion. He had had no experience with men who shrieked in the theater. The young man muttered something, still brushing the back of his trousers uncertainly. He couldn't bring himself to talk about ice-cream cones to an obviously unsympathetic employee of the movie house.

"Well, you mustn't make any more noises like that or you'll have to get out. This is a sad picture, see, not one with a lot of crazy doctors and apes, and you're not supposed to make noises like that. There's nothing to be afraid of, except the rats, and they won't really bother you if you don't step on them." The usher turned and went away with dignity.

All would perhaps have been well then, had not Miss Jennie overheard a voice from somewhere behind her. It was one of those painfully distinct whispers that carry over a considerable distance. She—for there was no mistaking the feminine tone—said, "I don't know, but if you ask me, I think that woman *sitting* by him pinched him. Did you notice he was rubbing himself? I never heard of a woman pinching a man in a movie before."

Miss Jennie blushed ~~with impotent~~ fury. An unidentified voice in a crowd is something that even an imagination capable of the ice-cream business can't do much about. Miss Jennie simply marked it down against the man beside her, who had so little control in a crisis. He had sat down again and given himself over to thoughtful meditation, happily unconscious of the seething rage in the woman beside him. After slow consideration, he turned to Miss Jennie and said in a small voice, "I beg your pardon, but what did you really say?"

"I didn't say anything." Miss Jennie was surprised, for she'd been sitting silent since the incident occurred.

"I don't mean now, I mean then," the young man persisted. Feeling that this was inadequate, he went on hastily, "Did you say ice cream?"

"Sir, I didn't say you do, but you did scream, you know. And I wouldn't try it again—here comes that usher back again." Miss Jennie kept her eyes rigidly on the screen. The usher was standing beside the row in which they sat and looking at the young man coldly. Then he leaned across and spoke to Miss Jennie.

"I beg pardon, madam, is this young man annoying you?"

Miss Jennie looked up pleasantly at the sound of his voice. "Not exactly," she answered. "He asked me if I said he screamed. Perhaps he thinks I told on him."

The usher looked alarmed. "Oh, we can't have this!" He spoke to Miss Jennie's neighbor with careful restraint. "Excuse me, sir, I wonder if you'd step into the lobby with me for a moment and get this straightened out without any more trouble."

The young man let out a sigh that might have been the ghost of a groan and went away with the usher.

When Miss Jennie left the theater, she saw that the manager had joined the usher and the distracted young man. None of them recognized her as a participant in the affair. As she went out, the manager was asking icily, "Do you expect us to believe that you couldn't tell whether you were sitting on an ice-cream cone or not, or that a strange woman would tell you that you were, if you weren't?"

Miss Jennie never really forgot that experience, or forgave the unknown young man.

OUTSIDE of movies, Miss Jennie's chief concern was with Janice and that young lady's love life. Janice was just at the age when she fell in love every other week with somebody different, boys she met at school. Miss Jennie did have a time, trying to remember which was which and who was the latest, in those first years Janice was at college. Even Janice got them mixed up sometimes. Later on she settled down and at the time all this happened she was practically engaged. She didn't want to announce it until he asked her, that was all.

Miss Jennie had met many of the boys Janice had gone with, and only on rare occasions had she shown any strong disapproval. She thought in terms of having her niece make a good marriage, and she had her own standards, which were liberal enough. At times her enthusiasm had been almost equal to Janice's, but on the whole she accepted these transient beaux with a pleasant vagueness.

Not having met Jimmy, the latest and apparently permanent fellow, she was biding her time with quiet interest, knowing that sooner or later he would make an appearance. But just about then the love life of Janice was relegated to the background. Certain important people of the town had talked to Mr. Ellison hinting that he should run for mayor in the next elections. Not that there was anything wrong with the one they had but sometimes people begin to feel the need for a change of mayor, and this was one of the times.

None of the Ellisons quite knew how to feel about it, but they couldn't help getting a little excited. There had neve been a mayor in the family before. They couldn't imagine what it would be like or what he would do. Of course, there would be speeches before the elections and maybe more afterward, but beyond that, they couldn't think of anything fo a mayor to do.

Mr. Ellison began going out to meet

ings, and having people to the house for long indefinite conferences that always seemed to end with his shaking hands with everybody and passing around cigars. It opened up a new and interesting field of speculation for everyone, all except Howard, who was a little doubtful about the whole thing. None of the other boys' fathers were mayors, and this nonconformity bothered him. But he believed, along with everyone else, that Mr. Ellison would be elected.

After a while, the family began to get used to the idea, and since the whole thing seemed to be largely men's business and mostly a lot of talking, they resumed the things they had always done. But it still left a tingle of excitement brightening their lives and lending a new feel to the daily things. Janice spoke of her friend Jimmy coming up for a dance, and Miss Jennie brightened even more than usual at the prospect of a new young man.

WELL, then one afternoon Janice came in and said that Jimmy Purvis was there. Miss Jennie's face lighted up with interest.

"I've been hoping he'd come, Janice. Ask him to come in," she said. Janice looked a little surprised at this sudden interest but went out and ushered the gentleman in. The old lady's face, when she saw him, was a study in restrained astonishment. He was the awful young man who had gotten her into that embarrassing situation at the theater. Weakly she indicated a chair to him, and as Janice and Howard found places gingerly, Miss Jennie took over making conversation.

"I've often heard you spoken of, and it's very nice to meet you at last." Jimmy apparently didn't recognize Miss Jennie at all. He was occupied with arranging the crease of his trousers at the knees.

"Ah," he said after a moment of blank silence. Miss Jennie's impression of him was confirmed. He hadn't changed at all.

"Dear little Janice! It seems only yesterday that she was a tiny baby in her little cradle." Miss Jennie paused, and everyone looked surprised at this sudden announcement. Since there was no comment, she went on, turning to Janice as she spoke.

"As a matter of fact, Janice, I don't remember your ever having been in a cradle at all. I suppose we just kept you in some sort of box so the pigs couldn't get you, the way those people did in that book about the Okies. Not that there were ever any pigs in the neighborhood, but your father never believed in taking chances.

"I believe the people right in back of us did have a cow. That was annoying, when you went to the movies. I don't think they should allow them in the movies at all, do you, Jimmy? I hope you don't mind my calling you Jimmy, I feel as if I'd known you so long already." The little audience seemed frozen where they sat, and stricken mute as well. Miss Jennie turned back brightly to the young man.

"Was there ever any mental trouble n your family?" she asked interestedly. 'Sometimes I think it's best to have a little on both sides—one sort of counterbalances the other, you know."

Janice interrupted. "You haven't been drinking, have you, Aunt Jennie?" Her voice was strained, uncertain.

"Now, Janice!" the old lady caroled gaily. "Just a nip, just a little nip or two. Your father drank all the rest." She urned amiably back to the pale young man and said, "Are you a heavy drinker, sir?"

There was no answer but Miss Jennie didn't wait for one, and there were no further interruptions from the three bewildered people watching her as she sat in mad and splendid isolation, weavng a lurid family history, spotted with details she remembered from some of the horror films she'd seen.

At last she stopped, sighed from the depths of her reverie and addressed the guest.

"And now, Jimmy, I wonder if you would excuse us. This is the time we do our yoga exercises. I'd love to ask you to join us, but you'll just have to wait until you're a member of the family. You know how these things are."

"Not at all," he assured her hastily, edging toward the nearest door.

"No, no," she remonstrated sweetly. "You don't want to go into that old dark closet, now, do you?" She led him to another door, and the two went out together. Howard and Janice just sat there and looked at each other helplessly. Janice wondered if you should call the hospital or the police to take care of a demented aunt. But Miss Jennie returned cheerfully, and not acting at all the way a maniac should. She approached Janice and looked at her kindly.

"Child, I did it for your own good," she murmured. "You don't want to marry a man like that. All your children would be idiots. You go find somebody else to marry, and just forget this ever happened to you." She sighed. "I think I'll go to my room and lie down a while. Visits like that are a strain when you're not prepared for them." She moved quietly out of the room, leaving the two in stricken silence. Janice at last began to piece things together.

"Good Lord!" she groaned. "She thought he was Jimmy—my Jimmy—and she did all that to scare him off. Not," she added thoughtfully, "not that you could much blame her."

"You mean she was just putting on all that stuff, she really isn't nuts?" Howard was a little doubtful still.

"Of course she isn't, or not very much, anyway. She did it to save me from a marriage worse than death, the way people do in the movies. But of all people, she had to tell all those stories to Jimmy Purvis! He's the only one silly enough to believe a word of it. He'll be telling it all over town that they put me in a box to keep the pigs from getting at me."

"Who is he, anyway?"

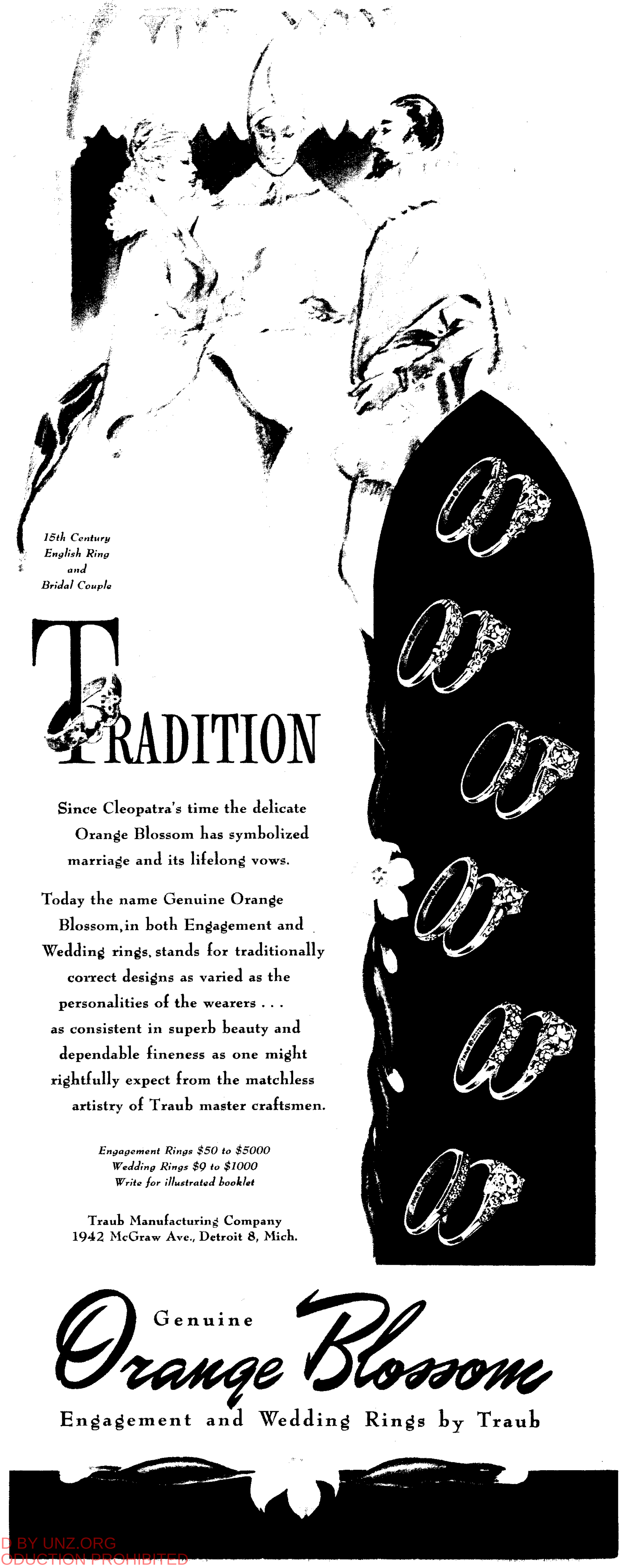
"Oh, he's the leader of that young men's society that disapproves of mixed dancing and things. I suppose he came to see Dad, but when Aunt Jennie spoke up like she was expecting him, I thought he must have come to see her about some church work or something. Oh, this is going to be awful for Dad!"

NEITHER of them had the courage to tell Mr. Ellison of the incident. But Janice's prediction proved to be reasonably correct, for among the stories that circulated thereafter, the pig business played a prominent part. The garrulous Jimmy Purvis was so painfully sincere, and the family was such a good family that every tale was received with cheerful credulity. The whole town perked up with the new exotic gossip on hand.

Mr. Ellison now wore a drawn and haggard look, and could be heard at his desk at night, muttering about mudslinging and rabble rousers. He seriously considered withdrawing from the thing, but felt that this might be considered as a tacit admission that the tales were true. At the same time he was a little baffled that the townspeople evinced a new and encouraging interest in him as a candidate.

Oddly enough, Mr. Ellison was elected by what everyone considered a pleasing majority. Janice, wearing a ring bestowed by the Jimmy of her choice, forgave the business about the pigs and finally came to the conclusion that Miss Jennie had added just that touch of color that people felt they needed in their mayor. The one before had been a very ordinary man.

THE END



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The man knew the big animals were considering him. But he was not a coward. He was not supposed to be there at all, and so far as the path would show, he was not

MURDER NUMBER ONE

BY MARY L. RAY

IT WAS a better day for living than dying, but plenty of dying was going on all the same. A mouse had just squeaked his last under a leafy bush by the path. The small cat who had caught him crunched his bones daintily between white teeth. It was a good meal, this mouse. It would be her last; by moonrise, she would be a meal for something else. Far off in the forest, a little deer lingered too long behind his mother, and let out a high scream. It was the first and last loud noise he ever made.

The man walking beside the path was one of the cave people, but as a hunter he knew all the sounds of the forest; knew them as well as did the forest people who did not wear skins, but still went in their own fur.

The man was not listening to the forest now. He was thinking. The cat under the bush abandoned the tail of the mouse to slink off through the trees. The smell of man followed her, and went down the path. All the little creatures ran before the man smell. A couple of big creatures in range of the smell sniffed it contemplatively. But there were smells nearer at hand that would be easier meals. Smells that did not carry the man's big club.

The man knew the big animals were considering him. He was accustomed to being considered as a meal by the big animals. But he was not a coward, or he would not be walking beside the path. Beside the path, not on it. He was not supposed to be there at all, and as far as the path would show, he was not.

He was thinking. Thinking was not easy. He could feel the thick muscles of his legs flexing; the caked muscles of his shoulders creeping ever so slightly under his skin. He would have preferred to let those muscles get him what he wanted. But they could not, so he was thinking.

He'd thought about the girl until his deep-set little eyes were shining beneath his overhanging brows. The way she had of putting her hand on him and saying, "Dag." He had thought one woman much like another. Now he did not.

He had thought about the girl, and decided. But he was still thinking about the man. He was a big man. That was the way Dag always thought of him. So big that the girl was impressed by him; chose him. Dag did not blame her. But a big man dead is the least of all men.

He would have preferred to fight, but the man was too big for him. He would have preferred to kill him simply, from behind, somewhere off in the forest. Unfortunately, the big man was one of a family of big men. They would not think, they would act. There might easily be two bodies lying in the forest, instead of one.

Dag walked along until he came to a part of the forest that was strangely uninhabited. There were no animal noises, few bird sounds. It was a stage waiting for the actors to appear. The path went on deep into the trees, but here was the tumbled mass of rock by a water hole that was his destination.

He climbed carefully, glancing back at every step for the trace of his climb. Dag's skin went chill in the warm sun at the thought of an overturned pebble catching the big man's eye. The big man was clever in the forest. That had made the suggestion of the two of them going on a hunt so easy. The big man loved to hunt.

Dag settled himself in the crevice in the rock that he had discovered days ago when he'd first thought of this. It might be a long wait, but the big man would come. He would not find any game. Then he would seek a water hole where the game would be sure to come. When you were a big man, you could not go back empty-handed.

Dag knew all this as if it had already happened. He had spent days and nights clearing this part of the forest of game. He had driven out the meat, the animals born to run, not fight. The big meat eaters that he could not drive had followed the meat.

Then he had suggested that they separate for the hunt, the big man taking this part of the forest. This was the only water hole in this part of the forest. The big man would come.

Dag chewed his lip with his strong teeth, but it was not nervousness, exactly. It was that he had not done this before. Like a cat, he sat with half-slitted eyes. Then a leaf crunched, and a shadow fell across the path.

The big man was approaching the water hole. He was searching the path as he walked, looking for fresh tracks. A flicker crossed the face of the hidden man, as he thought of his plan going wrong, and the big man getting his hands on him.

Walking up to the hole, the big man lay down to drink.

Above him on the rocks Dag lay flat. With outstretched hands, he held a rock as big as his two hands. No bigger; he did not want a big wound. His hands were wet against the rock. He would have just one throw. If he missed—if the big man marked him with his hands, he would not dare go back, even if he managed to finish his kill.

A leaf fell in the pool. The big man looked straight up into Dag's eyes. There was a moment's awareness. The rock fell. On the thin bone at the side of the head.

Dag scrambled down the rocks. The big man had tumbled half in the pool.

He pulled him out to begin work. From the rocks, he took his treasure. The tiger's foreleg and foot, stinking, its great claws hanging limp. He used the great claws on the dead body. Along the temple; the stone had broken the thin bone as the blow of a tiger's paw might. That was a piece of luck he had not hoped for. Then scratches on the arms where they were flung up to protect the throat. There needn't be too many, for he was going to arrive in time to drive the tiger off.

WHEN he had finished with the body, he tore up the ground and brush around the hole. It had been the scene of a great fight. He pulled hair from the tiger's foreleg. That went in the hole in the rock where he had waited, to prove the tiger had lain there. A lame tiger who could no longer kill easily, who waited hidden at a water hole, and left imperfect prints. Yes, a lame tiger.

He used the foot to make a few impressions in the mud at the edge of the water. Not many, because the impressions were not good. Let this be a clever tiger who would become a legend.

Dag walked away from the water hole and buried the tiger foot. He had previously buried the whole tiger. He had caught it in a pit, and killed it alone. It had been dangerous, and it had hurt to bury such a trophy.

He went back, and slung the big man across his shoulders. If he left him, he might be eaten, and the story would not be believed.

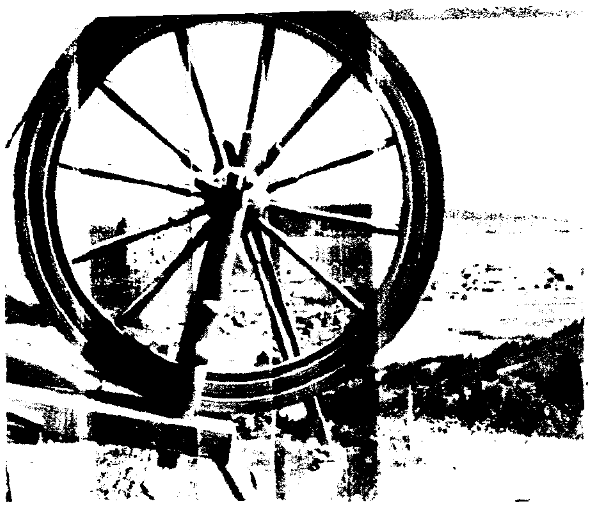
Dag thought of the girl. She had liked him before. She would like him again.

Underneath this feeling was the pride of the man who is first. Other men had killed. In a fight with clubs and stones. From behind with their hands. But he was the very first to kill so cleverly. So that he might bear the body back for all to see. So that he might have the fruits of his kill without fear.

Bending under his burden, Dag walked back along the path that led to the caves. Around him in the forest all the animals were silent in awe of man, who could murder where they could only kill.

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE

ILLUSTRATED BY HARDIE GRAMATKY



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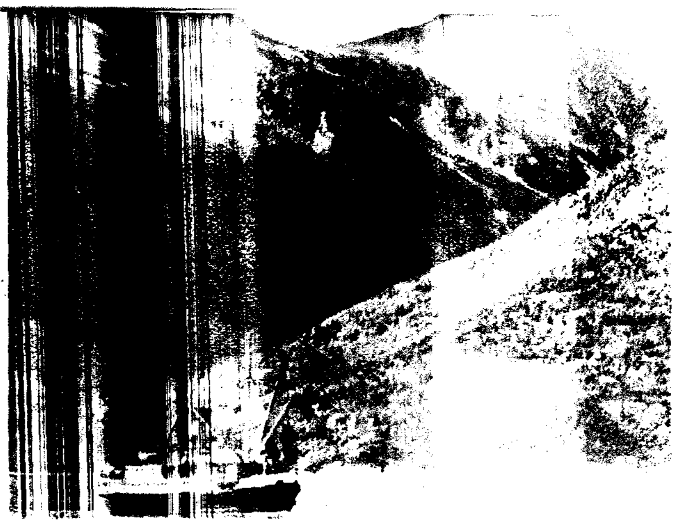

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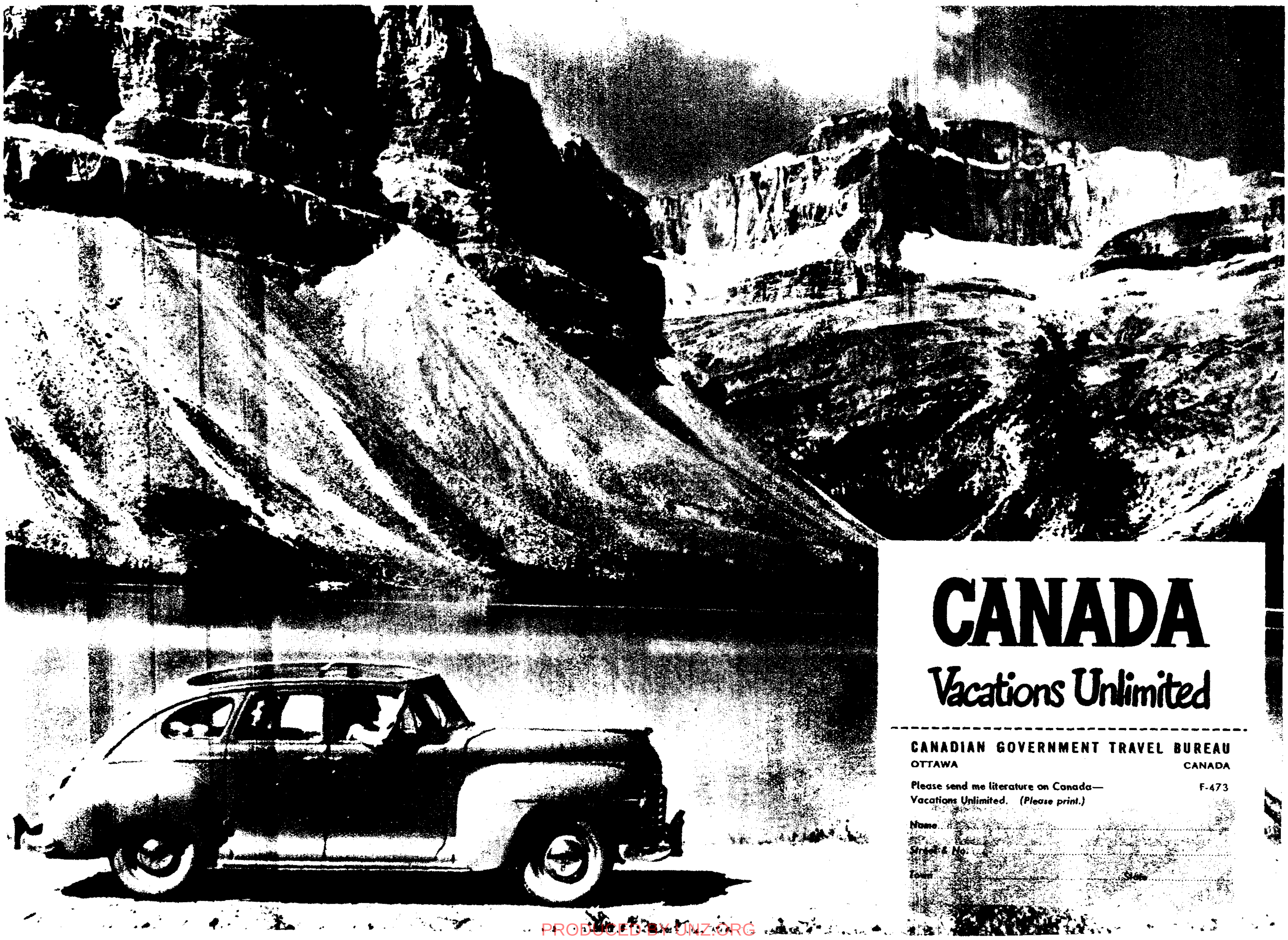

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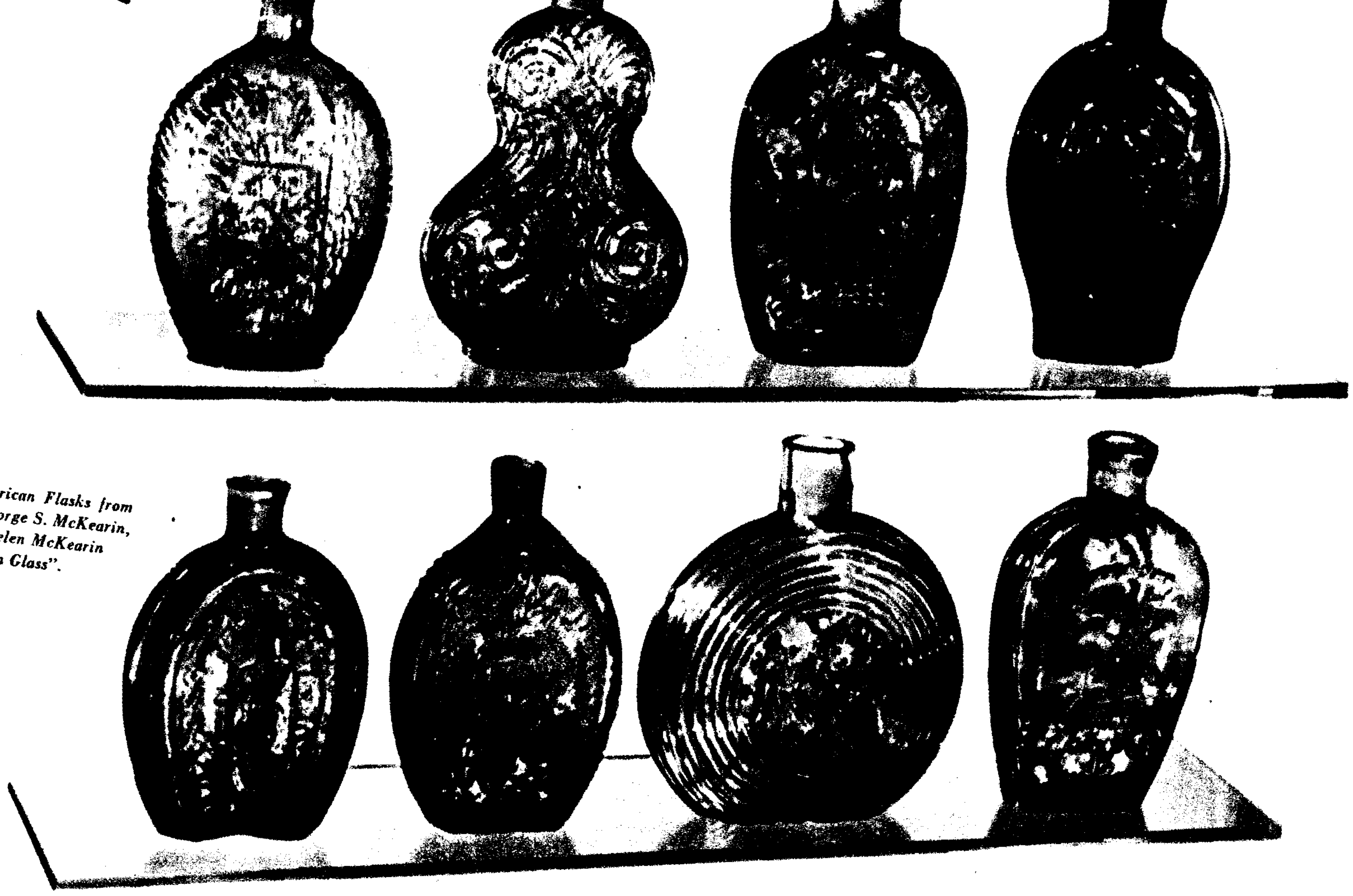

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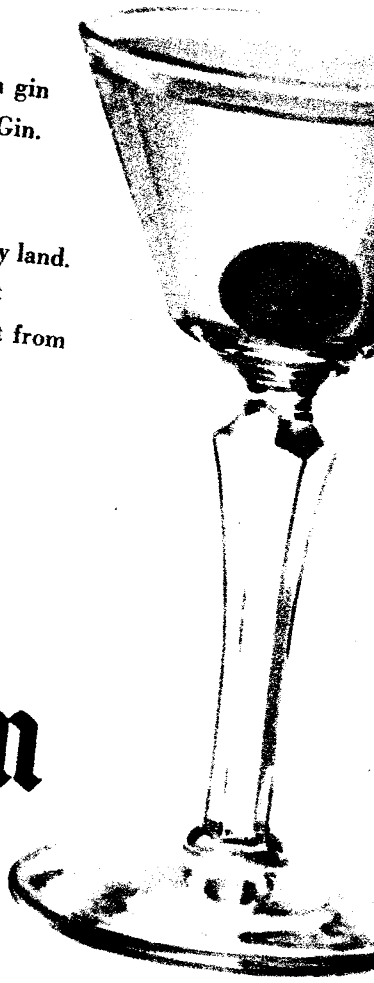

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TWO ACRES FOR YOUR LIFE

Continued from page 80

to a national tragedy of waste. And the great towers of Manhattan and Chicago, the modern business streets of Omaha on the prairies, all rest on the same foundations as the old plantation manor—the land, the waters, the minerals and the forests. We are all in this together, cities and countryside."

We have more than two acres of productive land per person in the United States, of course. That is why hungry people everywhere look to us for part of their food. But for how long may they do so? Even in the United States, the forces of destruction are winning. We began with the richest resources on earth and have produced more abundantly than any other country. We have also destroyed our resources with greater abandon than any other people.

Since our forefathers first began conquering America, more than 280,000,000 acres of crop and grazing land have been destroyed or impoverished by reckless use. Two and a half times that many acres have been damaged.

Croplands have, of course, suffered most. About 100,000,000 acres of once good cropland have been essentially ruined for further production, another 100,000,000 acres have been badly damaged, and still another 100,000,000 acres are eroding.

Early last spring I flew from Norman to Tulsa, Oklahoma, over the red-soil, jack-pine country. All the hills were gutted. The rivers were as red as the land. I have flown many times over the Mississippi, which pours 750,000,000 tons of soil every year into the Gulf of Mexico. From the sky I have seen gruesome proof everywhere of what Hugh Bennett of the Soil Conservation Service so dramatically stated before an international food conference: From farm lands alone the annual soil loss in the United States is enough to fill a train of freight cars girdling the earth at the equator 18 times. To think that when I lived in Virginia I paid as much as five dollars a cubic yard to get topsoil for my garden!

As you fly over the United States, you can see the results of generations of wasteful land use in the colors of the fields. You see the sickly yellows and pale browns of eroded, bare soil cutting into the lush green of fields that still support growth. You see ghastly red and brown gullies, their walls caving in, some of them in the exact pattern of great river systems.

You see a farm on the border of Lake Champlain nursing its wounds. The first settler on that farm tried his hand at live-at-home farming. He treated the land fairly well. But when his son or grandson took over, he plowed up the hillsides and planted them to wheat, for growing cities provided a cash market. Erosion set in on the slopes and muddied the streams. Then competition from the "West"—western New York and Ohio—caused him to shift to pasture and sheep. The wounds of the earth began to heal.

By the next generation, production on lands still farther west brought new competition, so a great-grandson changed first to market cheese and hay and then to fluid milk and vegetables. That farm on Lake Champlain, like most farms in New England, has come through badly scarred by man's abuse, though less so than those of any other region.

But even so it reveals the two greatest causes of land waste in the United States. One was our seemingly unlimited wealth. What did it matter if a farm washed away? There was always new and richer land to the west. The second is that our forefathers had neither precedent nor scientific knowledge to guide them as they set out to conquer a continent. They were forced to use trial-and-error methods. It turned out there was more error than trial and the land was ruined.

As you fly over Georgia, you see a farm where the settler began by producing largely for his own table. His son turned to cotton. His grandson shifted over to dairying, but when cotton prices rose he put the land back to cotton. By that time the land was seriously hurt. Unproductive subsoils often showed on the surface. A great-grandson turned to general farming when low cotton prices and the boll weevil struck. Now a great-great-grandson has the land back in cotton, and much of it is washing away. There has been greater destruction of soil resources in the Southeast than in any other part of the United States.

History of a North Dakota Farm

Fly over the Western Great Plains: Here is the vast area that saw the buffalo give way to the cattle herds up from Texas, the enormous operations of the great cattle companies of the seventies and eighties, and the closing of the range by the barbed wire of the homesteaders. You see below you a farm in western North Dakota where the homesteader tried to produce corn and general crops. His son shifted to wheat, for that promised more profit. He kept this up until drought, dust storms from the angry land, and low prices drove him west. Then, just as World War II began, the rains came. A new, hopeful settler arrived to take a try at wheat and corn.

So the conquest of a continent went, from east to west, by trial and error. The use of the land shifted and changed as each family tried to find the most profitable use for it. Generally each family was indifferent to the destruction it accomplished. If a New England farm "wore out," it was easy and adventurous to move to virgin land in Ohio. If that farm developed gullies, there was more fresh land in Kansas or Oregon.

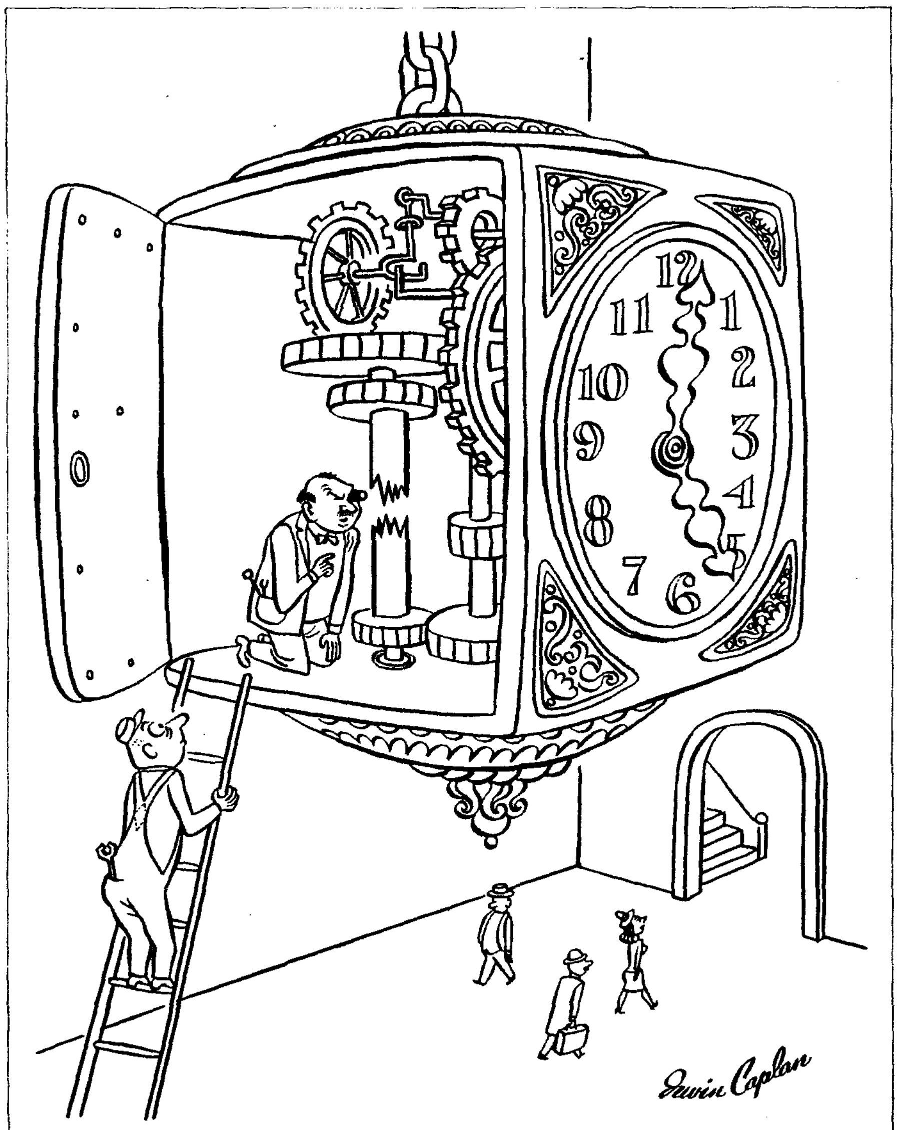
The habits we developed in pioneer days still persist. Indeed, the greatest waste has occurred during the last fifty years. Since the turn of the century a fourth of the cultivated land in Nebraska, Kansas, and Oklahoma has already been essentially ruined, and more than that has been severely damaged.

During World War I, the physical frontier disappeared. There was no more new land to move to. Logically, our attitude toward basic resources should have changed then, but it didn't. Stirred by the slogan, "Plow to the fence for national defense," farmers produced to capacity, regardless of consequences. They plowed up the grasslands of the plains and reaped disastrous dust storms. They plowed up and down the hills all over America and loaded the streams of the nation with millions of tons of topsoil.

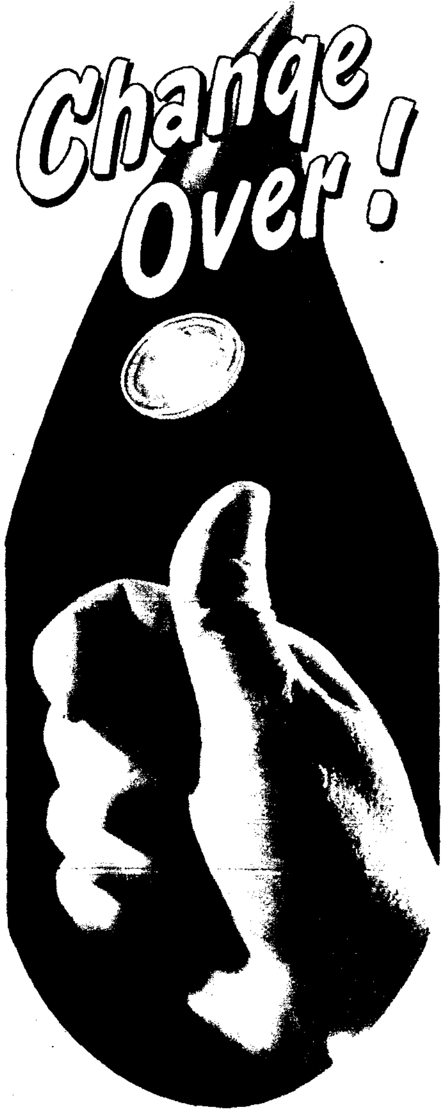
During World War II, our soil experienced new indignities. War demands caused overuse nearly everywhere. Fields that should have been left to lie fallow were continuously planted. Sound rotation of crops was forgotten. Thirty million acres suited best to hay and pasture were brought into cultivation. Fertility losses doubled in some areas.

Erosion of the land injures more than agriculture. It damages highways and railways, silts up costly reservoirs and navigable streams, and causes more frequent floods to roar across our cities and lowlands. The annual damage by erosion in the United States is nearly $4,000,000,000.

As early as 1860, members of Con-



COLLIER'S "I think I've located the trouble" IRWIN CAPLAN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gress and President Lincoln became disturbed by the fact that crop yields were declining. They declared it was time to undertake studies which would show how to reverse this alarming trend. So they passed the Morrill Act of 1862, which provided federal aid to each state for the establishment of a land-grant college. Each college was, among other things, to initiate scientific studies in agriculture. About thirty years later, Congress granted further financial aid to the states for the establishment of a chain of agricultural experiment stations.

From those two beginnings, the United States developed a mass scientific attack on problems of agricultural production. Today we have a large catalogued body of knowledge about higher-yielding, drought-resistant, disease-resistant plants of all kinds. We have an endless variety of crops, imported from every corner of the globe and adapted to our conditions by plant breeders. We know the proper crop rotations for all farming areas of the country and how to apply commercial fertilizers. We have a machine for nearly every farm task. A nation-wide educational system, designed for the purpose, has for more than thirty years been carrying each discovery from the laboratory and the experimental plot to the men and women on the land.

Better Methods of Raising Corn

Scientists have provided, for example, a whole new kit of tools that should result in corn yields far greater than our forefathers obtained from virgin soil. One of them is better crop rotations which sometimes double yields. Another is a new method of applying fertilizer in bands at the side of the seed. Scientific seed treatment prevents rot and improves germination and stands. Added to these is the greatest development of all, hybrid corn, the child of the plant geneticist. Use of hybrids alone usually increases corn production from 15 to 20 per cent.

If all these new techniques were used—and there were no offsetting difficulties—corn yields might be twice as much per acre as they actually are. The unpleasant truth is, however, that acre-yields are not increasing; they are declining, very slightly. In the corn belt, your two acres and mine are getting smaller.

Much the same thing is true in the wheat belt. Each one of several scientifically improved methods of wheat production may increase yields from 5 to 50 per cent. But again counterbalancing forces have equaled the strength of science. The tug of war in the wheat belt is about a draw.

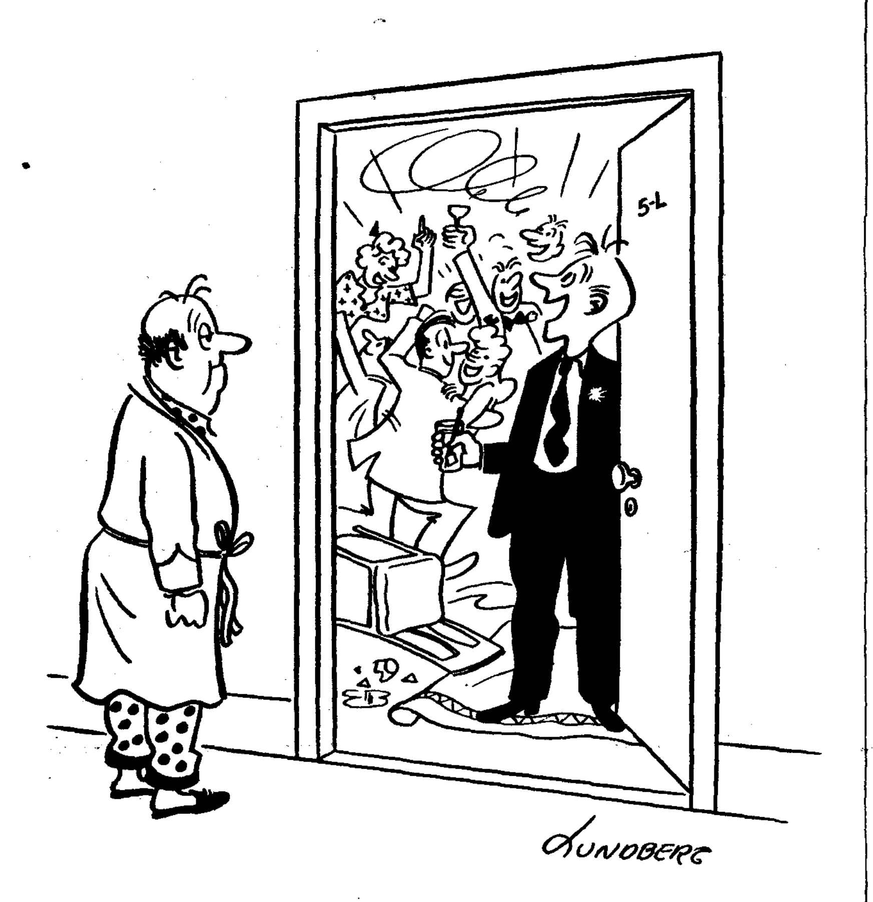
Seventeen years ago, agricultural experts, led by Hugh Bennett, pointed out to Congress that production science cannot provide the benefits it should unless it is matched with good land management by the farmer himself. If the farmer would plow around the hill, instead of up and down it, they said, if he would use strip cropping, terraces, soil-building rotations, and other practices where needed, then scientific discoveries of the past three quarters of a century could bring great benefits to all the people.

Congress responded. The federal government and the land-grant colleges immediately initiated research to discover how to prevent soil loss.

They made some startling discoveries. In Iowa, they found that contouring alone caused corn yields to jump from 18 bushels per acre to 30 bushels. On plots of eroding land in Ohio, where corn yields had dropped from nearly 27 bushels an acre to a mere 6.5 bushels over a 30-year period, proper conservation practices nearly reversed production figures. Terracing fruit lands gave healthier trees, better and more abundant fruit. They found that properly managed land in Texas yielded 580 pounds of seed cotton per acre, but on severely eroded land the yield was only 225 pounds.

Fortified with at least some scientific evidence, the federal government in 1933 began establishing demonstration projects to show farmers the best and cheapest methods of controlling erosion. Four years later there were five hundred such projects scattered across the land.

Conservation scientists continued to learn as they pressed this mass demonstration. They found that farms are like people's faces: Each is different. Each requires individual analysis. The soil and slope of each farm must be mapped and



"Hey, this fellow thought he heard a shot. Anybody here been shooting?"

COLLIER'S GUSTAV LUNDBERG

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They need everything. *Food and clothes and medicines, just to keep them alive. They need homes, and guidance. They need education, and training for useful lives in Palestine, the U. S., or some other hospitable land.*

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5. Many thousands of Jews must leave Europe because they have no future there. Palestine must be built up and developed with UJA funds, to provide for those who are coming into Palestine now and for those who will arrive in the future.
6. Many services, including migration, retraining, adjustment and special aid for child refugees must be provided for displaced Jews who find a haven in the U.S.

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• HAND AND POWER MODELS •

studied and a precise plan developed. The farmer may have to move his fences, because most likely he cannot change to contour farming on square, undulating fields. Perhaps one part of his farm should be planted to trees, another to grass. Terraces and proper rotations might have to be started on the bulk of his acres. There might be difficulty in establishing a grassed channel for the water from terraces; a tailor-made one might be called for.

So it became necessary to set up a nation-wide survey organization to help each farmer map and analyze his soils as a basis for an individual farm plan.

Organizing the War on Erosion

Soon, too, it became apparent that mere demonstrations and surveying by federal and state scientists would not suffice. Some method had to be found to encourage farmers in each local area to co-operate in solving their own soil problems. In the same year in which mass demonstrations reached their peak, 1937, the Department of Agriculture developed, and President Roosevelt recommended to the states, what is now commonly called the Soil-District Act. This act permits farmers to set up a local subdivision of the state government for the single purpose of making a unified attack on erosion.

Arkansas was the first state to adopt the law. In each of the Arkansas districts, farmers got together voluntarily to lick erosion. They called for the technical aid of federal and state specialists, and got it. Quickly, other states followed suit. By 1946 there were 1,600 such districts in nearly all the states of the Union; in these districts and in the earlier demonstration areas, 76,000,000 acres had received a combination of treatments which healed the worst wounds.

Today this treated land is producing about 20 per cent more than it did before. Farmers have reported savings in seed, fertilizer, and labor. Profits have increased accordingly.

But all this is the merest beginning. Of the 1,000,000,000 acres of farm and range land in the United States, only 70,000,000 can be safely cultivated without some precautions. More than 400,000,000 acres can be cultivated safely only if proper conservation practices—contouring, strip cropping, terracing—are applied. Most of the remainder is suitable mainly for grass and trees, and much of this needs reseeding, liming, fertilizing, and controlled grazing.

Kansas has contoured 1,250,000 acres, for example, and we feel proud of this accomplishment; but there are 7,500,000 acres still to go! Crop-residue management has been adopted on 3,000,000 acres; 24,000,000 await it. Strip cropping is practiced on very few acres, but 4,000,000 need it.

Why do not all farmers at once adopt appropriate practices?

The greatest reason, I believe, is that our traditional attitude toward the land—born of careless, wasteful exploitation—has become a normal attitude. Not until rocks and subsoil poke their ugly heads through the thin layer of topsoil are many farmers stirred to action. Often they're not, even then. Another reason is that too many farms are operated by tenants with one-year leases or no leases at all; why nurse the soil when next year we may be somewhere else? Fluctuating prices are not conducive to stable conservation farming, either. And the individual farmer doesn't yet begin to know what he should about conservation.

One day I examined my small dairy farm with the tenant who had been on it for some years. I was concerned to find that he had plowed at the top of a grassed hill a few days before and that a small gully was already eating into what had previously been a permanent pasture.

"You're in for some real trouble," I said. "You shouldn't have plowed up here."

He tossed a handful of straw toward the tiny gully. "Oh, it'll be all right when I find time to plow all the way down," he replied.

He didn't know, of course, that plowing all the way down the slope would cause the soil to wash away faster.

Each individual farmer, though he has in the past learned much from the scientist, must now become a scientist himself. Trial-and-error methods will no longer suffice. Every farmer, every tenant, must learn in detail what the soil on his particular farm can and cannot do. He must learn about the cutting power and carrying capacity of water as it gains momentum downhill, and about the exact practices he may use in slowing down the flow of that water. He must learn which crops and grasses will do best under each of the varying conditions on his farm, and what particular rotations will build up the soil as he uses it.

These things he must learn in addition to all he has learned in the past from scientists about crop varieties, fertilizers, seed treatment, and seedbed preparation.

Public agencies must improve their ways, too. Every agricultural program of the federal and state governments—whether it be to help stabilize prices, to provide credit, to help rehabilitate low-income families, to irrigate new lands, or to finance research—must have as a major purpose the development of a complete conservation plan for every farm of the nation. All governmental action influences the use of land on the individual farm in one way or another. Too often these public programs conflict. One induces the farmer to do one thing, another to do something else.

A Plea for Local Co-ordination

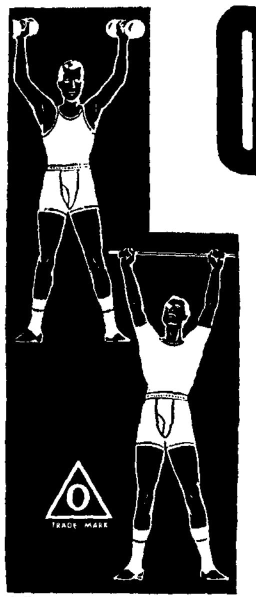
The multitude of public farm aids we have today should be co-ordinated locally by the soil-conservation district, for that agency is managed by the farmers themselves. The framework of such co-ordination should be a specific farm plan which, when completely adopted, will result in highest possible production *consistent with soil conservation.* Each local district should insist upon this co-ordination. It should yell loud and long before federal and state legislators and administrators until the job is done. And every piece of federal and state agricultural legislation should be so amended as to make this type of local co-ordination possible.

Even if every public agricultural agency and every farmer works toward this common goal, we shall succeed none too soon. We haven't too much good land left. We haven't enough left if we think, as we must today, of the oneness of the world. Our American acres must be saved, not only that you and I may eat well from our two acres now and in the future, but also that we may ship surpluses to lands now hungry.

For men and women who are desperately undernourished do not think first of how to build a co-operative world at peace, which is based on justice and human dignity. They're too busy fighting each other to get a larger share for themselves and their children of the scant food there is. It is at least possible that if this basic cause for battle were removed the chances of a peaceful world would be better.

Scientific practices applied to all the lands of the world would provide just about enough food for a moderately good diet for everyone. But no more than that. As things stand now every man's two acres are producing less and less while more and more men arrive in the world to eat from them. There are very few things among the concerns of men which are more important than that single fact.

THE END



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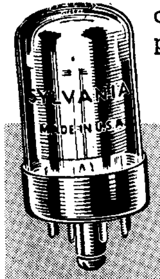

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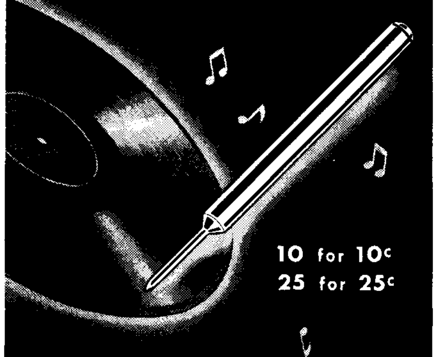

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LADY BIRD

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Once known as the world's most famous aviatrix, Blanche Stuart (Betty) Scott soloed nearly 37 years ago. She is shown in a Bell helicopter

THE public mind has been conditioned for hundreds of years to think of women as the weaker sex as well as the dumber and, dammit, more women preach this than men. Since the beginning of automobiles there has been no professional place for women as designers, mechanics, engineers, salesmen and drivers. Aviation is following right along with that attitude, now that the war is won and the wonderful help given by women pilots, mechanics and aircraft builders is forgotten. Until this weak-and-dumb theory is broken down, I can see no future for women in aviation, except as an avocation."

This is Blanche Stuart (Betty) Scott speaking in May, 1947. She said substantially the same thing in 1916; put away her helmet, goggles, flying pants and puttees and entered upon a successful writing and producing career in motion pictures and radio.

Betty Scott soloed on September 6, 1910, after alternately shocking and thrilling the public by being the first woman to drive an automobile across the continent. She was a beautiful girl, the outdoor type, and she would not be cloistered after the fashion of the day. Born in Rochester, New York, she was educated at the Misses Nichols School for Girls in her native city, at Howard Seminary, West Bridgewater, Massachusetts, and Fort Edward College, New York.

"I was a screwball then and I still am—all my friends are screwballs," proudly declares Betty as she recalls she drove every inch of the way from New York to San Francisco when there were but a few hundred miles of paved roads beyond city limits. "I was a cocky kid of eighteen and the whole thing was just a lark."

On the way West she passed through Dayton, Ohio, where the Wright Brothers were teaching flying and subconsciously she was bitten by the bug. The infection spread slowly but when she returned East it suddenly engulfed her. On that September morn in 1910 she found herself sitting in a Curtiss pusher at Hammondsport, New York, receiving verbal instructions from Glenn H. Curtiss on high-speed taxiing.

The throttle had been blocked to prevent increased power being applied but something happened to it after the first run and Betty Scott was in the air—flying. The fundamentals of how to land a plane had been hastily sketched to her by Glenn Curtiss and these plus a natural but until then unknown aptitude for flying enabled her to land safely. Soon she was again scandalizing her family and friends and astounding the public by joining the newly formed Curtiss Exhibition Team and putting on the first public exhibition flight by a woman in America—at Fort Wayne, Indiana, in October of that year.

She loved to fly and hoped her repeated "exhibitions," the most thrilling of which were the 3,000-foot "death dives," would provide opportunities for women in aviation on an equality basis.

"In 1911, I took off from Mineola, Long Island, madder than a wet hen over something I don't remember now," she recalls. "Anyway, I had been told I must never fly beyond the field, so I started to get away from it as fast as I could. I kept on flying east without paying much attention to the course and I finally wound up over Riverhead, Long Island. Having cooled off by that time I flew back to Mineola and I was very surprised to read in the papers the next day that I had made the women's first long-distance cross-country flight — sixty miles!"

Since crack-ups were inevitable in those days, Betty had her share but they were few compared with her exposure to accidents due to the nature of her flying. Her first was in 1912 in Sacramento, California, where she was with the Great Western Aerial Circus featuring the late and immortal Lincoln Beachey and "Miss Blanche Scott, The Tomboy of the Air—The Most Famous Aviatrix in the World." For her "daredevil stunts" she received $5,000 a week. One of her colleagues out on the West Coast at that time was Glenn L. Martin, now the dean of American aircraft manufacturers. She was flying a Martin pusher and she broke it into a thousand pieces when she carelessly landed it on its tail. "It was my fault," she explained. "I was in love."

On May 31, 1913, at Madison, Wisconsin, Betty nearly achieved the predicted reward for her continued defiance of fate. At about 200 feet she shoved forward on the throttle for more power and the wire snapped—it had been previously cut almost in two, subsequent investigation revealed, by someone still unknown to her. With no engine control and badly in need of power, she had to get down immediately and she plumped into a swamp. She was hauled out with a wide variety of broken bones and a cut throat from a rigging wire.

Recovered from this crash early in 1914, she flew occasionally until 1916 when she concluded there was no opportunity for a professional piloting career for women, and there was insufficient public interest for her to make a fight for it. But she never turned her back on flying. A short time ago she had her first ride in a helicopter with Bell Aircraft's chief helicopter test pilot, Floyd W. Carlson.

It's just a coincidence that Betty Scott hails from the same place as Susan B. Anthony, that vigorous champion for equal rights, but if the airwomen of the nation ever intend to launch a long-term campaign—that's what it's got to be—for equal rights in aviation for women, they'll need a Susan B. Anthony of the Air and in Blanche Stuart Scott they'll have no shy, clinging vine. . . .

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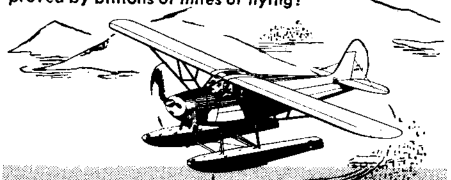

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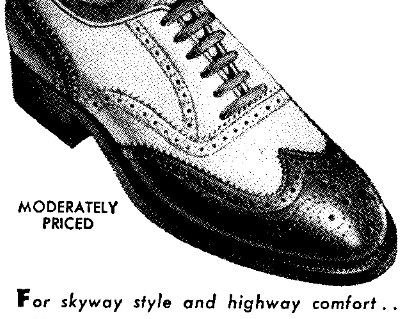

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For skyway style and highway comfort . . . AIR-O-MAGIC Shoes! Their patented, hand-molded innersoles cannot curl or crack; are just one of 88 features that spell extra satisfaction. Get AIR-O-MAGICS . . . everything you've ever hoped for in a shoe—and more!

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COLLIER'S
WILLIAM L. CHENERY Publisher • WALTER DAVENPORT Editor • JOE ALEX MORRIS Managing Editor

U.S. SHOULD RUN U.S. RELIEF

OUR *postwar relief jobs go on and on,* as we learn afresh every month or so.

Herbert Hoover's plan for economic revival of the U.S.-British Zone in Germany calls for expenditure of $475,500,000 by us and of a like sum by Britain in the next year and a half. Relief in liberated countries is expected to cost us around 350 millions. Our bill for the work of the International Refugee Organization will probably hit 71 millions if not more. And so it goes.

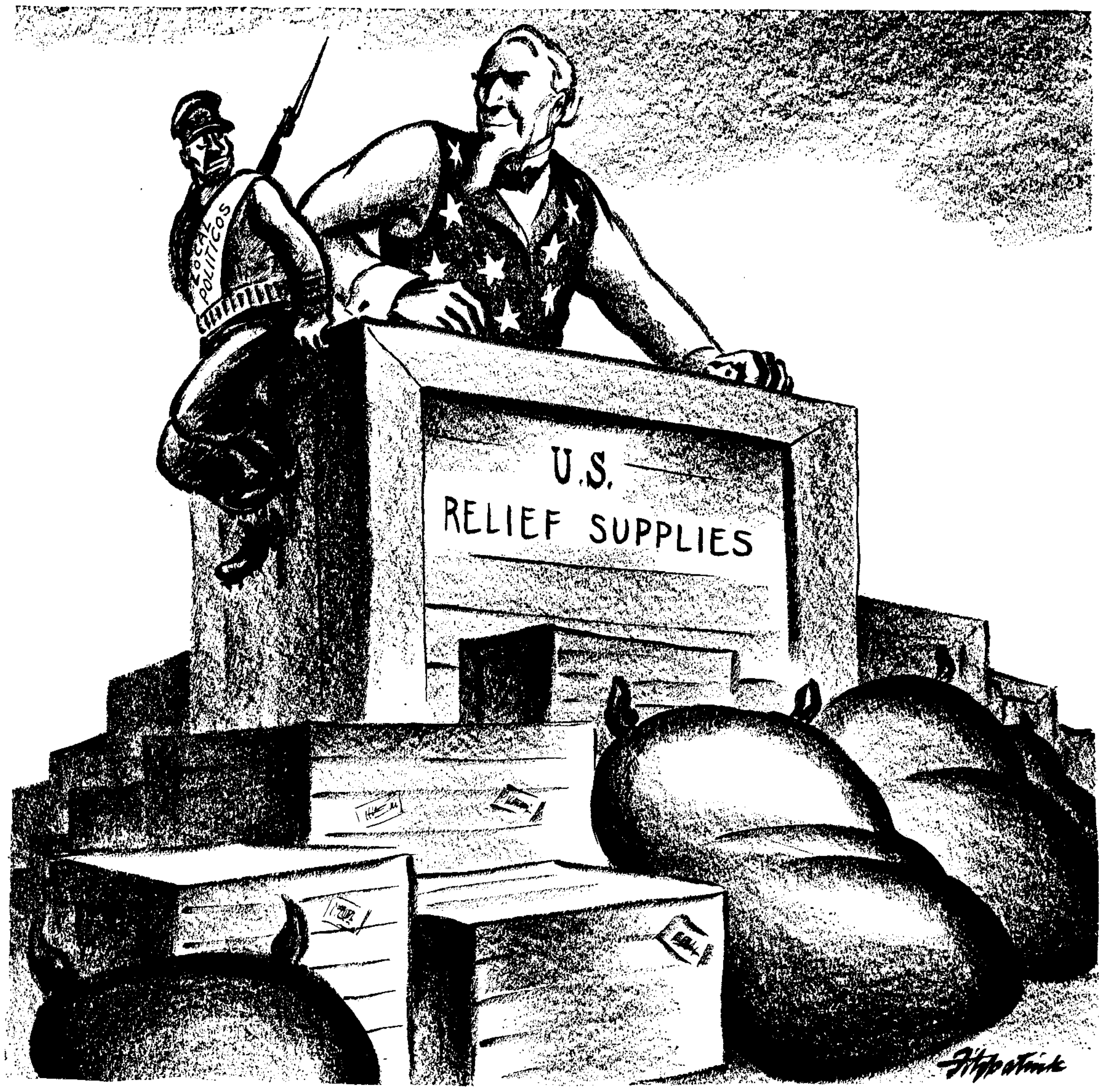
We want to go on record, then, as favoring the proposition that wherever U.S. relief supplies go, U.S. inspectors and supervisors should go along, and make sure that these foodstuffs, clothes, seeds, fertilizers, etc., are dealt out fairly and impartially.

Fair distribution was not accomplished by the departed UNRRA in all its fields of operation. Tito in Yugoslavia and the government of Poland used large batches of the UNRRA's relief goods for political purposes. In plainer English, that means giving help to your political pals and letting the opposition go hungry and cold.

Tito also used a lot of UNRRA materials (of which he got huge quantities) to build up his army of 800,000 men—which army then proceeded to shoot down a couple of our planes.

Wherever our help goes from here on out, there should be no more of such monkey business. We should insist on fair distribution; and we should put only Americans on guard to see that the distribution is fair. Wherever this requirement is flouted by local politicos, relief should be cut off from that area until the boys see the light.

Such firmness will be not only Christian charity but it should be good propaganda for us as well. We're entitled to get that much out of these huge relief endeavors, especially since that is about all we can be sure of getting out of them.



FLANK ATTACK ON FREEDOM

ONE thing from which this land of the free suffers chronically is a plethora of people who are bent on curtailing our freedoms in numerous ways. Why this is so, we don't know; all we know is that the bulk of us are continually called on to defend our liberties against such attempts to chisel and chop them down. We usually win (knocking wood); but if we ever relax our vigilance we'll be badly out of luck.

An unusually clever and dangerous flank attack on one of our most important freedoms—freedom of the press—was staged recently in the supposedly broad-minded and liberty-loving legislature of the truly broad-minded and liberty-loving State of New York.

New York has a motion-picture censorship board, politely called a Board of Review. This outfit passes on every movie proposed to be exhibited in the state, licensing those it okays and banning those it disapproves.

At its 1947 session, the New York legislature flank-attacked freedom of the press by passing a bill to extend the movie board's censorship powers to the advertising of movies shown in New York. The bill provided that any motion picture should be banned if any advertising published in its behalf were found to be "obscene, immoral, inhuman, sacrilegious, or of such character that its exhibition would tend to corrupt morals or incite to crime."

The idea is full of obvious flaws. Such a scheme flies in the face of the Constitution's free-press guarantee. It would open the door to intimidation of newspapers and magazines, and to corruption of movie censors. A board of bureaucrats would be given power to say what is and what isn't obscene in movie advertising, whereas the courts are the proper places to decide such matters. Further, responsible newspapers and magazines already censor advertising themselves, from the point of view of public morals as well as from various other points of view.

From political censorship of movie advertising, it would be a short step and an easy one to political censorship of all other advertising; and from there it would be another short step to political censorship of everything that went into newspapers, magazines and books.

We had enough of that stuff during the war, when it was of course necessary, though overdone here and there. Let's just nonchalantly slap down any and all peacetime attempts by politicians or anybody else to revive any kind of censorship of the printed word.

RENEW THAT POLICY, JOE

DURING the war, the government insured about 14,000,000 servicemen's and servicewomen's lives, under the National Service Life Insurance Act. All told, about $150,000,000,000 worth of these policies were written.

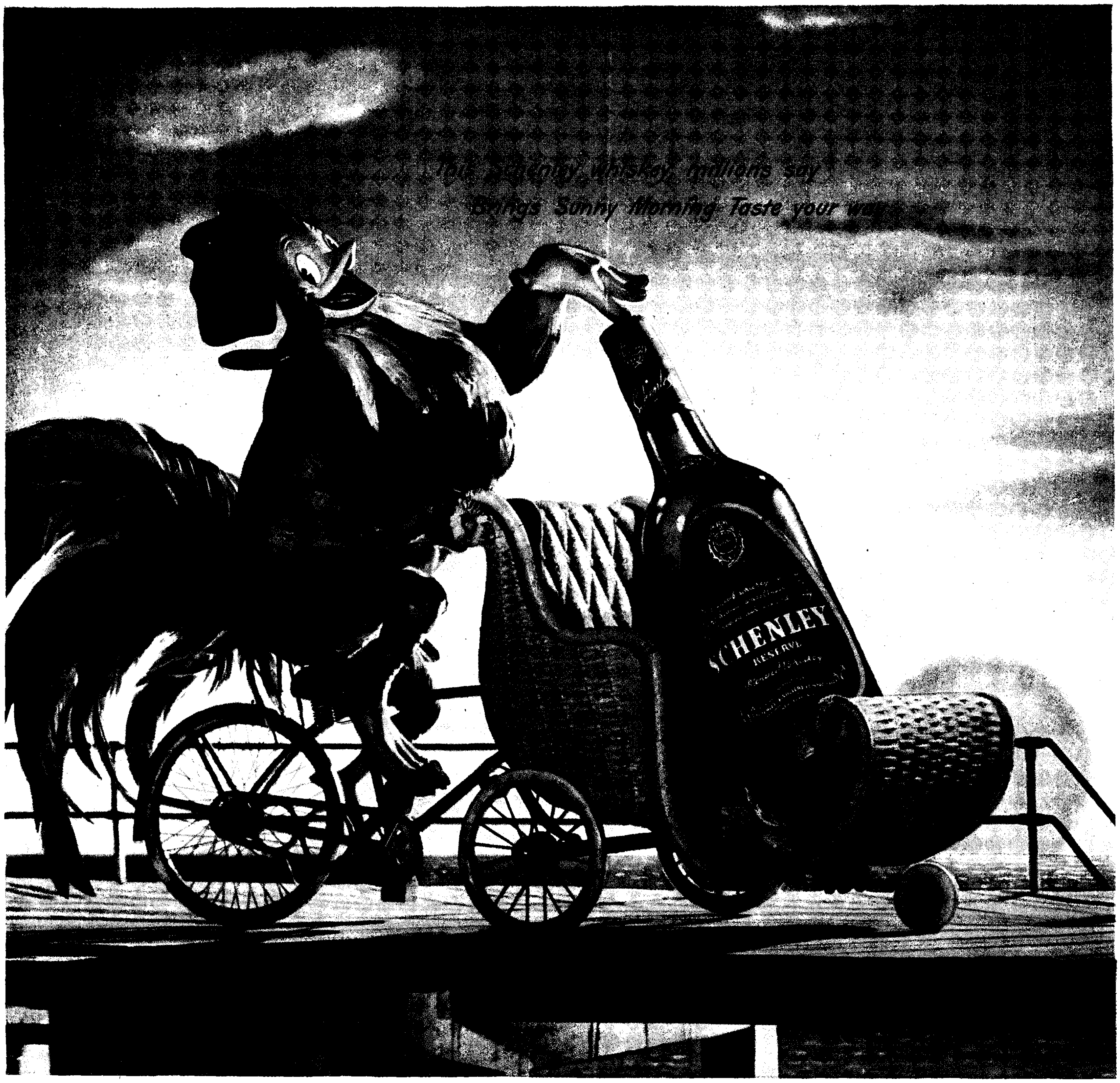
Unfortunately, three out of every four of them have now been allowed to lapse.

Our earnest tip to every veteran, male or female, who has been guilty of this piece of negligence and bad management is to renew his or her policy promptly, while there is time.

The deadline has recently been extended by Congress from February 1, 1947, to August 1, 1947. You can renew by merely paying two monthly premiums, provided your health is as good as it was when you let your insurance slide. Usually, your own signed statement to that effect will be accepted as sufficient health evidence, and no physical examination will be required.

National Service life insurance is the cheapest insurance you can get in this country. Nowadays, too, it can be converted to almost any form of policy your particular circumstances call for—ordinary life, 30-payment life, 20-payment life, endowment at age 60 or 65, or 20-year endowment. August 1st, believe it or not, will be here almost before you know it. Better get busy on the renewal routine right now.

It isn't a complex or laborious or expensive routine; and it's a job which you are 99 per cent-and-then-some certain never to regret. Your local veterans' service center or American Legion or V.F.W. post can get you all the necessary information; or you can write for it to Veterans Administration, Washington 25, D.C. The main thing is to delay no longer.


This Schenley whiskey, millions say
Brings Sunny Morning Taste your way
SCHENLEY
RESERVE

COME ALONG FOR SUNNY MORNING FLAVOR

Join the parade to Schenley Reserve—if you want *more* than fine whiskey pleasure. For Schenley Reserve offers a *plus* . . . an *extra* dividend of delight in its far-famed Sunny Morning Flavor. Try Schenley Reserve—today!

PRE-WAR QUALITY

SCHENLEY
RESERVE

RARE BLENDED WHISKEY 86 PROOF. 65% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS. COPR. 1947, SCHENLEY DISTILLERS CORP., N. Y. C.

EXPERIENCE IS THE BEST TEACHER!
EXPERIENCE IS THE BEST TEACHER IN POLO...AND IN CIGARETTES! CAMELS SUIT ME BEST!
Cecil Smith

Hard-riding, hard-hitting Cecil Smith practically "grew up" with horses; and he's as sure-seated on a polo pony as he is a sure shot with his mallet.

He's one of America's polo "greats"—Texas-born Cecil Smith. Veteran of many a famous international match, he's rated at 9 goals.

FAMOUS INTERNATIONAL POLO STAR

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

More people are smoking CAMELS today than ever before in history!

Yes, experience during the war shortage taught millions the differences in cigarette quality.

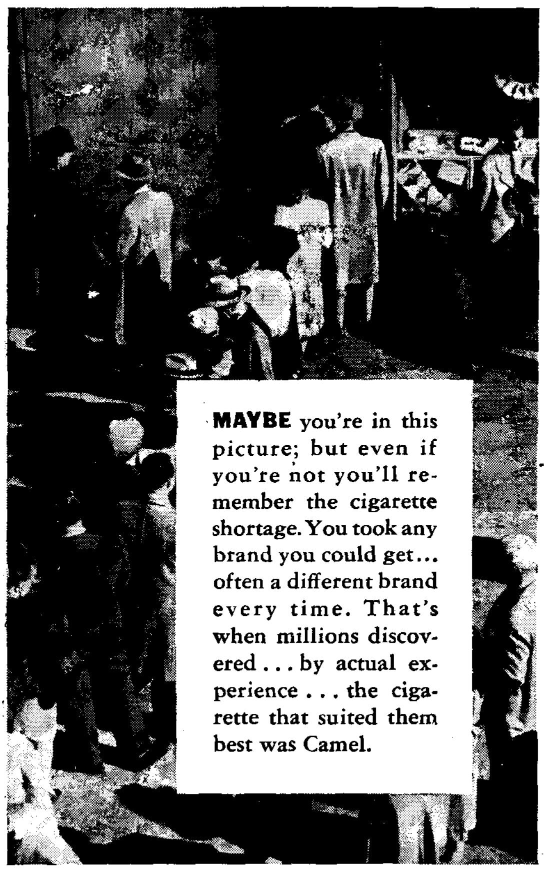
LET POLO STAR Cecil Smith tell you in his own words:

"That cigarette shortage was a real experience. That's when I learned how much I really appreciated Camels. They suit me to a 'T'!"

Yes, a lot of smokers found themselves comparing brands during that shortage.

Result: Today more people are smoking Camels than ever before in history. But, no matter how great the demand:

We don't tamper with Camel quality. Only choice tobaccos, properly aged, and blended in the time-honored Camel way, are used in Camels.



MAYBE you're in this picture; but even if you're not you'll remember the cigarette shortage. You took any brand you could get... often a different brand every time. That's when millions discovered... by actual experience... the cigarette that suited them best was Camel.

YOUR 'T-ZONE' WILL TELL YOU...
T for Taste...
T for Throat...
That's your proving ground for any cigarette. See if Camels don't suit your 'T-Zone' to a 'T'
CAMEL
TURKISH & DOMESTIC BLEND CIGARETTES
CHOICE QUALITY

According to a recent Nationwide survey:

MORE DOCTORS SMOKE CAMELS THAN ANY OTHER CIGARETTE

Three nationally known independent research organizations asked 113,597 doctors—to name the cigarette they smoked. *More doctors named Camel than any other brand.*